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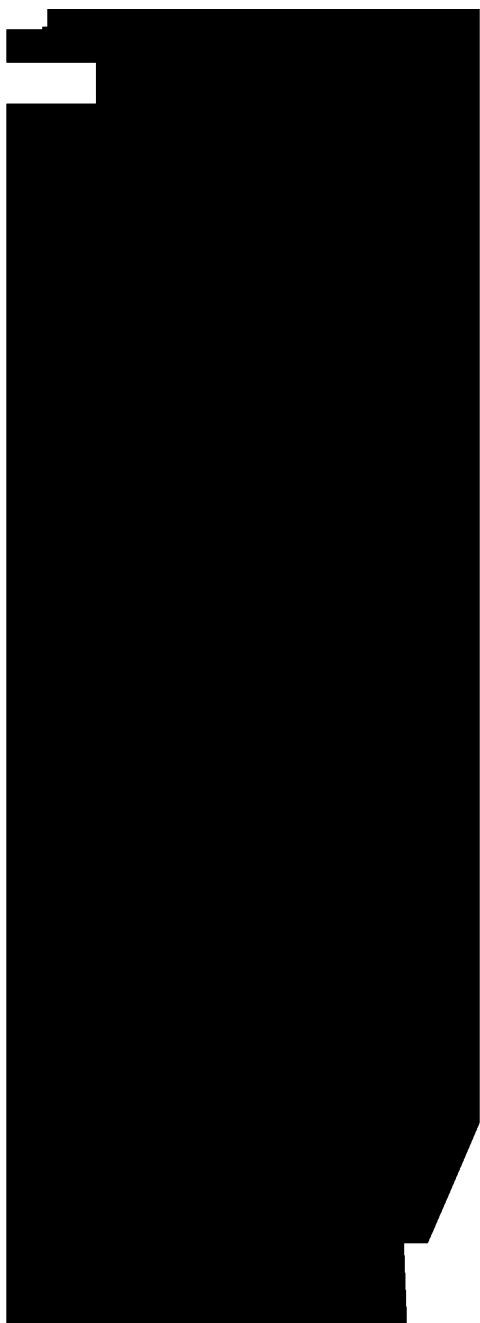
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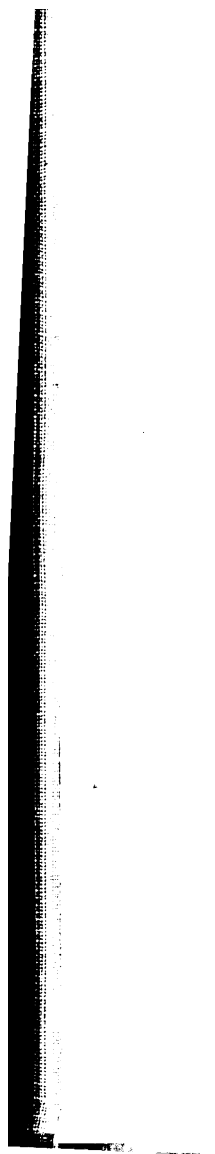
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THE  
COMPLAINT:

OR,

Right Thoughts

ON

LIFE, DEATH,

AND

MORTALITY.

E. Young, Edwards

To which is added,

aphrase on Part of the Book of JOB.

*mae rerum, & mentem Italia tangunt. VIRG.*

LONDON:

A. MILLAR, over-against Catherine-Street in the  
and R. DODSLEY, at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall.

M.DCC.L.

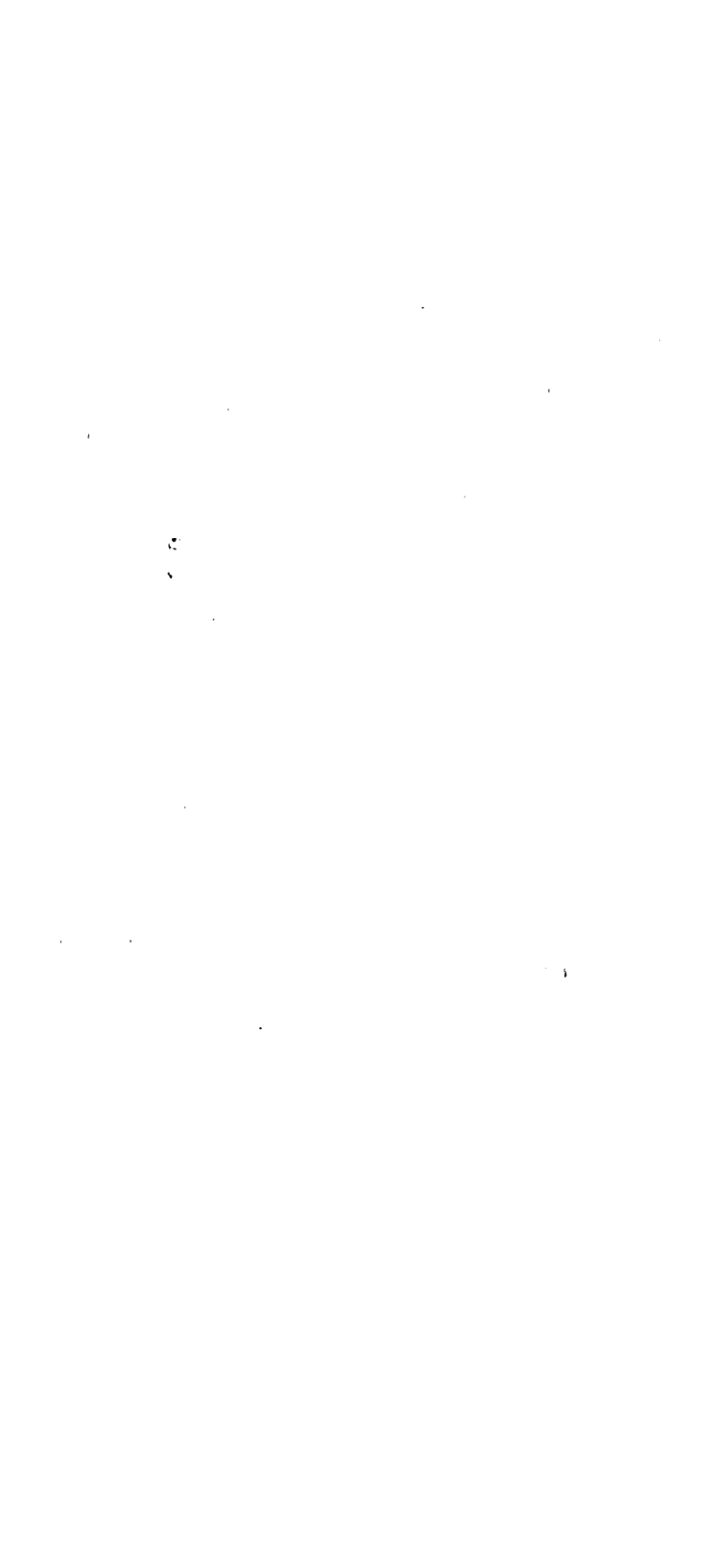
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*Parr. Sculp.*



NIGHT THE FIRST.

ON

Life, Death, and Immortality.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, *Esq*;

SPEAKER of the House of COMMONS.





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THE  
COMPLAINT.  
NIGHT the FIRST.

**T** H'R'D Nature's sweet Restorer, balmy *Sleep!*  
He, like the World, his ready Visit pays  
Where Fortune smiles; the Wretched he for-  
sakes:  
Swift on his downy Pinion flies from Woe,  
And lights on Lids unfully'd with a Tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd Repose,  
Wake: How happy they, who wake no more!  
That that were vain, if Dreams infest the Grave.  
Wake, emerging from a Sea of Dreams  
 tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding Thought  
From Wave to Wave of *fansy'd* Misery,  
Random drove, her Helm of Reason lost.  
Now restor'd, 'tis only Change of Pain,  
Bitter Change!) severer for severe.  
A *Day* too short for my Distress! and *Night*,  
The *Zenith* of her dark Domain,  
Mine, to the Colour of my Fate.

B 2

*Night,*

## The COMPLAINT:

*Night*, fable Goddess! from her *Ebon Throne*,  
 In rayless Majesty, now stretches forth  
 Her leaden Sceptre o'er a slumb'ring World.  
 Silence, how dead! and Darknefs, how profound!  
 Nor Eye, nor list'ning Ear an Object finds;  
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the gen'ral Pulse  
 Of Life stood still, and Nature made a Pause;  
 An awful Pause! prophetic of her End.  
 And let her Prophecy be soon fulfill'd;  
 Fate! drop the Curtain; I can lose no more.

*Silence*, and *Darknefs*! solemn Sisters! Twins  
 From ancient *Night*, who nurse the tender Thought  
 To *Reason*, and on *Reason* build *Resolve*,  
 (That Column of true Majesty in Man)  
 Assist me: I will thank you in the Grave;  
 The Grave, your Kingdom: *There* this Frame shall fall  
 A Victim sacred to your dreary Shrine.  
 But what are ye? THOU, who didst put to Flight  
 Primæval *Silence*, when the Morning-Stars,  
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising Ball;  
 O THOU! whose Word from solid *Darknefs* struck  
 That Spark, the Sun; strike Wisdom from my Soul;  
 My Soul, which flies to thee, her Trust, her Treasure,  
 As Misers to their Gold, while others rest.

Thro' this Opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,  
 This double Night, transmit one pitying Ray,  
 To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my Mind,  
 (A Mind that fain would wander from its Woe)  
 Lead it thro' various Scenes of *Life*, and *Death*;  
 And from each Scene, the noblest Truths inspire.  
 Nor less inspire my *Conduct*, than my *Song*;  
 Teach my best Reason, Reason; my best Will  
 Teach Rectitude; and fix my firm Resolve  
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long Arrear:  
 Nor let the Phial of thy Vengeance, pour'd  
 On this devoted Head, be pour'd in vain.

The Bell strikes *One*. We take no Note of Time,  
 But from its Loss. To give it then a Tongue,  
 Is wise in Man. As if an Angel spoke,  
 I feel the solemn Sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the *Knell* of my departed Hours :  
 Where are they ? With the Years beyond the Flood.  
 It is the *Signal* that demands Dispatch ;  
 How much is to be done ? my Hopes and Fears  
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er Life's narrow Verge  
 Look down—on what ? A fathomless Abyss ;  
 A dread Eternity ! how surely *mine* !  
 And can Eternity belong to me,  
 Poor Pensioner on the Bounties of an Hour ?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful, is Man ?  
 How passing wonder HE, who made him such ?  
 Who centred in our Make such strange Extremes ?  
 From diff'rent Natures marvelously made,  
*Connection* exquisite of distant Worlds !  
 Distinguisht *Link* in Being's endless Chain !  
*Midway* from *Nothing* to the *Deity* !  
 A Beam ethereal fully'd, and absorpt !  
 Tho' sully'd, and dishonour'd, still Divine !  
 Dim Miniature of Greatness absolute !  
 An Heir of Glory ! a frail Child of Dust !  
*Helpless* Immortal ! Insect *infinite* !  
 A Worm ! a God !—I tremble at myself,  
 And in myself am lost ! At home a Stranger,  
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,  
 And wond'ring at her *own* : How Reason reels !  
 O what a Miracle to Man is Man,  
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what Joy, what Dread !  
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd !  
 What can preserve my Life ? or what destroy ?  
 An Angel's Arm can't snatch me from the Grave ;  
 Legions of Angels can't confine me There.

'Tis past Conjecture; all things rise in Proof:  
 While o'er my Limbs *Sleep's* soft Dominion spread,  
 What, tho' my Soul phantastic Measures trod  
 O'er Fairy Fields; or mourn'd along the Gloom  
 Of pathless Woods; or down the craggy Steep  
 Hurld headlong, swam with Pain the mantled Pool;  
 Or scal'd the Cliff; or danc'd on hollow Winds,  
 With antic Shapes, wild Natives of the Brain?  
 Her ceaseless Flight, tho' devious, speaks her Nature  
 Of subtler Essence than the trodden Clod;  
 Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,  
 Unfetter'd with her gross Companion's Fall.  
 Ev'n silent Night proclaims my Soul *immortal*:  
 Ev'n silent Night proclaims eternal Day.  
 For human Weal, Heav'n husbands all Events,  
 Dull Sleep instructs, nor sport vain Dreams in vain.

Why then ~~their~~ Loss deplore, that are not lost?  
 Why wanders wretched Thought their Tombs around  
 In infidel Distress? Are *Angels* there?  
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, Etherial Fire?  
 They live! they greatly live a Life on Earth  
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an Eye  
 Of Tenderness, let heav'nly Pity fall  
 On me, more justly number'd with the Dead.  
*This* is the Desert, *this* the Solitude:  
 How populous! how vital, is the Grave!  
*This* is Creation's melancholy Vault,  
 The Vale funeral, the sad *Cypress* Gloom;  
 The Land of Apparitions, empty Shades!  
 All, all on Earth is *Shadow*, all beyond  
 Is *Substance*; the Reverse is Folly's *Creed*:  
 How solid all, where Change shall be no more?

*This* is the Bud of Being, the dim Dawn,  
 The Twilight of our Day, the Vestibule.  
 Life's Theatre as yet is shut, and Death,  
 Strong Death, alone can heave the massy Bar,  
 This gross Impediment of Clay remove,

## Or, Night-Thoughts, &c.

And make us Embryos of Existence free.  
From *real* Life, but little more remote  
Is *He*, not yet a Candidate for Light,  
The *future* Embryo, slumb'ring in his Sire.  
Embryos we must be, till we burst the Shell,  
Yon ambient, azure Shell, and spring to Life,  
The Life of Gods: O Transport! and of Man

Yet Man, fool Man! *here* buries all his Thoughts;  
Interrers celestial Hopes without one Sigh.  
Pris'ner of Earth, and pent beneath the Moon,  
*Here* pinions all his Wishes; wing'd by Heav'n  
To fly at Infinite; and reach it there,  
Where *Seraphs* gather Immortality,  
On Life's fair Tree, fast by the Throne of God.  
What golden Joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,  
In HIS full Beam, and ripen for the Just,  
Where momentary Ages are no more!  
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire!  
And is it in the Flight of threescore Years,  
To push Eternity from human Thought,  
And smother Souls immortal in the Dust?  
A Soul immortal, spending all her Fires,  
Wasting her Strength in strenuous Idleness,  
Thrown into Tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,  
At ought this Scene can threaten, or indulge,  
Resembles *Ocean* into Tempest wrought,  
To waft a Feather, or to drown a Fly.

Where falls this Censure? It o'erwhelms myself.  
How was my Heart incrust'd by the World!  
O how self-fetter'd was my groveling Soul!  
How, like a Worm, was I wrapt round and round  
In filken Thought, which reptile *Fancy* spun,  
Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er  
With soft Conceit of endless Comfort *here*,  
Nor yet put forth her Wings to reach the Skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above):  
Our *waking* Dreams are fatal. How I dreamt

8.      *The COMPLAINT:*

Of things Impossible? (Could Sleep do more?)  
Of Joys perpetual in perpetual Change?  
Of stable Pleasures on the tossing Wave?  
Eternal Sunshine in the Storms of Life?  
How richly were my noon-tide Trances hung  
With gorgeous Tapestries of pictur'd Joys?  
Joy behind Joy, in endless Perspective!  
Till at Death's Toll, whose restless Iron Tongue  
Calls daily for his Millions at a Meal,  
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.  
Where now my Frenzy's pompous Furniture?  
The *cobweb'd* Cottage, with its ragged Wall  
Of mould'ring Mud, is *Royalty* to me!  
The *Spider's* most attenuated Thread  
Is Cord, is Cable, to Man's tender Tie  
On earthly Bliss; it breaks at ev'ry Breeze.

O ye blest Scenes of *permanent* Delight!  
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond Bound!  
A *Perpetuity* of Bliss, is Bliss.  
Could you, so rich in Rapture, fear an End,  
That ghastly Thought would drink up all your Joy,  
And quite unparadise the Realms of Light.  
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling Spheres;  
The baleful Influence of whose giddy Dance  
Sheds sad Vicissitude on all beneath.  
*Here* teems the Revolutions ev'ry Hour;  
And rarely for the better; or the best,  
More mortal than the common Births of Fate.  
Each *Moment* has its Sickle, emulous  
Of *Time's* enormous Scythe, whose ample Sweep  
Strikes Empires from the Root; each *Moment* plays  
His little Weapon in the narrower Sphere  
Of sweet domestic Comfort, and cuts down  
The fairest Bloom of sublunary Blifs.

Blifs! Sublunary Blifs!—Proud Words, and vain!  
Implicit Treason to divine Decree!  
A bold Invasion of the Rights of Heav'n!  
I clasp'd the Phantoms, and I found them Air.

O had I weigh'd it ere my fond Embrace !  
What Darts of Agony had mis'd my Heart !

Death ! Great Proprietor of All ! 'tis thine  
To tread out Empire, and to quench the Stars.  
The Sun himself by thy Permission shines ;  
And, one Day, thou shalt pluck him from his Sphere.  
Amid such mighty Plunder, why exhaust  
Thy *partial* Quiver on a Mark so mean ?  
Why thy *peculiar* Rancour wreck'd on me ?  
Infatiate Archer ! could not one *One* suffice ?  
Thy Shaft flew *thrice* ; and *thrice* my Peace was slain ;  
And thrice, ere thrice yon Moon had fill'd her Horn.  
O *Cynthia* ! why so pale ? Dost thou lament  
Thy wretched Neighbour ? Grieve to see thy Wheel  
Of ceaseless Change outwhirl'd in human Life ?  
How wanes my *borrow'd* Bliss ! from *Fortune's* Smile,  
Precarious Courtesy ! not *Virtue's* sure,  
Self-given, *solar*, Ray of sound Delight,

In ev'ry vary'd Posture, Place, and Hour,  
How widow'd ev'ry Thought of ev'ry Joy !  
Thought, busy Thought ! too busy for my Peace !  
Thro' the dark Postern of Time long elaps'd,  
Led softly, by the Stilness of the Night,  
Led, like a Murderer, (and such it proves !)   
Strays, (wretched Rover !) ~~o'er the pleasing Past~~   
In quest of Wretchedness perversely strays ;  
And finds all desert *now* ; and meets the Ghosts  
Of my departed Joys ; a num'rous Train !  
I rue the Riches of my former Fate ;  
Sweet Comfort's blasted Clusters I lament ;  
I tremble at the Blessings once so dear ;  
And ev'ry Pleasure pains me to the Heart.

Yet why *complain* ? or why complain for One ?  
Hangs out the Sun his Lustre but for me,  
The *single* Man ? Are Angels all beside ?  
I mourn for Millions : 'Tis the common Lot ;  
In *this* Shape, or in *that*, has Fate entail'd



The Mother's Throws on all of Woman born,  
Not more the Children, than sure Heirs of *Pain*.

War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,  
Intestine Broils, *Oppression*, with her Heart  
Wrapt up in triple Braß, besiege Mankind.  
God's Image disinherited of Day,

*Here*, plung'd in Mines, forgets a Sun was made.

*There*, Beings deathless as their haughty Lord,

Are hammer'd to the galling Oar for Life;

And plough the Winter's Wave, and reap Despair.

*Some*, for hard Masters, broken under Arms,

In Battle-lopt away, with half their Limbs,

Beg bitter Bread thro' Realms their Valour sav'd,

~~Black~~ Tyrant, or his Minion, doom.

*Want*, and incurable *Disease*, (fell Pair!)

On hopeless Multitudes remorseless seize

At once; and make a Refuge of the Grave.

How groaning *Hospitals* eject their Dead!

What Numbers groan for sad Admission there!

What Numbers, once in *Fortune's* Lap high-fed,

Solicit the cold Hand of Charity!

To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

Ye filken Sons of Pleasure! since in *Pains*

You rue more modish Visits, visit *here*,

And breathe from your Debauch: *Give*, and reduce

*Surfeit's* Dominion o'er you: but so great

Your Impudence, you blush at what is Right!

Happy! did Sorrow seize on *such* alone.

Not *Prudence* can defend, or *Virtue* save;

*Disease* invades the chastest Temperance;

And Punishment the Guiltless; and Alarm

Thro' thickest Shades, pursues the fond of Peace.

Man's Caution often into Danger turns,

And his Guard falling, crushes him to Death.

Not *Happiness* itself makes good her Name;

Our very Wishes give us not our Wish.

How distant oft the Thing we doat on most,

From that for which we doat, *Felicity*?

## Or, Night-Thoughts, &c.

11

The *smoothest* Course of Nature has its Pains;  
And *truest* Friends, thro' Error, wound our Rest:  
Without Misfortune, what Calamities?  
And what Hostilities, without a Foe?  
Nor are Foes wanting to the best on Earth.  
But endless is the List of human Ills,  
And Sighs might sooner fail, than Cause to sigh.

A Part how small of the terraqueous Globe  
Is tenanted by Man! the Rest a *Waste*,  
Rocks, Deserts, frozen Seas, and burning Sands:  
Wild Haunts of Monsters, Poisons, Stings, and Death;  
Such is Earth's melancholy Map! But, far  
More sad! this Earth is a true Map of *Man*.  
So bounded are its haughty Lord's *Delights*  
To *Woe's* wide Empire; where deep *Troubles* toils,  
Loud *Sorrows* howl, invenom'd *Passions* bite,  
Rav'nous *Calamities* our Vitals seize,  
And threat'ning *Fate*, wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for *myself*?  
In Age, in Infancy, from others Aid  
Is all our Hope; to teach us to be *kind*.  
*That*, Nature's *first*, *last* Lesson to Mankind;  
The selfish Heart deserves the Pain it feels.  
More gen'rous Sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;  
And conscious Virtue mitigates the Pang.  
Nor Virtue, more than *Prudence*, bids me give  
Swoln Thought a *second* Chanel; who divide,  
They weaken too, the Torrent of their Grief.  
Take then, O World! thy much-indebted Tear;  
How sad a Sight is human Happiness,  
To those whose Thought can pierce beyond an Hour!  
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose Heart exults!  
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy Fate?  
I know thou wouldst; thy Pride demands it from me.  
Let thy Pride pardon, what thy Nature needs,  
The salutary Censure of a Friend.  
Thou happy *Wretch*! by Blindness art thou blest;  
By Dotage dandled to perpetual Smiles.

## 12      *The* COMPLAINT:

Know, *Smiler!* at thy Peril art thou pleas'd ;  
 Thy Pleasure is the Promise of thy Pain.  
*Misfortune*, like a Creditor severe,  
 But rises in Demand for her Delay ;  
 She makes a Scourge of past Prosperity,  
 To sting thee more, and double thy Distress.

LORENZO, Fortune makes her Court to thee,  
 Thy fond Heart dances, while the *Siren* sings.  
 Dear is thy Welfare ; think me not unkind ;  
 I would not damp, but to secure thy Joys.  
 Think not that *Fear* is sacred to the Storm.  
 Stand on thy Guard against the *Smiles* of Fate.  
 Is Heav'n tremendous in its Frowns ? Most sure ;  
 And in its Favours formidable too ;  
 Its Favours here are Trials, not Rewards ;  
 A Call to Duty, not Discharge from Care ;  
 And should alarm us, full as much as Woes ;  
 Awake us to their *Cause*, and *Consequence* ;  
 And make us tremble, weigh'd with our Desert ;  
 Awe Nature's Tumult, and chastise her Joys,  
 Left while we clasp, we kill them ; nay, invert  
 To worse than *simple* Misery, their Charms.  
 Revolted Joys, like Foes in civil War,  
 Like bosom Friendships to Resentment sour'd,  
 With Rage invenom'd rise against our Peace.  
 Beware what Earth calls Happiness ; beware  
 All Joys, but Joys that never can expire.  
 Who builds on less than an *immortal* Base,  
 Fond as he seems, condemns his Joys to Death.

Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER ! thy last Sigh  
 Dissolv'd the Charm ; the disenchant'd Earth  
 Lost all her Lustre. Where, her glitt'ring Towers ?  
 Her golden Mountains, where ? all darken'd down  
 To naked Waste ; a dreary Vale of Tears ;  
 The great Magician's dead ! Thou poor, pale Piece  
 Of out-cast Earth, in Darkness ! what a Change  
 From Yesterday ! Thy darling Hope so near,  
 (Long-labour'd Prize !) O how Ambition flush'd

Thy

Thy glowing Cheek ! Ambition truly great,  
Of virtuous Praise. Death's subtle Seed within,  
[Sly, treach'rous Miner !] working in the Dark,  
Smil'd at thy well-concerted Scheme, and beckon'd  
The Worm to riot on that Rose so red,  
Unfaded ere it fell ; one Moment's Prey !

Man's Foresight is *conditionally* wise ;  
LORENZO ! Wisdom into Folly turns  
Oft, the first Instant, its Idea fair  
To labouring Thought is born. How dim our Eye !  
The *present* Moment terminates our Sight ;  
Clouds, thick as those on Doomsday, drown the *next* ;  
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.  
*Time* is dealt out by Particles ; and each,  
Ere mingled with the streaming Sands of Life,  
By Fate's inviolable Oath is sworn  
Deep Silence, " Where Eternity begins."

By Nature's Law, what may be, may be *now* ;  
There's no Prerogative in human Hours.  
In human Hearts what bolder Thought can rise,  
Than Man's Presumption on To-morrow's Dawn ?  
Where is To-morrow ? In another World.  
For Numbers this is certain ; the Reverse  
Is sure to none ; and yet on this *Perhaps*,  
This *Peradventure*, infamous for Lyes,  
As on a Rock of Adamant we build  
Our mountain Hopes ; spin out eternal Schemes,  
As we the Fatal Sisters could out-spin,  
And, big with Life's Futurities, expire.

Not ev'n PHILANDER had bespoke his Shroud.  
Nor had He Cause, a Warning was deny'd ;  
How Many fall as sudden, not as safe !  
As sudden, tho' for Years admonisht home.  
Of human Ills the last Extreme beware,  
Beware, LORENZO ! a *slow-sudden* Death.  
How dreadful that deliberate Surprise !  
Be wise To-day ; 'tis Madness to defer ;

Next

Next Day the fatal Precedent will plead ;  
 Thus on, till Wisdom is push'd out of Life.  
*Procrastination* is the Thief of Time ;  
 Year after Year it steals, till all are fled,  
 And to the Mercies of a Moment leaves  
 The vast Concerns of an eternal Scene.  
 If not so frequent, would not This be strange ?  
 That 'tis so frequent, *This* is stranger still.

Of Man's miraculous Mistakes, this bears  
 The Palm, " That all Men are about to live,"  
 For ever on the Brink of being born.  
 All pay themselves the Compliment to think  
 They, one Day, shall not drivel ; and their Pride  
 On this Reversion takes up ready Praise ;  
 At least, their own ; their future Selves applauds ;  
 How excellent that Life they *ne'er* will lead !  
 Time lodg'd in their *own* Hands is *Folly's* Vails ;  
 That lodg'd in *Fate's*, to *Wisdom* they consign ;  
 The Thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone* ;  
 'Tis not in *Folly*, not to scorn a Fool ;  
 And scarce in human *Wisdom* to do more.  
 All *Promise* is poor dilatory Man,  
 And that thro' ev'ry Stage : When young, indeed,  
 In full Content we, sometimes, nobly rest,  
 Un-anxious for *ourselves* ; and only wish,  
 As duteous Sons, our *Fathers* were more Wise.  
 At *Thirty* Man *suspects* himself a Fool ;  
*Knows* it at *Forty*, and reforms his Plan ;  
 At *Fifty* chides his infamous Delay,  
 Pushes his prudent Purpose to *Resolve* ;  
 In all the Magnanimity of Thought  
 Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself Immortal.  
 All Men think all Men mortal, but Themselves ;  
 Themselves, when some alarming Shock of Fate  
 Strikes thro' their wounded Hearts the sudden Dread ;  
 But their Hearts wounded, like the wounded Air,  
 Soon close ; where past the Shaft, no Trace is found.

As from the *Wing* no Scar the Sky retains ;  
 The parted Wave no Furrow from the *Keel* ;  
 So dies in human Hearts the Thought of Death.  
 Ev'n with the tender Tear which Nature sheds  
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their Grave.  
 Can I forget PHILANDER ? That were strange ;  
 O my full Heart !——But should I give it vent,  
 The longest Night, tho' longer far, would fail,  
 And the *Lark* listen to my *Midnight* Song.

The spritely *Lark's* shrill Matin wakes the Morn ;  
 Grief's sharpest Thorn hard-pressing on my Breast,  
 I strive, with wakeful Melody to cheer  
 The sullen Gloom, sweet *Philomel* ! like Thee,  
 And call the Stars to listen : Ev'ry Star  
 Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy Lay.  
 Yet be not vain ; there are, who thine excell,  
 And charm thro' distant Ages : Wrapt in Shade,  
 Pris'ner of Darkness ! to the silent *Hours*,  
 How often I repeat their Rage divine,  
 To lull my Griefs, and steal my Heart from Woe !  
 I roll their Raptures, but not catch their Flames.  
 Dark, tho' not blind, like thee *Mæonides* !  
 Or, *Milton* ! thee ; ah could I reach your Strain !  
 Or *His*, who made *Mæonides* our Own.  
*Man* too He sung : *Immortal* Man I sing ;  
 Oft bursts my Song beyond the Bounds of Life ;  
 What, *now*, but Immortality can please ?  
 O had *He* press'd his Theme, pursu'd the Track,  
 Which opens out of Darkness into Day !  
 O had he mounted on his Wing of Fire,  
 Soar'd, where I sink, and sung *Immortal* Man !  
 How had it blest Mankind, and rescu'd me ?

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

Time, Death, Friendship.

HUMBLY INSCRIB'D

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE


The Earl of WILMINGTON.







THE  
COMPLAINT.  
NIGHT the SECOND.

“ *HEN the Cock crew he wept*”—Smote by  
that Eye,  
Which looks on me, on All: That Pow'r,  
who bids

*This* Midnight Centinel with Clarion shrill,  
Emblem of that which shall awake the Dead,  
Rouse Souls from Slumber, into Thoughts of *Heaven*.  
Shall I too weep? Where then is Fortitude?  
And Fortitude abandon'd, where is Man?  
I know the Terms on which he sees the Light;  
He that is born, is list'd; Life is War;  
Eternal War with Woe. Who bears it best,  
Deserves it least,—On *other* Themes I'll dwell.  
LORENZO! let me turn *my* Thoughts on Thee,  
And *Thine*, on Themes may profit; profit there,  
Where most thy Need. Themes, too, the genuine Growth  
Of dear PHILANDER's Dust. He, *thus*, tho'dead,  
May still befriend—What Themes? *Time's* wondrous Price,  
*Death, Friendship, and PHILANDER's final Scene.*

So could I touch these Themes, as might obtain  
 Thine Ear ? nor leave thy Heart quite disengag'd,  
 The good Deed would delight me ; half-impress  
 On my dark Cloud an *Iris* ; and from Grief,  
 Call Glory—Dost thou mourn PHILANDER's Fate ?  
 I know thou say'st it ; Says thy Life the same ?  
 He mourns the Dead, who lives as they desire.  
 Where is that Thrift, that Avarice of TIME,  
 (O glorious Avarice !) Thought of Death inspires,  
 As rumour'd Robberies endear our Gold ?  
 O Time ! than Gold more sacred ; more a Load  
 Than Lead, to Fools ; and Fools reputed Wise.  
 What *Moment* granted Man without Account ?  
 What *Years* are squander'd, *Wisdom's* Debt unpaid ?  
 Our Wealth in Days all due to *that* Discharge.  
 Haste, haste, He lies in wait, He's at the Door,  
 Insidious *Depth* ! should his strong Hand arrest,  
 No Composition sets the Pris'ner free.  
*Eternity's* inexorable Chain  
 Fast binds ; and Vengeance claims the full Arrear.

How late I shudder'd on the Brink ! how late  
 Life call'd for her last Refuge in Despair !  
 That *Time* is mine, O MEAD ! to Thee I owe ;  
 Fain would I pay thee with *Eternity*.  
 But ill my Genius answers my Desire ;  
 My sickly Song is mortal, past thy Cure.  
 Accept the Will ; It dies not with my Strain.

For what calls *thy* Disease, LORENZO ! Not  
 For *Esculapian*, but for *Moral* Aid.  
 Thou think'st it Folly to be wise too soon.  
*Youth* is not rich in *Time* ; it may be, poor.  
 Part with it as with Money, sparing ; pay  
 No Moment, but in Purchase of its Worth ;  
 And what its Worth, ask Death-beds ; they can tell.  
 Part with it as with Life, reluctant ; big  
 With holy Hope of nobler Time to come ;

Time higher-aim'd, still nearer the great Mark  
Of Men and Angels ; Virtue more divine.

Is this our *Duty, Wisdom, Glory, Gain* ?  
(*These* Heav'n benign in vital Union binds)  
And sport we like the Natives of the Bough,  
When vernal Suns inspire ? *Amusement* reigns  
Man's great Demand : To trifle is to live :  
And is it then a Trifle, too, to die ?—

Thou say'st I *preach*, LORENZO ! 'Tis confess.  
What, if for once, I preach thee quite awake ?  
Who wants *Amusement* in the Flame of Battle ?  
Is it not Treason, to the Soul *immortal*,  
Her Foes in Arms, Eternity the Prize ?  
Will Toys amuse, when Med'cines cannot cure ?  
When Spirits ebb, when Life's enchanting Scenes  
Their Lustre lose, and lessen in our Sight,  
(As Lands, and Cities with their glitt'ring Spires,  
To the poor shatter'd Bark, by sudden Storm  
Thrown off to Sea, and soon to perish there)  
Will Toys amuse ?—No : Thrones will then be Toys,  
And Earth and Skies seem Dust upon the Scale.

*Redeem* we Time ?—its *Loss* we dearly buy.  
What pleads LORENZO for his high priz'd Sports ?  
He pleads Time's numerous *Blanks* ; he loudly pleads  
The straw-like *Trifles* on Life's common Stream.  
From whom those *Blanks* and *Trifles*, but from *Thee* ?  
No *Blank*, no *Trifle*, Nature made, or meant.  
Virtue, or purpos'd Virtue, still be Thine ;  
*This* cancels thy Complaint at once ; *This* leaves  
In *Act* no Trifle, and no *Blank* in Time.  
*This* greatens, fills, immortalizes All ;  
*This*, the blest Art of turning all to Gold ;  
*This*, the good Heart's Prerogative to raise  
A royal Tribute, from the poorest Hours.  
Immense Revenue ! ev'ry Moment *Pays*.  
If nothing more than *Purpose* in thy Power ;  
Thy Purpose firm, is equal to the Deed :

Who

Who does the best his Circumstance allows,  
Does well, acts nobly ; Angels could no more.  
Our *outward* Act, indeed, admits Restraint ;  
'Tis not in Things o'er *Thought* to domineer ;  
Guard well thy Thought ; our Thoughts are heard

Heave

On all-important *Time*, through ev'ry Age,  
Tho' much, and warm, the Wise have urg'd ; the Man  
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an Hour.  
" *I've lost a Day*" — The Prince who nobly cry'd,  
Had been an Emperor without his Crown ;  
Of *Rome* ! say, rather, Lord of human Race ;  
He spoke, as if deputed by Mankind ;  
So should all speak : So *Reason* speaks in All :  
For the soft Whispers of that God in Man,  
Why fly to Folly, why to Frenzy fly,  
For Rescue from the *Blessing* we possess ?  
*Time*, the Supreme ! — *Time* is Eternity ;  
Pregnant with all Eternity can give ;  
Pregnant with all, that makes Arch-angels smile.  
Who murders *Time*, He crushes in the Birth  
A Pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.

Ah ! how unjust to Nature, and Himself,  
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent Man !  
Like Children babbling Nonsense in their Sports,  
We censure Nature for a Span too short ;  
That Span too short, we tax as tedious too ;  
Torture Invention, all Expedients tire,  
To lash the ling'ring Moments into Speed ;  
And whirl us (happy Riddance !) from ourselves,  
*Art*, brainless *Art* ! our furious Charioteer  
(For *Nature's* Voice unstifled would recall)  
Drives headlong tow'ards the Precipice of Death ;  
Death, most our Dread ; Death *thus* more dreadful mad  
O what a Riddle of Absurdity !  
*Leisure* is Pain ; takes off our Chariot-wheels.  
How heavily we drag the Load of Life !  
Blest *Leisure* is our Curse ; like that of *Cain*,  
It makes us wander ; wander Earth around

To fly that Tyrant, Thought. As *Atlas* groan'd  
The World beneath, we groan beneath an Hour.  
We cry for Mercy to the next Amusement ;  
The next Amusement mortgages our Fields ;  
Slight Inconvenience ! Prisons hardly frown, \*  
From hateful *Time* if Prisons set us free.  
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us Relief,  
We call him cruel ; Years to Moments shrink,  
Ages to Years. The Telescope is turn'd.  
To Man's false Optics (from his Folly false) .  
*Time*, in advance, behind him hides his Wings,  
And seems to creep, decrepit with his Age ;  
Behold him, when past by ; what then is seen,  
But his broad Pinions swifter than the Winds ?  
And all Mankind, in Contradiction strong,  
Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his Career.

Leave to thy Foes these Errors, and these Ills ;  
To Nature just, their *Cause* and *Cure* explore.  
Not short Heaven's Bounty, boundless our Expend ;  
No Niggard, Nature ; Men are Prodiggals.  
We waste, not use our Time ; we breathe, not live.  
Time wasted is Existence, us'd is Life.  
And bare Existence, Man, to live ordain'd,  
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous Weight.  
And why ? since *Time* was giv'n for Use, not Waste,  
Injoin'd to fly ; with Tempest, Tide, and Stars,  
To keep his Speed, nor ever wait for Man ;  
*Time*'s Use was doom'd a Pleasure ; Waste, a Pain ;  
That Man might feel his Error, if unseen ;  
And, feeling, fly to Labour for his Cure ;  
Not, blund'ring, split on Idleness, for Ease.  
Life's Cares are Comforts ; such by Heav'n design'd ;  
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.  
Cares are Employments ; and without Employ  
The Soul is on a Rack ; the Rack of Rest,  
To Souls most adverse ; Action all their Joy.

Here, then, the Riddle, mark'd above, unfolds ;  
Time turns Torment, when Man turns a Fool.

## 22      *The COMPLAINT:*

Who does the best his Circumstance allows,  
Does well, acts nobly; Angels could no more.  
Our *outward* Act, indeed, admits Restraint;  
'Tis not in Things o'er *Thought* to domineer;  
Guard well thy *Thought*; our Thoughts are heard  
Heav'n

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Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an Hour.  
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Had been an Emperor without his Crown;  
Of *Rome*! say, rather, Lord of human Race;  
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So should all speak: So *Reason* speaks in All:  
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Pregnant with all Eternity can give;  
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A Pow'r eternal, only not ador'd.

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Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent Man!  
Like Children babbling Nonsense in their Sports,  
We censure Nature for a Span too short;  
That Span too short, we tax as tedious too,  
Torture Invention, all Expedients try,  
To lull the lingering Moments into Sleep,  
And whirl us, happy Riddlers,  
Awake, benighted! our  
(For Nature's Voice still  
Drives headlong on  
Death, most cruel  
O what a  
Lapse is it!

Or, Night-Thoughts, &c.

23

fly that Tyrant, Thought. As *Atlas* groan'd  
: World beneath, we groan beneath an Hour.  
cry for Mercy to the next Amusement ;  
: next Amusement mortgages our Fields ;  
: Inconvenience ! Prisons hardly frown, \*  
in hateful *Time* if Prisons set us free.  
when *Death* kindly tenders us Relief,  
call him cruel ; Years to Moments shrink,  
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ne *wasted* is Existence, *us'd* is Life.  
bare Existence, Man, to *live* ordain'd,  
ges, and oppresses with enormous Weight.  
why ? Since *Time* was giv'n for Use, not Waste,  
Tide, and *State*,  
for *Time* ;



We rave, we wrestle with *Great Nature's Plan*;  
 We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,  
 Who thwart His Will, shall contradict their own  
 Hence our unnatural Quarrel with ourselves;  
 Our Thoughts at Enmity; our Bosom-broil;  
 We push Time from us, and we wish Him back  
 Lavish of Luttrums, and yet fond of Life;  
*Life* we think long, and short; *Death* seek, and  
 Body and Soul, like peevish Man and Wife,  
 United jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh the dark Days of Vanity! while Here,  
 How Tasteless! and how Terrible, when gone!  
 Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us  
 The Spirit walks of ev'ry Day deceas'd,  
 And smiles an Angel; or a Fury frowns.  
 Nor Death, nor Life, delight us. If Time *past*,  
 And Time *passèd*, both pain us, what can please?  
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,  
 Time *us'd*. The Man who consecrates his Hours  
 By vig'rous Effort, and an honest Aim,  
 At once he draws the Sting of Life and Death;  
 He *walks with Nature*; and her Paths are Peace.

Our Error's Cause and Cure are seen: See next  
 Time's *Nature, Origin, Importance, Speed*;  
 And thy great *Gain* from urging his Career.—  
 All-sensual Man, because untouch'd, unseen,  
 He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing else  
 Is truly Man's; 'tis Fortune's.—Time's a God.  
*Thou* hast ne'er heard of *Time's* Omnipotence;  
*For, or against*, what Wonders can He do!  
 And *will*: To stand blank *Neuter* He disdains.  
 Not on *those Terms* was *Time* (Heav'n's Stranger!)  
 On his important Embassy to Man.  
 LORENZO! no: On the long-destin'd Hour,  
 From everlasting Ages growing ripe,  
 That memorable Hour of wond'rous Birth,  
 In the Dread Sire, on Emanation bent,  
 big with Nature, rising in his Might,

Call'd forth Creation (for then *Time* was born),  
 By Godhead streaming thro' a thousand Worlds;  
 Not on *those Terms*, from the great Days of Heaven,  
 From old Eternity's mysterious Orb,  
 Was *Time* cut off, and cast beneath the Skies;  
 The Skies, which watch him in his new Abode,  
 Measuring his Motions by revolving Spheres;  
 That Horologe Machinery Divine.  
 Hours, Days, and Months, and Years, his Children, play,  
 Like num'rous Wings around him, as he flies:  
 Or, rather, as unequal Plumes they shape  
 His ample Pinions, swift as darted Flame,  
 To gain his Goal, to reach his antient Rest,  
 And join anew *Eternity* his Sire;  
 In his *Immutability* to nest,  
 When Worlds, that count his Circles *now*, unhing'd,  
 (Fate the loud Signal sounding) headlong rush  
 To *timeless* Night, and Chaos, whence they rose.  
 Why spur the Speedy? Why with Levities  
 New-wing thy short, short Day's too rapid Flight?  
 Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done?  
 Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from Man; too soon  
 In sad Divorce this double Flight must end:  
 And then, where are we? where, LORENZO! then,  
 Thy Sports? thy Poms?—I grant thee, in a State  
 Not Unambitious; in the *ruffled* Shroud,  
 Thy *Parian* Tomb's *triumphant Arch* beneath.  
 Has *Death* his Fopperies? Then well may *Life*  
 Put on her Plume, and in her Rainbow shine.

Ye well-array'd! Ye Lilies of our Land!  
 Ye Lilies *Male*! who neither toil, nor spin,  
 (As Sister Lilies *might*) if not so wise  
 As *Solomon*, more sumptuous to the Sight!  
 Ye *Delicate*! who nothing can support,  
 Yourself most insupportable! for whom  
 The winter Rose must blow, the Sun put on  
 His brighter Beam in *Leo*; silky-soft  
 You breathe still softer, or be chid;  
 Your Worlds send Odours, Sawce, and St

## 26      *The COMPLAINT; or,*

And Robes, and Notions, fram'd in foreign Looms !  
 O ye LORENZOS of our Age ! who deem  
 One Moment unamus'd, a Misery  
 Not made for feeble Man ! who call aloud  
 For ev'ry Bawble, drivell'd o'er by Sense ;  
 For Rattles, and Conceits of ev'ry Cast,  
 For Change of Follies, and Relays of Joy,  
 To drag your Patient through the tedious Length  
 Of a short Winter's *Day* — say, Sages ! say,  
 Wit's Oracles ! say, Dreamers of gay Dreams !  
 How will you weather an *eternal Night*,  
 Where such Expedients fail ?

O Treach'rous *Conscience* ! while she seems to sleep  
 On *Rose* and *Myrtle*, lull'd with Siren Song ;  
 While she seems, nodding o'er her Charge, to drop  
 On headlong *Appetite* the slacken'd Rein,  
 And give us up to *Licence*, unrecall'd,  
 Unmarkt ;—See, from behind her secret Stand,  
 The sly Informer minutes ev'ry Fault,  
 And her dread Diary with Horror fills.  
 Not the gross *AZ* alone employs her Pen ;  
 She reconnoitres *Fancy*'s airy Band,  
 A watchful Foe ! The formidable Spy,  
 List'ning, o'erhears the Whispers of our Camp ;  
 Our dawning Purposes of Heart explores,  
 And steals our Embryos of Iniquity.  
 As all-rapacious Usurers conceal  
 Their Doomsday-book from all-consuming Heirs ;  
 Thus, with Indulgence most severe, She treats  
 Us Spendthrifts of inestimable *Time* ;  
 Unnoted, notes each Moment misapply'd ;  
 In Leaves more durable than Leaves of Brass,  
 Writes our whole History ; which *Death* shall read  
 In ev'ry pale Delinquent's private Ear ;  
 And *Judgment* publish ; publish to more Worlds  
     in this ; and endless Age in Groans resound.  
     ENZO, *such* that *Sleeper* in thy Breast !  
     is her Slumber ; and her Vengeance *such*

## Night-Thoughts, &c.

27

ted Counsel ; *such* thy future Peace !  
 ask'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon* ?

Why on *Time* so lavish is my Song ?  
 great *Theme* kind *Nature* keeps a School,  
 in her Sons Herself. Each Night we die,  
 morn are born anew : Each Day, a Life !  
 All we kill each Day ? If *Trifling* kills ;  
 we must butcher. O what Heaps of Slain  
 for Vengeance on us ! *Time* destroy'd  
 us, where more than *Blood* is spilt.  
 us, Death urges, Knells call, Heav'n invites ;  
 weatens ; All exerts ; in Effort, All ;  
 man Creation labours !——Labours more !  
 here in Creation, what, amidst  
 tumult Universal, wing'd Dispatch,  
 lent Energy, supinely yawns ?——  
 eps ; and *Man* alone ; and *Man*, whose Fate,  
 everfible, intire, extreme,  
 , hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the Gulph  
 lent trembles ; drops ! and *Man*, for whom  
 is in Alarm ; *Man*, the sole Cause  
 surrounding Storm ! and yet he sleeps,  
 Storm rock'd to Rest ——Throw *Years* away ?  
*Empires*, and be blameless. Moments seize,  
 's on their Wing : a Moment we may wish,  
 Worlds want Wealth to buy. Bid *Day* stand still,  
 drive back his Carr, recall, retake  
 lasty Prey : Implore him, reimport  
 riod past, regive the given Hour.  
 zo, more than Miracles we want ;  
 zo——O for Yesterdays to come !

is the Language of the Man *awake* ;  
 dor such, for what *oppresses* Thee.  
 his Ardor vain, LORENZO ? No ;  
 more than Miracle the Gods indulge ;  
 is *Yesterday* return'd ; return'd  
 w'r'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,  
 instate us on the Rock of Peace.

## 28    *The* COMPLAINT; or,

Let it not share its Predecessor's Fate ;  
 Nor, like its elder Sisters, die a Fool.  
 Shall it evaporate in Fume ? Fly off  
 Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still ?  
 Shall we be poorer for the Plenty pour'd ?  
 More wretched for the Clemencies of Heav'n ?

Where shall I find Him ? Angels ! tell me where.  
*You* know Him ; He is near you : Point him out :  
 Shall I see Glories beaming from his Brow ?  
 Or trace his Footsteps by the rising Flow'rs ?  
 Your golden Wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him, shed  
 Protection ; now, are waving in Applause  
 To that blest Son of Foresight ! Lord of Fate !  
 That awful Independent on *To-morrow* !  
 Whose *Work is done* ; who triumphs in the *Past* ;  
 Whose *Yesterdays* look backwards with a Smile ;  
 Nor, like the *Parthian*, wound him as they fly ;  
 That common, but opprobrious Lot ! Past Hours,  
 If not by Guilt, yet wound us by their Flight,  
 If Folly bounds our Prospect by the Grave,  
 All Feeling of Futurity benumb'd ;  
 All God-like Passion for Eternals quencht ;  
 All Relish of Realities expir'd ;  
 Renounc'd all Correspondence with the Skies ;  
 Our Freedom chain'd ; quite wingless our Desire,  
 In Sense dark-prison'd All that ought to soar,  
 Prone to the Centre, crawling in the Dust,  
 Dismounted ev'ry Great and glorious Aim ;  
 Embruted ev'ry Faculty divine ;  
 Heart-bury'd in the Rubbish of the World.  
 The World, that Gulph of Souls, immortal Souls,  
 Souls elevate, Angelic, wing'd with Fire  
 To reach the distant Skies, and triumph there  
 On Thrones, which shall not mourn their Masters chang'd  
 Tho' we from *Earth* ; *Ethereal*, They that fell.  
 Such Veneration due, O Man, to Man.

Who venerate themselves, the World despise.  
 For what, gay Friend ! is this *escutcheon'd* World,

Which

Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal Night ?  
 A Night, that glooms us in the Noon-tide Ray,  
 And wraps our Thought, at Banquets, in the Shroud.  
 Life's little Stage is a small Eminence,  
 Inch-high the Grave above ; that Home of Man,  
 Where dwells the Multitude : We gaze around ;  
 We read their Monuments ; we sigh ; and while  
 We sigh, we sink ; and *are* what we deplor'd ;  
 Lamenting, or Lamented, all our Lot !

Is Death at Distance ? No : He has been on thee ;  
 And giv'n sure Earnest of his final Blow.  
 Those Hours, which lately smil'd, where are they now ?  
 Pallid to Thought, and ghastly ! drown'd, all drown'd  
 In that great Deep, which nothing disembogues ;  
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small Renown.  
 The Rest are on the Wing ; how fleet their Flight !  
 Already has the fatal Train took Fire ;  
 A Moment, and the World's blown up *to thee* ;  
 The Sun is Darknefs, and the Stars are Dust.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past Hours ;  
 And ask them, what Report they bore to Heaven ;  
 And how they might have born more welcome News.  
 Their Answers form what Men *Experience* call ;  
 If *Wisdom's* Friend, her best ; if not, worst Foe.  
 O reconcile them ! Kind *Experience* cries,  
 " There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs ;  
 " The more our Joy, the more we know it Vain ;  
 " And by Success are tutor'd to Despair.  
 Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.  
 Who knows not this, tho' Grey, is still a Child.  
 Loose then from Earth the Grasp of fond Desire,  
 Weigh Anchor, and some happier Clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,  
 Nor give thy Thoughts a Ply to future Scenes ?  
 Since, by *Life's* passing Breath, blown up from Earth,  
 Light, as the Summer's Dust, we take in Air  
 A Moment's giddy Flight, and fall again ;

## 30    *The COMPLAINT ; or,*

Join the dull Mass, increase the trodden Soil,  
 And sleep till Earth herself shall be no more ;  
 Since *Then* (as Emmets, their small World o'erthrown)  
 We, sore-amaz'd, from out Earth's Ruins crawl,  
 And rise to Fate extreme of Foul or Fair,  
 As Man's own Choice, (Controuler of the Skies !)  
 As Man's despotic Will, perhaps *one* Hour,  
 (O how Omnipotent is Time !) decrees ;  
 Should not each *Warning* give a strong Alarm ?  
 Warning, far less than that of Bosom torn  
 From Bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred Dead !  
 Should not each *Dial* strike us as we pass,  
 Portentous, as the *written Wall*, which struck,  
 O'er midnight Bowls, the proud *Affyrian* pale,  
 Ere-while high-flusht with Insolence and Wine ?  
 Like *That*, the Dial speaks ; and points to thee,  
 LORENZO ! loth to break the Banquet up.  
 " O Man, thy Kingdom is departing from thee ;  
 " And, while it lasts, is emptier than my Shade."  
 Its silent Language such : nor need'st thou call  
 Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.  
 Know, like the *Median*, Fate is in thy Walls :  
 Dost ask, *How ? Whence ? Belshazzar*-like, amaz'd ?  
 Man's Make incloses the sure Seeds of Death ;  
 Life feeds the Murderer : Ingrate ! he thrives  
 On her own Meal, and then his Nurse devours.

But, here, LORENZO, the Delusion lies ;  
 That *Solar Shadow*, as it measures Life,  
 It Life resembles too : Life speeds away  
 From Point to Point, tho' seeming to stand still.  
 The cunning Fugitive is swift by stealth :  
 Too subtle is the Movement to be seen ;  
 Yet soon Man's Hour is up, and we are gone.  
*Warnings* point out our Danger ; *Gnomons*, Time :  
 As *these* are useless when the Sun is set ;  
 So *those*, but when more glorious *Reason* shines.  
*Reason* should judge in all ; in Reason's Eye,  
 That Sedentary Shadow travels hard.  
 But such our Gravitation to the Wrong,

So prone our Hearts to whisper what we wish,  
Tis later with the Wife, than he's aware ;  
A *Wilmington* goes slower than the Sun ;  
And all Mankind mistake their Time of Day ;  
Ev'n Age itself. Fresh Hopes are hourly sown  
In furrow'd Brows. So gentle Life's Descent,  
We shut our Eyes, and think it is a Plain.  
We take fair Days in Winter, for the Spring ;  
And turn our Blessings into Bane. Since oft  
Man must *compute* that Age He cannot *feel*,  
He scarce believes He's older for his Years.  
Thus, at Life's latest Eve, we keep in Store  
One Disappointment sure, to crown the Rest ;  
The Disappointment of a promis'd Hour.

On *This*, or Similar, PHILANDER ! Thou  
Whose Mind was Moral, as the Preacher's Tongue ;  
And strong, to wield all Science, worth the Name ;  
How often we talk'd down the Summer's Sun,  
And cool'd our Passions by the breezy Stream !  
How often thaw'd, and shorten'd Winter's Eve,  
By Conflict kind, that struck out latent Truth,  
Best found, so fought ; to the *Recluse* more Coy !  
Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the Lip ;  
Clean runs the Thread ; if not, 'tis thrown away,  
Or kept to tie up Nonsense for a Song ;  
Song, fashionably fruitless ! such as stains  
The *Fancy*, and unhallow'd *Passion* fires ;  
Chiming her Saints to *Cytherea's* Fane.

Know'st thou, LORENZO ! what a Friend contains ?  
As Bees mixt *Nectar* draw from fragrant Flow'rs,  
So Men from FRIENDSHIP, *Wisdom* and *Delight* ;  
Twins ty'd by Nature, if they part, they die.  
Hast thou no Friend to set thy Mind abroad ?  
*Good Sense* will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want Air,  
And spoil, like Bales unopen'd to the Sun.  
Had Thought been All, sweet Speech had been deny'd ;  
Speech, Thought's Canal ! Speech, Thought's Criterion too !



### 32      *The* COMPLAINT; or,

Thought in the Mine, may come forth Gold or Dross  
 When coin'd in Word, we know its *real* Worth.  
 If sterling, store it for thy future Use ;  
 'Twill buy thee Benefit ; perhaps, Renown.  
 Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd ;  
 Teaching, we learn ; and, giving, we retain  
 The Births of Intellect ; when dumb, forgot.  
*Speech* ventilates our Intellectual Fire ;  
*Speech* burnishes our Mental Magazine ;  
 Brightens, for Ornament ; and whets, for Use.  
 What Numbers, sheath'd in Erudition, lie,  
 Plung'd to the Hilts in venerable Tomes,  
 And rusted in ; who might have borne an Edge,  
 And play'd a sprightly Beam, if born to Speech ;  
 If born blest Heirs of half their Mother's Tongue !  
 'Tis Thought's Exchange, which, like th' alternate Pu  
 Of Waves conflicting, breaks the learned Scum,  
 And defecates the Students standing Pool.

In *Contemplation* is his proud Resource ?  
 'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converse* unsustain'd.  
 Rude Thought runs wild in *Contemplation's* Field ;  
*Converse*, the Menage, breaks it to the Bit  
 Of due Restraint ; and *Emulation's* Spur  
 Gives graceful Energy, by Rivals aw'd.  
 'Tis *Converse* qualifies for Solitude ;  
 As Exercise, for salutary Rest.  
 By That untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves  
 A Lunar Prince, or famish'd Beggar dies ;  
 And *Nature's* Fool, by *Wisdom's* is outdone.

*Wisdom*, tho' richer than *Peruvian* Mines,  
 And sweeter than the sweet Ambrosial Hive,  
 What is she, but the Means of *Happiness* ?  
 That unobtain'd, than Folly more a Fool ;  
 A melancholy Fool, without her Bells.  
*Friendship* the Means, and *Friendship* richly gives  
 The precious End, which makes our *Wisdom* wise.  
*Nature*, in Zeal for human Amity,  
 Denies, or damps an *undivided* Joy.

Joy is an Import ; Joy is an Exchange ;  
 Joy flies Monopolists : It calls for *Two* ;  
 Rich Fruit ! heav'n-planted ! never pluckt by *One* ;  
 Needful Auxiliars are our Friends, to give  
 To *social* Man true Relish of himself.  
 Full on ourselves descending in a Line  
*Pleasure's* bright Beam, is feeble in Delight :  
 Delight intense, is taken by Rebound ;  
 Reverberated Pleasures fire the Breast.

Celestial *Happiness*, whene'er she stoops  
 To visit Earth, One Shrine the Goddess finds,  
 And One alone, to make her sweet Amends  
 For absent Heav'n—the Bosom of a Friend ;  
 Where Heart meets Heart, reciprocally soft,  
 Each other's Pillow to Repose divine.  
 Beware the Counterfeit : In *Passion's* Flame  
 Hearts melt ; but melt like Ice, soon harder froze :  
 True Love strikes Root in *Reason* ; *Passion's* Foe :  
*Virtue* alone entenders us for Life :  
 I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.  
 Of *Friendship's* fairest Fruits, the Fruit most fair  
 Is *Virtue* kindling at a Rival Fire,  
 And, *emulously*, rapid in her Race.  
 O the soft Enmity ! Endearing Strife !  
 This carries Friendship to her noon-tide Point,  
 And gives the Rivet of Eternity.

From *Friendship*, which outlives my former Themes,  
 Glorious Survivor of old *Time*, and *Death* !  
 From Friendship, thus, that Flow'r of Heav'nly Seed,  
 The Wise extract Earth's most *Hyblean* Bliss,  
 Superior Wisdom, crown'd with smiling Joy ;  
 For Joy, from Friendship born, abounds in Smiles.  
 O store it in the Soul's most golden Cell !

But for whom blossoms this *Elysian* Flower ;  
 Abroad They find, who cherish it, at Home.  
 LORENZO ! pardon what my Love extorts,  
 An honest Love, and not afraid to frown.

### 34 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Tho' Choice of Follies fasten on the *Great*,  
 None clings more obstinate, than Fancy fond,  
 That sacred Friendship is their easy Prey;  
 Caught by the Wasture of a Golden Lure;  
 Or Fascination of a high-born Smile.  
 Their Smiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out  
 For Others Hearts, tenacious of their Own;  
 And we no less of ours, when *such* the Bait.  
 Ye Fortune's Cofferers! Ye Pow'rs of Wealth!  
 You do your *Rent-rolls* most felonious Wrong,  
 By taking our Attachment to *Yourselves*.  
 Can Gold gain Friendship? Impudence of Hope!  
 As well mere Man an Angel might beget.  
 Love, and Love only, is the Loan for Love.  
 LORENZO! Pride repress; nor hope to find  
 A Friend, but what has found a Friend in Thee.  
 All like the Purchase; few the Price will pay;  
 And this makes Friends such Miracles below.

What if (since Daring on so nice a Theme)  
 I shew thee Friendship Delicate, as Dear,  
 Of tender Violations apt to die?  
*Reserve* will wound it; and *Distrust*, destroy:  
 Deliberate on all things with thy Friend:  
 But since Friends grow not thick on ev'ry Bough,  
 Nor ev'ry Friend unrotten at the Core;  
 First, on thy Friend, delib'rate with Thyself;  
 Pause, ponder, sift; not Eager in the Choice,  
 Nor Jealous of the Chosen; Fixing, Fix;  
 Judge before Friendship, then confide till Death.  
 Well, for thy Friend; but Nobler far for Thee;  
 How Gallant Danger for Earth's Highest Prize!  
 A Friend is worth all Hazard we can run.  
 "Poop is the Friendless Master of a World:  
 "A World in Purchase for a Friend is Gain."

So sung He (Angels hear that Angel-sing!  
 Angels from Friendship gather Half their Joy)  
 So sung PHILANDER, as his Friend went round

In the rich *Ichor*, in the gen'rous Blood  
 Of BACCHUS, purple God of joyous Wit,  
 A Brow solute, and ever-laughing Eye.  
 He drank long Health, and Virtue, to his Friend;  
 His Friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.  
*Friendship's* the Wine of Life; but *Friendship new*  
 (Not such was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.  
 O! for the bright Complexion, cordial Warmth,  
 And elevating Spirit, of a Friend,  
 For twenty Summers ripening by my Side;  
 All Feculence of Falshood long thrown down;  
 All social Virtues rising in his Soul;  
 As Crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!  
*Here* Nectar flows; it sparkles in our Sight;  
 Rich to the Taste, and genuine from the Heart.  
 High-flavour'd Blifs for Gods! on Earth how rare!  
 On Earth how *lost*!—PHILANDER is no more.

Think'st thou the Theme intoxicates my Song?  
 Am I too warm?—Too warm I cannot be.  
 I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.  
 Like Birds, whose Beauties languish, half conceal'd,  
 Till, mounted on the Wing, their glossy Plumes  
 Expanded shine with Azure, Green, and Gold;  
 How Blessings brighten as they take their Flight!  
 His Flight PHILANDER took; his Upward Flight,  
 If ever Soul ascended. Had he dropt,  
 (That Eagle Genius!) O had he let fall  
 One Feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote,  
 What Friends might flatter; prudent Foes forbear;  
 Rivals scarce damn; and ZORUS reprieve.  
 Yet what I can, I must: It were profane  
 To quench a Glory lighted at the Skies,  
 And cast in Shadows his illustrious Close.  
 Strange! the Theme most affecting, most sublime,  
 Momentous most to Man, should sleep unsung!  
 And yet it sleeps, by Genius unawak'd,  
*Painim* or *Christian*; to the Blush of Wit.  
 Man's highest Triumph! Man's profoundest Fall!

## 36      *The* COMPLAINT; *or,*

The *Death-bed* of the Just! is yet undrawn  
By mortal Hand: It merits a Divine:  
Angels should paint it, Angels ever *There*;  
There, on a Post of Honour, and of Joy.

Dare I presume, then? But PHILANDER bids;  
And Glory tempts, and Inclination calls——  
Yet am I struck; as struck the Soul, beneath  
*Aëreal Groves* impenetrable Gloom;  
Or, in some mighty *Ruin's* solemn Shade;  
Or, gazing by pale Lamps on *high-born Dust*,  
In Vaults; thin Courts of poor Unflatter'd Kings;  
Or, at the Midnight *Altar's* hallow'd Flame.  
It is Religion to proceed: I pause——  
And, enter, aw'd the Temple of my Theme.  
Is it his *Death-bed*? No; It is his Shrine;  
Behold him, there, just rising to a God.

The Chamber where the Good Man meets his Fate,  
Is privileg'd beyond the common Walk  
Of *virtuous* Life, quite in the Verge of Heav'n.  
Fly, ye Profane! If not, draw near with Awe,  
Receive the Blessing, and adore the Chance,  
'That threw in this *Bethesda* your Disease;  
If unrestor'd by This, despair your Cure.  
For, *Here*, resistless Demonstration dwells;  
A *Death-bed's* a Detector of the Heart.  
*Here* tir'd *Diffimulation* drops her Masque,  
Thro' Life's Grimace, that Mistress of the Scene!  
*Here* Real, and Apparent, are the Same.  
You see the *Man*; you see his Hold on Heav'n;  
If sound his Virtue; as PHILANDER's, sound.  
Heav'n waits not the last Moment; owns her Friends  
On this Side Death; and points them out to Men,  
A Lecture, silent, but of sov'reign Pow'r!  
'To Vice, Confusion; and to Virtue, Peace.

Whatever Farce the boastful Hero plays,  
*Virtue* alone has Majesty in Death;

And

And greater still, the more the Tyrant frowns.

PHILANDER! he severely frown'd on Thee.

"No Warning giv'n! Unceremonious Fate!

"A sudden Rush from Life's meridian Joys!

"A Wrench from all we *love*! from all we *are*!

"A restless Bed of Pain! a Plunge opaque

"Beyond Conjecture! Feeble *Nature's* Dread!

"Strong *Reason's* Shudder at the dark Unknown!

"A Sun extinguish'd! a just opening Grave!

"And Oh! the last, last; what? (can Words express?

"Thought reach?) the last, last—*Silence* of a Friend!"

Where are those Horrors, that Amazement, where,

This hideous Group of Ills, which *singly* shock,

Demand from Man?—I thought him Man till *now*.

Thro' Nature's Wreck, thro' vanquish'd Agonies,  
(Like the Stars struggling thro' this Midnight Gloom)  
What Gleams of Joy? what more than Human Peace?

Where, the frail Mortal? the poor abject Worm?

No, not in Death, the *Mortal* to be found.

His Conduct is a Legacy for All.

Richer than *Mammon's* for his single Heir.

His Comforters He Comforts; Great in Ruin,

With unreluctant Grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*

His Soul Sublime; and closes with his Fate.

How our Hearts burnt within us at the Scene!

Whence, This brave Bound o'er Limits fix'd to Man?

His God sustains him in his final Hour!

His final Hour brings Glory to his God!

Man's Glory Heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.

We gaze; we weep; mix'd Tears of Grief and Joy!

Amazement strikes! Devotion bursts to Flame!

*Christians* Adore! and *Infidels* Believe.

As some tall Tow'r, or lofty Mountain's Brow,

Detains the Sun, Illustrious from its Height;

While rising Vapours, and descending Shades,

With Damps, and Darkness, drown the spacious Vale:

Undamp

38    *The* COMPLAINT, &c.

Undampt by Doubt, Undarken'd by Despair,  
PHILANDER, thus, augustly rears his Head,  
At that Black Hour, which gen'ral Horror sheds  
On the low Level of th' Inglorious Throng :  
Sweet *Peace*, and Heav'nly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,  
Divinely beam on his exalted Soul ;  
Destruction gild, and crown him for the Skies,  
With incommunicable Lustre, Bright.



NIGH

NIGHT THE THIRD.

*N A R C I S S A.*

Humbly Inscrib'd to her GRACE

The D U C H E S S of P - - - -.

*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.*  
VIRG.





10



THE  
COMPLAINT.  
NIGHT the THIRD.



FROM *Dreams*, where Thought in Fancy's  
Maze runs mad,  
To *Reason*, that Heav'n-lighted Lamp in  
Man,  
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd Hour,  
Punctual as Lovers to the Moment sworn,  
I keep my Affignation with my Woe.

O! Lost to Virtue, Lost to manly Thought,  
Lost to the noble Sallies of the Soul!  
Who think it Solitude, to be Alone.  
Communion sweet! Communion large, and high!  
Our *Reason*, *Guardian Angel*, and our *God*!  
Then nearest These, when Others most remote;  
And All, ere long, shall be remote, *but* These.  
How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,  
A Stranger! Unacknowleg'd! Unapprov'd!  
*Now* woo them ;wed them; bind them to thy Breast;  
To win thy Wish, Creation has no more.  
Or if we wish a *Fourth*, it is a Friend———  
*But Friends*, how mortal! Dang'rous the Desire.

Take

42      *The COMPLAINT; or,*

'*Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking Bards!*  
 Inebriate at fair Fortune's Fountain-head;  
 And reeling thro' the Wilderness of Joy;  
 Where *Sense* runs savage, broke from *Reason's* Chain,  
 And sings false Peace, till smother'd by the Pall.  
 My Fortune is unlike; unlike my Song;  
 Unlike the Deity my Song invokes.  
 I to *Day's* soft-ey'd Sister pay my Court,  
 (*ENDYMION's* Rival!) and her Aid implore;  
 Now first implor'd in succour to the *Muse*.

Thou, who didst lately borrow \* *CYNTHIA's* Form,  
 And modestly forego thine Own! O Thou,  
 Who didst thyself, at midnight Hours inspire!  
 Say, why not *CYNTHIA* Patroness of Song?  
 As Thou her Crescent, she thy Character  
 Assumes; still more a Goddess by the Change.

Are there demurring Wits, who dare dispute  
 This Revolution in the World *inspir'd*?  
 Ye Train *Pierian!* to the *Lunar* Sphere,  
 In silent Hour, address your ardent Call  
 For Aid immortal; less her Brother's Right.  
 She, with the Spheres harmonious, nightly leads  
 The mazy Dance, and hears their matchless Strain,  
 A Strain for Gods! deny'd to mortal Ear.  
 Transmit it heard, Thou Silver Queen of Heaven!  
 What Title, or what Name endears thee most?  
*CYNTHIA!* *CYLLENE!* *PHOEBE!*—or dost hear  
 With higher Gust, fair P——d of the Skies?  
 Is that the soft Incantment calls thee down,  
 More pow'rful than of old *Circean* Charm?  
 Come; but from Heav'nly Banquets with thee bring  
 The Soul of Song; and whisper in mine Ear  
 The Theft divine; or in propitious Dreams  
 (For Dreams are 'Thine) transfuse it thro' the Breast  
 Of thy first Votary——But not thy last;  
 If, like thy *Namesake*, Thou art ever kind.

\* At the Duke of Norfolk's Masquerade.

And kind Thou wilt be ; Kind on such a Theme ;  
 A Theme so like thee, a quite *Lunar* Theme,  
 Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair !  
 A Theme that rose all-pale, and told my Soul,  
 'Twas Night ; on her fond Hopes perpetual Night ;  
 A Night which struck a Damp, a deadlier Damp,  
 Than that which smote me from PHILANDER's Tomb.  
 NARCISSA follows, ere his Tomb is clos'd.  
 Woes cluster ; rare are *solitary* Woes ;  
 They love a Train, they tread each other's Heel ;  
 Her Death invades His mournful Right, and claims  
 The Grief that started from my Lids for Him :  
 Seizes the faithless, alienated Tear,  
 Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent Death,  
 Sorrow, He *more* than causes, He confounds ;  
 For human Sighs his rival Strokes contend,  
 And make Distress, Distraction. Oh PHILANDER !  
 What was thy Fate ? A double Fate to me ;  
 Portent, and Pain ! a Menace, and a Blow !  
 Like the black Raven hov'ring o'er my Peace,  
 Not less a Bird of Omen, than of Prey.  
 It call'd NARCISSA long before her Hour ;  
 It call'd her tender Soul, by Break of Bliss,  
 From the first Blossom, from the Buds of Joy ;  
 Those Few our noxious Fate unblasted leaves,  
 In this inclement Clime of human Life.

Sweet Harmonist ! and Beautiful as sweet !  
 And Young as beautiful ! and Soft as young !  
 And Gay as soft ! and Innocent as gay !  
 And Happy (if ought Happy *here*) as good !  
 For Fortune fond had built her Nest on high.  
 Like Birds quite exquisite of Note and Plume,  
 Transfixt by *Fate* (who loves a lofty Mark)  
 How from the Summit of the Grove she fell,  
 And left it unharmonious ! All its Charm  
 Extinguish'd in the Wonders of her Song !  
 Her Song still vibrates in my raviht Ear,

Still

44      *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Still melting There, and with voluptuous Pain  
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my Heart!

Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this Gr  
Of bright Ideas, Flow'rs of Paradise,  
As yet unforfeit! in one Blaze we bind,  
Kneel, and present it to the Skies; as All  
We guests of Heav'n: And these were all her own.  
And she was mine; and I was—*was* most blest,—  
Gay Title of the deepest Misery!  
As Bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of Life;  
*Good* lost weighs more in Grief, than gain'd, in Joy.  
Like blossom'd Trees o'erturn'd by vernal Storm,  
Lovely in Death the beauteous Ruin lay;  
And if in Death still lovely, lovelier There;  
Far lovelier! Pity swells the Tide of Love.  
And will not the Severe excuse a Sigh?  
Scorn the proud Man that is ashamed to weep;  
Our Tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our Shame.  
Ye that e'er lost an Angel! pity me.

Soon as the Lustre languisht in her Eye,  
Dawning a dimmer Day on human Sight;  
And on her Cheek, the Residence of Spring,  
Pale Omen sat; and scatter'd Fears around  
On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze,  
That once had seen?) with Haste, parental Haste,  
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid North,  
Her native Bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,  
And bore her nearer to the Sun; the Sun  
(As if the Sun could envy) checkt his Beam,  
Deny'd his wonted Succour, nor with more  
Regret beheld her drooping, than the Bells  
Of Lilies; Fairest Lilies not so fair.

Queen Lilies! and ye painted Populace!  
Who dwell in Fields, and lead ambrosial Lives;  
In morn and ev'ning Dew, your Beauties bathe,  
And drink the Sun; which gives your Cheeks to glow  
And out-blush (*mine excepted*) ev'ry Fair;

adlier grew, ambitious of her Hand,  
often cropt your Odours, Incense meet  
ought so pure ; her flow'ry State of Mind  
unfal'n. Ye lovely Fugitives !

Race with Man ! for Man you smile ;  
not smile *at* him too ? You share indeed  
Idea Pass ; but not his constant Pain.

Man is made, nought ministers Delight,  
at his glowing Passions can engage ;  
owing Passions, bent on aught Below,  
soon or late, with Anguish turn the Scale ;  
anguish, after Rapture, how severe !  
O bold Man ! who tempts the Wrath divine,  
stealing Fruit deny'd to mortal Taste,  
*Here*, presuming on the Rights of Heaven.  
transport dost Thou call on ev'ry Hour,  
so ? At thy Friend's Expence be wise ;  
not on Earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the Heart ;  
a Reed, at best ; but, oft, a Spear ;  
sharp Point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.

O, hopeless Thought ! turn from Her :—Thought  
no rallies, and wakes ev'ry Woe. [repell'd,  
d ere thy Prime ! and in thy bridal Hour !  
thy kind Fortune, with thy Lover, smil'd !  
thy high-flavour'd thy fresh-op'ning Joys !  
thy blind Man pronounc'd thy Bliss complete !  
a Foreign Shore ; where Strangers wept !  
turns to Thee, and, more surprising still,  
turns to Kindness, wept : Their Eyes let fall  
in Tears ; strange Tears ; that trickled down  
marble Hearts ! obdurate Tendernefs !  
tendernefs that call'd them more severe ;  
: of Nature's soft Persuasion, steel'd ;  
*Nature* melted, *Superstition* rav'd ;  
turn'd the Dead ; and *This* deny'd a Grave.

For Sighs incens'd ; Sighs foreign to the Will !  
Will the *Tyger* suckt, outrag'd the Storm.

46    *The COMPLAINT; or,*

For Oh! the curst Ungodliness of Zeal!  
 While *sinful Flesh* relented, *Spirit* nurst  
 In blind *Infallibility's* Embrace,  
 The *Sainted Spirit* petrify'd the Breast;  
 Deny'd the Charity of Dust, to spread  
 O'er Dust! a Charity their Dogs enjoy.  
 What cou'd I do? what Succour? what Resource?  
 With pious Sacrilege, a Grave I stole;  
 With impious Piety, that Grave I wrong'd;  
 Short in my Duty; Coward in my Grief!  
 More like her Murderer, than Friend, I crept,  
 With soft-suspended Step; and, muffled deep  
 In midnight Darkness, *whisper'd* my Last Sigh.  
 I *whisper'd* what should echo thro' their Realms;  
 Nor writ her Name, whose Tomb shou'd pierce the Skies  
 Presumptuous Fear! How durst I dread her Foes,  
 While Nature's lowlest Dictates I obey'd?  
 Pardon Necessity, Blest Shade! Of Grief  
 And Indignation rival Bursts I pour'd;  
 Half-execration mingled with my Prayer;  
 Kindled at Man, while I his God ador'd;  
 Sore-grudg'd the Savage Land her Sacred Dust;  
 Stamp't the curst Soil; and with Humanity  
 (Deny'd NARCISSA) wisht them All a Grave.

Glow's my Resentment into Guilt! What Guilt  
 Can equal Violations of the Dead?  
 The Dead how Sacred! Sacred is the Dust  
 Of this Heav'n-labour'd Form, erect, divine!  
 This Heav'n-assum'd majestic Robe of Earth,  
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast Expanse  
 With Azure bright, and cloath'd the Sun in Gold.  
 When ev'ry Passion sleeps that can offend;  
 When strikes us ev'ry Motive that can melt;  
 When Man can reek his Rancour uncontroul'd,  
 That strongest Curb on Insult and Ill-will;  
 Then, Spleen to Dust? the Dust of Innocence?  
 An Angel's Dust! —— This *Lucifer* transcends;  
 When He contended for the Patriarch's Bones,

## Night-Thoughts, &c.

47

not the Strife of Malice, but of Pride;  
 Strife of Pontiff Pride, not Pontiff Gall.

less than This is shocking in a Race  
 wretched, but from Streams of mutual Love;  
 uncreated, but for Love Divine;  
 out for Love Divine, this Moment, lost,  
 ate resorb'd, and sunk in endless Night.  
 hard of Heart to Man! Of horrid things  
 horrid! Mid stupendous, highly strange!  
 ft his Courtesies are smother Wrongs;  
 brandishes the Favours He confers,  
 contumelious his Humanity:  
 then his Vengeance? Hear it not, ye Stars!  
 thou, pale Moon! turn paler at the Sound;  
 is to Man the forest, surest Ill.  
 evious Blast foretells the rising Storm;  
 whelming Turrets threaten ere they fall;  
 ano's bellow ere they disemboque;  
 trembles ere her yawning Jaws devour;  
 Smoke betrays the wide-consuming Fire:  
 from Man is most conceal'd when near,  
 sends the dreadful Tidings in the Blow.  
 s the Flight of Fancy? Would it were!  
 'n's Sov'reign saves all Beings but Himself,  
 hideous Sight, a naked human Heart.

'd is the Muse? And let the Muse be fir'd:  
 not inflam'd, when what He speaks, he feels,  
 in the Nerve most tender, in his Friends?  
 ie to Mankind! PHILANDER had his Foes;  
 elt the Truths I sing, and I in Him.  
 ie, nor I, feel more: Past Ills, NARCISSA!  
 sunk in Thee, Thou recent Wound of Heart!  
 ch bleeds with other Cares, with other Pangs;  
 s num'rous, as the num'rous Ills that swarm'd  
 thy distinguish'd Fate, and, clust'ring There  
 k as the Locust on the Land of Nile,  
 e Death more deadly, and more dark the Graves  
 et (if not forgot my touching Tale)

How



48      *The COMPLAINT; or,*

How was each Circumstance with Aspics arm'd ?  
 An Aspic, Each ; and All, an *Hydra*-Woe.  
 What strong *Herculean* Virtue could suffice ? —  
 Or is it Virtue to be conquer'd Here ?  
 This hoary Cheek a Train of Tears bedews ;  
 And each Tear mourns its own distinct Distress ;  
 And each Distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands  
 Of Grief still more, as heighten'd by the Whole.  
 A Grief like *this* Proprietors excludes :  
 Not Friends alone such Obsequies deplore ;  
 They make Mankind the Mourner ; carry Sighs  
 Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her Way,  
 And turn the gayest Thought of gayest Age,  
 Down their right Chancel, thro' the Vale of Death.

The Vale of Death ! That husht *Cimmerian* Vale,  
 Where *Darkness*, brooding o'er unfinish'd Fates,  
 With Raven Wing incumbent, waits the Day  
 (Dread Day !) that interdicts all future Change.  
 That Subterranean World, that Land of Ruin !  
 Fit Walk, LORENZO, for proud human Thought !  
 There let my Thought expatiate ; and explore  
 Balsamic Truths, and healing Sentiments,  
 Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *Here*.  
 For gay LORENZO's sake, and for thy own,  
 My Soul ! " The Fruits of Dying Friends survey ;  
 " Expose the *Vain* of Life ; weigh Life and Death :  
 " Give Death his Eulogy ; Thy Fear subdued ;  
 " And labour that First Palm of noble Minds,  
 " A manly Scorn of Terror from the Tomb."

This Harvest reap from thy NARCISSA's Grave.  
 As Poets feign'd from AJAX' streaming Blood  
 Arose, with Grief inscrib'd, a mournful Flow'r ;  
 Let Wisdom blossom from my mortal Wound.  
 And *first*, of Dying Friends ; what Fruit from These ?  
 It brings us more than Triple Aid ; an Aid  
 To chase our *Thoughtfulness*, *Fear*, *Pride*, and *Guilt*.

dying Friends come o'er us like a Cloud,  
 up our brainless Ardors ; and abate  
 the glare of Life, which often blinds the Wise.  
 Living Friends are Pioneers, to smooth  
 the rugged Pass to Death ; to break those Bars  
 of Error, and Abhorrence, Nature throws  
 our obstructed Way ; and, thus, to make  
 us safe, our Port from ev'ry Storm.  
 A Friend by Fate snatch'd from us, is a Plume  
 from the Wing of human Vanity,  
 which makes us stoop from our aerial Heights,  
 lampst with Omen of our own Decease,  
 drooping Pinions of Ambition lower'd,  
 on Earth's Surface, ere we break it up,  
 to strid Pride to scratch a little Dust,  
 to give the World a Nuisance. Smitten Friends  
 Angels sent on Errands full of Love ;  
 they languish, and for us they die :  
 all they languish, shall they die in vain ?  
 useful, shall we grieve their hov'ring Shades,  
 to wait the Revolution in our Hearts ?  
 we disdain their silent, soft Address ;  
 posthumous Advice, and pious Prayer ?  
 As, as Herds that graze their hallow'd Graves,  
 under-foot their Agonies and Groans ;  
 to their Anguish, and destroy their Deaths ?

ENZO ! no ; the Thought of Death indulge ;  
 its wholesome Empire ; let it reign,  
 and Chastiser of the Soul to Joy !  
 It will spread thy glorious Conquests far,  
 quell the Tumults of thy ruffled Breast :  
 Ours Æra ! Golden Days, begin !  
 The Thought of Death, shall, like a God, inspire.  
 Why not think on Death ? Is Life the Theme  
 of Thought ? and Wish of ev'ry Hour ?  
 The Joy of ev'ry Joy ? Surprising Truth !  
 How Spaniel's Fondness not so strange.  
 & the num'rous Ills that seize on Life

D

As

50      *The COMPLAINT; or,*

As their own Property, their lawful Prey ;  
 Ere Man has measur'd half his weary Stage,  
 His Luxuries have left him no Reserve,  
 No maiden Relishes, unbrought Delights ;  
 On cold-serv'd Repetitions He subsists,  
 And in the tasteless *Present* chews the *Past* ;  
 Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.  
 Like lavish Ancestors, his earlier Years  
 Have disinherited his future Hours,  
 Which starve on Orts, and glean their former Field.

Live ever Here, LORENZO !—Shocking Thought !  
 So shocking, they who wish, disown it too ;  
 Disown from Shame, what they from Folly crave.  
 Live ever in the Womb, nor see the Light ?  
 For what live ever Here ?—With labouring Step  
 To tread our former Footsteps ? Pace the Round  
 Eternal ? To climb daily Life's worn Wheel,  
 Which draws up nothing new ? To beat, and beat,  
 The beaten Track ? To bid each wretched Day  
 The former mock ? To surfeit on the *Same*,  
 And yawn our Joys ? or thank a Misery  
 For Change, tho' sad ? To see what we have seen ?  
 Hear, till unheard, the same old flabber'd Tale ?  
 To taste the tasted, and at each Return  
 Less tasteful ? O'er our Palates to decant  
 Another Vintage ? strain a flatter Year,  
 Thro' loaded Vessels, and a laxer Tone ?  
 Crazy Machines to grind Earth's wasted Fruits !  
 Ill-ground, and worse concocted ! Load, not Life !  
 The *Rational* foul Kennels of Excess !  
 Still-streaming Thorough-fairs of dull Debauch !  
 Trembling each Gulp, lest Death should snatch the Bow

Such of our Fine ones is the Wish refin'd !  
 So would they have it : Elegant Desire !  
 Why not invite the bellowing Stalls, and Wilds ?  
 But such Examples might their Riot awe.  
 Through Want of Virtue, that is, Want of Thought  
 (Tho' on bright Thought they father all their Flight

To what are they reduc'd ? To love, and hate,  
The same vain World ; To censure, and espouse,  
This painted Shrew of Life, who calls them Fool  
Each Moment of each Day ; To flatter Bad  
Thro' Dread of Worse ; To cling to this rude Rock,  
Barren, *to them*, of Good, and sharp with Ills,  
And hourly blacken'd with impending Storms,  
And infamous for Wrecks of human Hope——  
Scar'd at the gloomy Gulph, that yawns beneath.  
Such are their Triumphs ! such their Pangs of Joy !

'Tis Time, high Time, to shift this dismal Scene.  
This hugg'd, this hideous State, what Art can cure ?  
One only ; but that One, what All may reach ;  
VIRTUE—She, wonder-working Goddess ! charms  
That Rock to bloom ; and tames the *painted Shrew* ;  
And what will more surprise, LORENZO ! gives  
To Life's sick, nauseous *Iteration*, Change ;  
And straitens Nature's Circle to a Line.  
Believ'ſt Thou This, LORENZO ? Lend an Ear,  
A patient Ear, Thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid, leaden *Iteration* reigns,  
And ever muſt, o'er Thoſe, whoſe Joys are Joys  
Of Sight, Smell, Taſte : The Cuckow-ſeaſons ſing  
The ſame dull Note to ſuch as nothing prize,  
But what thoſe Seaſons, from the teeming Earth,  
To doating *Senſe* indulge. But nobler Minds,  
Which reliſh Fruits unripen'd by the *Sun*,  
Make their Days various ; various as the Dyes  
On the Dove's Neck, which wanton in *his* Rays.  
On Minds of Dove-like Innocence poſſeſt,  
On light'ned Minds, that baſk in Virtue's Beams,  
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves  
In *That*, for which they long ; for which they live.  
Their glorious Efforts, wing'd with Heav'nly Hope,  
Each riſing Morning ſees ſtill higher riſe ;  
Each bounteous Dawn its Novelty preſents  
To Worth maturing, new Strength, Luſtre, Fame ;  
While Nature's Circle, like a Chariot-wheel

52      *The* COMPLAINT; *or,*

Rolling *beneath* their elevated Aims,  
Makes their fair Prospect fairer ev'ry Hour;  
Advancing *Virtue*, in a Line to *Bliss*;  
*Virtue*, which Christian Motives best inspire!  
And *Bliss*, which Christian Schemes alone ensure!

And shall we then, for *Virtue's* Sake, commence  
Apostates? and turn Infidels for Joy?  
A Truth it is, Few doubt, but Fewer trust,  
"He sins against *this* Life, who slights the *next*."  
What is this Life? How Few their Fav'rite know?  
Fond in the Dark, and blind in our Embrace,  
By passionately loving Life, we make  
Lov'd Life unlovely; hugging her to Death.  
We give to Time Eternity's Regard;  
And, dreaming, take our Passage for our Port.  
Life has no Value as an End, but Means;  
An End deplorable! a Means divine!  
When 'tis our All, 'tis Nothing; worse than Nought;  
A Nest of Pains; when held as Nothing, Much;  
Like some fair Hum'rists, Life is most enjoy'd,  
When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd;  
Then 'tis the Seat of Comfort, rich in Peace;  
In Prospect, richer far; Important! Awful!  
Not to be mention'd but with Shouts of Praise!  
Not to be thought on, but with Tides of Joy!  
The mighty Basis of eternal Bliss!

Where now the *barren Rock*? the *painted Shrew*?  
Where now, LORENZO! Life's *eternal Round*?  
Have I not made my triple Promise good?  
Vain is the World; but only to the Vain.  
To what compare we then this varying Scene,  
Whose Worth ambiguous rises, and declines?  
Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *Night*  
Assists me Here) Compare it to the Moon;  
Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich  
In borrow'd Lustre from a higher Sphere.  
When gross Guilt interposes, Lab'ring Earth,  
O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep Eclipse of Joy;

Her Joys, at brightest, pallid, to that Font  
Of full effulgent Glory, whence they flow.

Nor is that Glory distant : Oh LORENZO !  
A good Man, and an Angel ! These between  
How thin the Barrier ? What divides their Fate ?  
Perhaps a Moment ; or perhaps a Year ;  
Or, if an Age, it is a Moment still ;  
A Moment, or Eternity's forgot.  
Then be, what once they were, who now are Gods ;  
Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the Skies.  
Starts timid Nature at the gloomy Pass ?  
The soft Transition call it ; and be cheer'd :  
Such it is often, and why not to Thee ?  
To hope the Best is pious, brave, and wise ;  
And may itself procure, what it presumes.  
Life is much flatter'd, Death is much traduc'd ;  
Compare the Rivals, and the Kinder crown.  
" *Strange Competition !* "—True, LORENZO ! Strange !  
So Little *Life* can cast into the Scale.

*Life* makes the Soul dependent on the Dust ;  
*Death* gives her Wings to mount above the Spheres.  
Tho' Chinks, styl'd Organs, dim *Life* peeps at Light ;  
*Death* bursts th'involving Cloud, and all is Day ;  
All Eye, all Ear, the disembod'd Power.  
*Death* has feign'd Evils, Nature shall not feel ;  
*Life*, Ills substantial, Wisdom cannot shun.  
Is not the mighty *Mind*, that Son of Heaven !  
By Tyrant *Life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd ?  
By *Death* enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd ?  
*Death* but intombs the Body ; *Life* the Soul.

" Is *Death* then guiltless ? How he marks his Way  
" With dreadful Waste of what deserves to shine !  
" Art, Genius, Fortune, elevated Power !  
" With various Lustres *These* light up the World,  
" Which *Death* puts out, and darkens human Race."  
I grant, LORENZO ! this Indictment just :  
The Sage, Peer, Potentate, King, Conqueror !

## 54    *The COMPLAINT; or,*

*Death* humbles These ; more barb'rous *Life*, the Man.  
*Life* is the Triumph of our mould'ring Clay ;  
*Death*, of the Spirit infinite ! divine !  
*Death* has no Dread, but what frail *Life* imparts ;  
Nor *Life* true Joy, but what kind *Death* improves.  
No Bliss has *Life* to boast, till *Death* can give  
Far greater ; *Life*'s a Debtor to the Grave,  
Dark Lattice ! letting in eternal Day.

LORENZO ! blush at *Fondness* for a *Life*,  
Which sends celestial Souls on Errands vile,  
To cater for the Sense ; and serve at Boards,  
Where ev'ry Ranger of the Wilds, perhaps  
Each Reptile, justly claims our upper Hand.  
Luxurious Feast ! a Soul, a Soul immortal,  
In all the Dainties of a Brute bemir'd !  
LORENZO ! blush at *Terror* for a *Death*,  
Which gives thee to repose in festive Bowers,  
Where Nectars sparkle, Angels minister,  
And more than Angels share, and raise, and crown,  
And eternize, the Birth, Bloom, Bursts of Bliss.  
What need I more ? O *Death*, the Palm is thine.

Then welcome, *Death* ! thy dreaded Harbingers,  
*Age*, and *Disease* ; *Disease*, tho' long my Guest ;  
That plucks my Nerves, those tender Strings of *Life* ;  
Which, pluckt a little more, will toll the Bell,  
That calls my few Friends to my Funeral ;  
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a Tear,  
While Reason and Religion, better taught,  
Congratulate the Dead, and crown his Tomb  
With Wreath triumphant. *Death* is Victory ;  
It binds in Chains the raging Ills of *Life* :  
*Lust* and *Ambition*, *Wrath* and *Avarice*,  
Dragg'd at his Chariot-wheel, applaud his Power.  
That Ills corrosive, Cares importunate,  
Are not immortal too, O *Death* ! is Thine.  
Our Day of Dissolution !—Name it right ;  
'Tis our great Pay-day ; 'tis our Harvest, rich  
And ripe : What tho' the Sickle, sometimes keen,

us, as we reap the golden Grain ?  
 thy Balm, O *Gilead* ! heals the Wound.  
 feeble Cry, and *Death*'s deep dismal Groan,  
 under Tributes low-taxt Nature pays  
 ighty Gain : The Gain of each, a Life !  
 the last the former so transcends,  
 s, compar'd ; *Life* lives beyond the Grave.

feel I, *Death* ! no Joy from Thought of Thee ?  
 the great Counsellor, who Man inspires  
 v'ry nobler Thought, and fairer Deed !  
 the Deliverer, who rescues Man !  
 the Rewarder, who the Rescu'd crowns !  
 that absolves my Birth ; a Curse without it !  
*Death*, that realizes all my Cares,  
 Virtues, Hopes ; without it, a Chimera !  
 of all Pain the Period, not of Joy ;  
 ource, and Subject, still subsist unhurt ;  
 n my Soul ; and One, in her great Sire ;  
 he four Winds were warring for my Dust.  
 nd from Winds, and Waves, and central Night,  
 rison'd there, my Dust too I reclaim,  
 uft when drop proud Nature's proudest Spheres  
 ve intire. *Death* is the Crown of *Life* :  
 eath deny'd, poor Man would live in vain ;  
 eath deny'd, to live would not be *Life* ;  
 eath deny'd, ev'n Fools would wish to die.  
 wounds to cure : We fall ; we rise ; we reign !  
 from our Fetters ; fasten in the Skies ;  
 e blooming *Eden* withers in our Sight :  
 gives us more than was in *Eden* lost.  
 King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.  
 shall I die to Vanity, Pain, *Death* ?  
 shall I die ?—When shall I live for ever ?





1

2

NIGHT THE FOURTH.  
THE  
Christian TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING

Our only CURE for the FEAR  
of DEATH,

And Proper SENTIMENTS of HEART  
on that Inestimable Blessing.


Humbly Inscribed to the

Hon<sup>ble</sup> Mr. *TORKE*.





THE  
COMPLAINT.  
NIGHT the FOURTH.

 Much-indebted Muse, O YORKE ! intrudes.  
Amid the Smiles of Fortune, and of Youth,  
Thine Ear is patient of a serious Song.  
How deep implanted in the Breast of Man  
The Dread of Death ? I sing its sov'reign Cure.

Why start at Death ? Where is he ? Death arriv'd,  
past ; not come, or gone, He's never *here*.  
*Hope*, *Sensation* fails ; Black-boding Man  
*receives*, not *suffers* Death's tremendous Blow.  
The Knell, the Shroud, the Mattock, and the Grave ;  
The deep damp Vault, the Darkness, and the Worm ;  
These are the Bugbears of a Winter's Eve,  
The Terrors of the Living, not the Dead.  
*Imagination's* Fool, and *Error's* Wretch,  
Man makes a Death, which Nature never made ;  
Then on the Point of his own Fancy falls ;  
And feels a thousand Deaths, in fearing one.

But was Death frightful, what has *Age* to fear ?  
If *prudent*, *Age* should meet the friendly Foe,

And

60    *The COMPLAINT; or,*

And shelter in his hospitable Gloom.  
 I scarce can meet a Monument, but holds  
 My Younger ; every Date cries—" Come away."  
 And what recalls me ? Look the World around,  
 And tell me what : The Wisest cannot tell.  
 Should any born of Woman give his Thought  
 Full Range, on just *Dislike's* unbounded Field ;  
 Of Things, the Vanity ; of Men, the Flaws ;  
 Flaws in the *Best* ; the Many, Flaw all o'er,  
 As *Leopards*, spotted, or, as *Ethiops*, dark ;  
 Vivacious *Ill* ; Good dying immature ;  
 (How immature, *NARCISSA's* Marble tells)  
 And at its Death bequeathing endless Pain ;  
 His Heart, tho' bold, would sick'n at the Sight,  
 And spend itself in Sighs, for future Scenes.

But grant to Life (and just it is to grant  
 To *lucky* Life) some Perquisites of Joy ;  
 A Time there is, when, like a thrice-told Tale,  
 And that of no great Moment, or Delight,  
 Long-rifled Life of Sweet can yield no more,  
 But from our *Comment* on the Comedy,  
 Pleasing *Reflections* on Parts well-sustain'd,  
 Or purpos'd *Emendations* where we fail'd,  
 Or Hopes of Plaudits from our candid Judge,  
 When, on their Exit, Souls are bid unrobe,  
 Toss *Fortune* back her Tinsel, and her Plume,  
 And drop this Mask of Flesh behind the Scene.

With me, that Time is come ; my World is dead ;  
 A new World rises, and new Manners reign :  
 Foreign Comedians, a spruce Band ! arrive,  
 To push me from the Scene, or hiss me there.  
 What a pert Race starts up ! the Strangers seize  
 And I at them ; my Neighbour is unknown ;  
 Nor that the worst : Ah me ! the dire Effect  
 Of loit'ring here, of Death defrauded long ;  
 Of old so gracious (and let that suffice),  
 My very Master knows me not.—

Shall I dare say, Peculiar is the Fate ?  
 I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.  
 An Object ever pressing dims the Sight,  
 And hides behind its Ardor to be seen.  
 When in his Courtiers Ears I pour my Complaint,  
 They drink it as the Nectar of the Great ;  
 And squeeze my Hand, and beg me come To-morrow ;  
*Refusal!* canst thou wear a smother Form ?

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my Theme :  
 Who cheapens Life, abates the *Fear of Death* :  
 Twice-told the Period spent on stubborn *Troy*,  
 Court-Favour, yet untaken, I besiege ;  
 Ambition's ill-judg'd Effort to be rich.  
 Alas ! Ambition makes my Little, less ;  
 Embitt'ring the Possess'd : Why wish for more ?  
*Wishing*, of all Employments, is the Worst ;  
 Philosophy's Reverse ! and Health's Decay !  
 Was I as plump, as stall'd Theology,  
*Wishing* would waste me to this Shade again.  
 Was I as wealthy as a *South-Sea* Dream,  
*Wishing* is an Expedient to be poor.  
*Wishing*, that constant *HeRic* of a Fool ;  
 Caught at a Court ; purg'd off by purer Air,  
 And simpler Diet ; Gifts of rural Life !

Blest be that Hand divine, which gently laid  
 My Heart at Rest, beneath this humble Shed.  
 The World's a stately Bark, on dang'rous Seas,  
 With Pleasure seen, but boarded at our Peril :  
*Here*, on a single Plank, thrown safe ashore,  
 I hear the Tumult of the distant Throng,  
 As that of Seas remote, or dying Storms ;  
 And meditate on Scenes, more silent still ;  
 Pursue my Theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.  
*Here*, like a Shepherd gazing from his Hut,  
 Touching his Reed, or leaning on his Staff,  
 Bager Ambition's fiery Chace I see ;  
 And see the circling Hunt, of noisy Men,

62     *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Burst Law's Inclosure, leap the Mounds of Right,  
Pursuing, and pursu'd, each other's Prey;  
As Wolves, for Rapine; as the Fox, for Wiles;  
Till *Death*, that mighty Hunter, earths them all.

Why all this Toil for Triumphs of an Hour?  
What, tho' we wade in Wealth, or soar in Fame?  
Earth's highest Station ends in, "Here he lies:"  
And "Dust to Dust" concludes her noblest Song.  
If this Song lives, Posterity shall know  
One, tho' in *Britain* born, with Courtiers bred,  
Who thought ev'n Gold might come a Day too late;  
Nor on his subtle Death-bed plann'd his Scheme  
For future Vacancies in Church or State;  
Some Avocation deeming it—to die;  
Unbit by Rage canine of dying Rich;  
Guilt's Blunder! and the loudest Laugh of Hell.

O my Coëvals! Remnants of yourselves!  
Poor human Ruins, tott'ring o'er the Grave!  
Shall we, shall aged Men, like aged Trees,  
Strike deeper their vile Root, and closer cling,  
Still more enamour'd of this wretched Soil?  
Shall our pale, wither'd Hands be still stretch'd out,  
Trembling, at once, with Eagerness and Age?  
With Av'rice, and Convulsions grasping hard?  
Grasping at Air! for what has Earth beside?  
Man wants but Little; nor that Little, long;  
How soon must he resign his very Dust;  
Which frugal Nature lent him for an Hour!  
Years unexperienc'd rush on num'rous Ills;  
And soon as Man, expert from Time, has found  
The *Key* of Life, it opes the Gates of Death.

When in this Vale of Years I backward look,  
And miss such Numbers, Numbers too of such,  
Firmer in Health, and greener in their Age,  
And stricter on their Guard, and fitter far  
To play Life's subtle Game, I scarce believe  
*I still survive*: And am I fond of Life,

Who scarce can think it possible, I live?  
 Alive by Miracle! or, what is next,  
 Alive by MEAD! If I am still alive,  
 Who long have bury'd what gives Life to live,  
 Firmness of Nerve, and Energy of Thought.  
 Life's Lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*,  
 And *vapid*; *Sense* and *Reason* shew the Door,  
 Call for my Bier, and point me to the Dust.

O thou great Arbiter of Life and Death!  
 Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!  
 Whose all-prolific Beam late call'd me forth  
 From Darkness, teeming Darkness, where I lay  
 The Worm's Inferior, and, in Rank, beneath  
 The Dust I tread on, high to bear my Brow,  
 To drink the Spirit of the golden Day,  
 And triumph in Existence; and could'st know  
 No Motive, but my Bliss; and hast ordain'd  
 A Rise in Blessing! with the *Patriarch's* Joy,  
 Thy Call I follow to the Land unknown;  
 I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust;  
 Or Life, or Death, is equal; neither weighs:  
 All Weight in this—O let me live to Thee!

Tho' Nature's Terrors, *thus*, may be repress;  
 Still frowns grim *Death*; Guilt points the Tyrant's Spear,  
 And whence all human Guilt? from Death forgot.  
 Ah me! too long I set at nought the Swarm  
 Of friendly Warnings, which around me flew;  
 And smil'd, unsmiten: Small my Cause to smile!  
*Death's* Admonitions, like Shafts upwards shot,  
 More dreadful by Delay, the longer ere  
 They strike our Hearts, the deeper is their Wound.  
 O think how deep, LORENZO! *here* it stings:  
 Who can appease its Anguish? How it burns!  
 What Hand the barb'd, invenom'd, Thought can draw?  
 What healing Hand can pour the Balm of Peace?  
 And turn my Sight undaunted on the Tomb?



64     *The COMPLAINT; or,*

With Joy,—with Grief, that *healing Hand* I see ;  
 Ah ! too conspicuous ! It is fix'd on high.  
 On high !—What means my Phrensy ? I blaspheme ;  
 Alas ! how low ! how far beneath the Skies ?  
 'The Skies it form'd ; and now it bleeds for me—  
 But bleeds the Balm I want—yet still it *bleeds* ;  
 Draw the dire Steel—Ah no !—the dreadful Blessing  
 What Heart or can sustain, or dares forego ?  
 There hangs all human Hope : That Nail supports  
 Our falling Universe : That gone, we drop ;  
 Horror receives us, and the dismal Wish  
 Creation had been smother'd in her Birth—  
 Darkness His Curtain, and His Bed the Dust ;  
 When Stars and Sun are Dust beneath his Throne !  
 In Heav'n itself can such Indulgence dwell ?  
 O what a Groan was there ? A Groan *not His*.  
 He seiz'd our dreadful Right ; the Load sustain'd ;  
 And heav'd the Mountain from a guilty World.  
 A thousand Worlds, *so* bought, were bought too dear.  
 Sensations *new* in Angels Bosoms rise ;  
 Suspend their Song ; and make a Pause in Bliss.

O for their Song to reach my lofty Theme !  
 Inspire me, *Night* ! with all thy tuneful Spheres inspire ;  
 Whilst I with *Seraphs* share seraphic Themes,  
 And shew to Men the Dignity of Man ;  
 Lest I blaspheme my Subject with my Song.  
 Shall *Pagan* Pages glow celestial Flame,  
 And *Christian* languish ? On our Hearts, not Heads,  
 Falls the foul Infamy : My Heart ! awake.  
 What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,  
 “ Expended Deity on human Weal ? ”  
 Feel the *great Truths*, which burst the tenfold Night  
 Of *Heathen* Error, with a golden Flood  
 Of endless Day : To feel, is to be fir'd ;  
 And to believe, LORENZO ! is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Power !  
*Still more* tremendous, for thy wond'rous Love !

That arms, with Awe more awful, thy Commands ;  
 And foul Transgression dips in sevenfold Night ;  
 How our Hearts tremble at thy Love immense !  
 In Love immense, inviolably Just !  
 Thou, rather than thy *Justice* should be stain'd,  
 Didst stain the *Cross* ; and, Work of Wonders, far  
 The greatest, that thy Dearest far might bleed.

Bold Thought ! Shall I dare speak it ? or repress ?  
 Should Man more *execrate*, or *boast*, the Guilt  
 Which rous'd such Vengeance ? which such Love inflam'd ?  
 O'er Guilt (how mountainous !) with outstretcht Arms,  
 Stern *Justice*, and soft-smiling *Love*, embrace,  
 Supporting, in full Majesty, thy Throne,  
 When seem'd its Majesty to need Support,  
 Or *That*, or *Man*, inevitably lost.  
 What, but the Fathomless of Thought divine,  
 Could labour such Expedient from Despair,  
 And rescue both ? Both rescue ! Both exalt !  
 O how are both exalted by the *Deed* !  
 The wond'rous Deed ! or shall I call it more ?  
 A Wonder in Omnipotence itself !  
 A Mystery, no less to Gods than Men !

Not, *thus*, our Infidels th' *Eternal* draw,  
 A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,  
 Full-orb'd, in his whole Round of Rays complete :  
 They set at odds Heav'n's jarring Attributes ;  
 And, with one Excellence, another wound ;  
 Maim Heav'n's Perfection, break its equal Beams,  
 Bid *Mercy* triumph over—God himself,  
 Undeify'd by their opprobrious Praise :  
 A God *All* Mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless Wits ! ye baptiz'd Infidels !  
 Ye worse for mending ! wash'd to fouler Stains !  
 The Ransom was paid down ; the Fund of Heaven,  
 Heav'n's inexhaustible, exhausted Fund,  
 Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the Price,  
 All Price beyond : Tho' curious to compute,

Archangels

## 66     *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty Sun :  
Its Value vast ungraspt by Minds *Create*,  
For ever hides, and glows in, the *Supreme*.

And was the Ransom paid ? It was : And paid  
(What can exalt the Bounty more ?) for *You*.  
The Sun beheld it—No, the shocking Scene  
Drove back his Chariot : *Midnight* veil'd his Face ;  
Not such as *This* ; not such as Nature makes ;  
*A Midnight*, Nature shudder'd to behold ;  
*A Midnight* new ! a dread Eclipse (without  
Opposing Spheres) from her Creator's Frown !  
*Sun* ! didst thou fly thy Maker's Pain ? or start  
At that enormous Load of human Guilt,  
Which bow'd his blessed Head ; o'erwhelm'd his Cross ;  
Made groan the Centre ; burst Earth's marble Womb,  
With Pangs, strange Pangs ! deliver'd of her Dead ?  
Hell howl'd ; and Heav'n that Hour let fall a Tear ;  
Heav'n wept, that Men might smile ! Heav'n bled, that  
Might never die !—— [Man

And is Devotion Virtue ? 'Tis *compell'd* :  
What Heart of Stone, but glows at Thoughts like These ?  
Such Contemplations mount us ; and should mount  
The Mind still higher ; nor ever glance on Man,  
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my Thoughts  
To rest from Wonders ? Other Wonders rise ;  
And strike where-e'er they roll : My Soul is caught :  
Heav'n's sov'reign Blessings, clust'ring from the Cross,  
Rush on her, in a Throng, and close her round,  
The Pris'ner of Amaze !—In His blest *Life*,  
I see the *Path*, and in His *Death*, the *Price*,  
And in His great *Ascent*, the *Proof* Supreme  
Of Immortality.—And did He rise ?  
Hear, O ye Nations ! hear it, O ye Dead !  
He rose ! He rose ! He burst the Bars of Death.  
Lift up your Heads, ye everlasting Gates !  
And give the King of Glory to come in :  
Who is the King of Glory ? He who left  
His Throne of Glory, for the Pang of Death :

Lift up your Heads, ye everlasting Gates!  
And give the King of Glory to come in.  
Who is the King of Glory? He who slew  
The rav'nous Foe, that gorg'd all human Race!  
The King of Glory, He, whose Glory fill'd  
Heav'n with Amazement at his Love to Man;  
And with Divine Complacency beheld  
*Pow'rs* most illumin'd, wilder'd in the Theme.

The Theme, the Joy, how then shall *Man* sustain?  
Oh the burst Gates! crush'd Sting! demolish'd Throne!  
Last Gaspl of vanquish'd Death. Shout Earth and Heaven!  
This *Sum of Good*, to Man: Whose Nature, then,  
Took Wing, and mounted with Him from the Tomb!  
Then, then, I rose; then first Humanity  
Triumphant past the Crystal Ports of Light,  
(Stupendous Guest!) and seiz'd eternal Youth,  
Seiz'd in our Name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous  
To call Man mortal. Man's Mortality  
Was, then, transferr'd to Death; and Heav'n's Duration  
Unalienably seal'd to this frail Frame,  
This Child of Dust.—*Man*, all-immortal! Hail;  
Hail, Heav'n! all-lavish of strange Gifts to *Man*!  
Thine all the Glory; *Man*'s the boundless Bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant Theme,  
On Christian Joy's exulting Wing, above  
Th' *Aonian* Mount?—Alas, small Cause for Joy!  
What if to Pain, immortal? If Extent  
Of Being, to preclude a Close of Woe?  
Where, then, my Boast of Immortality?  
I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with Guilt:  
For Guilt, not Innocence, His Life He pour'd;  
'Tis Guilt alone can justify His Death;  
Nor that, unless His Death can justify  
Relenting Guilt in Heav'n's indulgent Sight.  
If, *sick of Polly*, I relent; He writes  
My Name in Heav'n, with that inverted Spear  
(*deep-dipt in Blood!*) which pierc'd his Side,  
And there a Font for all Mankind

Who

68      *The* COMPLAINT; or,

Who strive, who combat Crimes, to drink, and live:  
*This*, only *this*, subdues the *Fear of Death*.

And what is *This*?—Survey the wond'rous Cure:  
And at each Step, let higher Wonder rise!

“ Pardon for infinite Offence! and Pardon

“ Thro' Means, that speak its Value infinite!

“ A Pardon bought with Blood! with Blood Divine!

“ With Blood Divine of Him, I made my Foe!

“ Persisted to provoke! tho' woo'd, and aw'd,

“ Blest, and chastiz'd, a flagrant Rebel still!

“ A Rebel 'midst the Thunders of his Throne!

“ Nor I alone! a Rebel Universe!

“ My Species up in Arms! not One exempt!

“ Yet for the foulest of the Foul, He dies.

“ Most joy'd, for the Redeem'd from deepest Guilt!

“ As if our Race was held of highest Rank;

“ And Godhead dearer, as more kind to Man!”

Bound, ev'ry Heart! and, ev'ry Bosom, burn!

Oh what a Scale of Miracles is here!

Its lowest Round, high-planted on the Skies;

Its tow'ring Summit lost beyond the Thought

Of Man or Angel! Oh that I could climb

The wonderful Ascent, with equal Praise!

*Praise!* flow for ever, (if Astonishment

Will give thee Leave) my *Praise!* for ever flow;

*Praise* Ardent, Cordial, Constant, to High Heav'n

More fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrific'd;

And all her spicy Mountains in a Flame.

So dear, so due to Heav'n, shall *Praise* descend

With her soft Plume, (from plausive Angels Wing

First pluck'd by Man) to tickle mortal Ears,

Thus diving in the Pockets of the Great?

Is *Praise* the Perquisite of ev'ry Paw,

Tho' black as Hell, that grapples well for Gold?

Oh Love of Gold! thou meanest of Amours!

Shall *Praise* her Odours waste on VIRTUE's Dead,

Embalm the Base, perfume the Stench of Guilt,

Earn dirty Bread by washing *Ethiops* fair,  
 Removing Filth, or sinking it from Sight,  
 A Scavenger in *Scenes*, where *vacant* Posts,  
 Like Gibbets yet untenanted, expect  
 Their future Ornaments? From Courts and Thrones,  
 Return, apostate *Praise*! Thou Vagabond!  
 Thou Prostitute! to thy first Love return,  
 Thy first, thy greatest, once unrival'd Theme.

There flow redundant; like *Meander* flow,  
 Back to thy Fountain; to that parent Power,  
 Who gives the Tongue to sound, the Thought to soar,  
 The Soul to *be*. Men Homage pay to Men,  
 Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful Eye they bow  
 In mutual Awe profound, of Clay to Clay,  
 Of Guilt to Guilt, and turn their Backs on Thee,  
 Great Sire! whom Thrones celestial ceaseless sing;  
 To prostrate Angels, an amazing Scene!  
 O the Presumption of Man's Awe for Man!  
 Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge!  
 Thine, All; Day thine, and thine this Gloom of *Night*,  
 With all her Wealth, with all her radiant Worlds:  
 What, Night eternal, but a Frown from Thee?  
 What, Heav'n's meridian Glory, but Thy Smile?  
 And shall not *Praise* be Thine? not Human Praise?  
 While Heav'n's high Host on *Hallelujahs* live?

O may I breathe, no longer, than I breathe  
 My Soul in Praise to Him, who gave my Soul,  
 And all her Infinite of Prospect fair,  
 Cut thro' the Shades of Hell, great Love! by Thee,  
 Oh most adorable! most unador'd!  
 Where shall that Praise begin, which ne'er should end?  
 Where-e'er I turn, what Claim on all Applause!  
 How is *Night's* fable Mantle labour'd o'er,  
 How richly wrought, with Attributes divine!  
 What *Wisdom* shines! what *Love*! This Midnight Pomp,  
 This gorgeous Arch, with golden Worlds inlay'd!  
 Built with divine Ambition! nought to Thee;  
 For Others this Profusion: Thou, apart,

Above

70 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Above, Beyond! Oh tell me, mighty Mind!  
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the *Deep*?  
Call to the *Sun*, or ask the roaring *Winds*,  
For their Creator? Shall I question loud  
The *Thunder*, if in that th'Almighty dwells?  
Or holds He furious *Storms* in streighten'd Reins,  
And bids fierce *Whirlwinds* wheel his rapid Carr?

What mean these Questions?—Trembling I retract;  
My prostrate Soul adores the *present* God:  
Praise I a distant Deity? He tunes  
My Voice (if tun'd); the Nerve, that writes, sustains:  
Wrap'd in his Being, I resound his Praise:  
But tho' past *All* diffus'd, without a Shore,  
His Essence; *local* is His Throne (as meet),  
'To gather the Dispers'd (as Standards call  
The Lifted from afar); to fix a Point,  
A central Point, collective of his Sons,  
Since finite ev'ry Nature, but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose Nod is *Nature's* Birth;  
And *Nature's* Shield, the Shadow of his Hand;  
Her Dissolution, his suspended Smile!  
The great *First-Last*! pavilion'd high he sits  
In Darkness, from excessive Splendor, borne,  
By Gods unseen, unless thro' Lustre lost.  
His Glory, to created Glory, bright,  
As that to central Horrors; He looks down  
On All that soars; and spans Immensity.

Tho' *Night* unnumber'd Worlds unfolds to view,  
Boundless Creation! what art thou? A Beam,  
A mere Effluvium of his Majesty:  
And shall an Atom of this Atom-World  
Mutter, in Dust and Sin, the Theme of Heaven?  
Down to the Centre should I send my Thought  
Thro' Beds of glitt'ring Ore, and glowing Gems,  
Their beggar'd Blaze wants Lustre for my Lay;  
Goes out in Darkness: If, on tow'ring Wing,  
*I send it thro' the boundless Vault of Stars;*

(The Stars, tho' rich, what Drofs their Gold to *Thee*,  
(Great ! Good ! Wise ! Wonderful ! Eternal King !  
If to those *conscious Stars* thy Throne around,  
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing Bliss ;  
And ask their Strain ; They want it, more they want,  
Poor their Abundance, humble their Sublime,  
Languid their Energy, their Ardor cold,  
Indebted still, their highest Rapture burns  
Short of its Mark, defective, tho' divine.

Still more—This Theme is Man's, and Man's alone ;  
Their vast Appointments reach it not : They see  
On Earth a Bounty not indulg'd on high ;  
And downward look for Heav'n's superior Praise !  
First-born of Ether ! high in Fields of Light !  
View Man, to see the Glory of your God !  
Could Angels envy, they had envy'd here ;  
And some *did* envy ; and the rest, tho' Gods,  
Yet still Gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs Man,  
Tempted to weigh the Dust against the Skies)  
They less would feel, tho' more adorn, my Theme.  
They sung *Creation* (for in that they shar'd)  
How rose in Melody, the Child of Love :  
*Creation's* great Superior, Man ! is Thine ;  
Thine is *Redemption* ; They just gave the Key :  
'Tis Thine to raise, and eternize, the Song ;  
Tho' human, yet divine ; for should not *this*  
Raise Man o'er Man, and kindle Seraphs *here* ?  
*Redemption* ! 'twas Creation more sublime ;  
*Redemption* ! 'twas the Labour of the Skies ;  
Far *more* than Labour—It was Death in Heaven.  
A Truth so strange ! 'twere bold to think it true ;  
If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.

*Here* pause, and ponder : Was there Death in Heav'n ?  
What then on Earth ? On Earth, which struck the Blow ?  
Who struck it ? Who !—O how is Man enlarg'd,  
Seen thro' this Medium ! How the Pygmy tow'rs !  
How counterpois'd his Origin from Dust !  
How counterpois'd, to Dust his sad Return !



72      *The COMPLAINT; or,*

How voided his vast Distance from the Skies !  
 How near he presses on the Seraph's Wing!  
 Which is the Seraph ? Which the Born of Clay ?  
 How This demonstrates, thro' the thickest Cloud  
 Of Guilt, and Clay condens'd, the Son of Heaven !  
 The double Son ; the Made, and the Re-made !  
 And shall Heav'n's double Property be lost ?  
 Man's double Madness only can destroy.  
 To Man the bleeding Cross has promis'd all ;  
 The bleeding Cross has sworn eternal Grace ;  
 Who gave his Life, what Grace shall He deny ?  
 O ye ! who, from this *Rock of Ages*, leap,  
 Disdainful, plunging headlong in the Deep !  
 What cordial Joy, what Consolation strong,  
 Whatever Winds arise, or Billows roll,  
 Our Int'rest in the Master of the Storm !  
 Cling there, and in wreck'd Nature's Ruins smile ;  
 While vile Apostates tremble in a Calm.

Man ! Know thyself. All Wisdom centres there :  
 To none Man seems ignoble, but to Man ;  
 Angels that Grandeur, Men o'erlook, admire :  
 How long shall Human Nature be Their Book,  
 Degen'rate Mortal ! and unread by Thee ?  
 The Beam dim Reason sheds shews Wonders There ;  
 What high Contents ! Illustrious Faculties !  
 But the grand *Comment*, which displays at Full  
 Our human Height, scarce sever'd from Divine,  
 By Heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the *Cross*.

Who looks on That, and sees not in himself  
 An awful Stranger, a Terrestrial God ?  
 A glorious Partner with the Deity  
 In that high Attribute, immortal Life ?  
 If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a Worm :  
 I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting Soul  
 Catches strange Fire, Eternity ! at Thee ;  
 And drops the World—or rather, more enjoys :  
 How chang'd the Face of Nature ! how improv'd !  
 What seem'd a Chaos, shines a glorious World,

Or, what a World, an *Eden* ; heighten'd all !  
 't is another Scene ! another Self !  
 And still another, as Time rolls along ;  
 And that a *Self* far more illustrious still.  
 Beyond long Ages, yet roll'd up in Shades  
 Unpierc'd by bold Conjecture's keenest Ray,  
 What Evolutions of surprising Fate !  
 How Nature opens, and receives my Soul  
 In boundless Walks of raptur'd Thought ! Where Gods  
 Encounter, and embrace me ! What new Births  
 Of strange Adventure, foreign to the Sun,  
 Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,  
 Old Time, and fair Creation, are forgot !

Is this extravagant ? Of Man we form  
 Extravagant Conception, to be just :  
 Conception unconfin'd wants Wing to reach him :  
 Beyond its Reach, the Godhead only, more.  
 He, the great Father ! kindled at one Flame  
 The World of Rationals ; one Spirit pour'd  
 From Spirit's awful Fountain ; pour'd Himself  
 Thro' all their Souls ; but not in equal Stream,  
 Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,  
 As his wise Plan demanded ; and when past  
 Their various Trials, in their various Spheres,  
 If they continue rational, as made,  
 Reforbs them all into Himself again ;  
 His Throne their Centre, and his Smile their Crown.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious Truth to sing,  
 Tho' yet unsung, as deem'd perhaps too bold ?  
 Angels are Men of a superior Kind ;  
 Angels are Men in lighter Habit clad,  
 High o'er celestial Mountains wing'd in Flight ;  
 And Men are Angels, loaded for an Hour,  
 Who wade this miry Vale, and climb with Pain,  
 And slipp'ry Step, the Bottom of the Steep.  
 Angels their Failings, Mortals have their Praise ;  
 What *Men* of Corps ethereal, such enroll'd,  
 Enroll'd to the glorious Standard soon

E

Which

## 74 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Which flames eternal Crimſon thro' the Skies.  
Nor are our *Brothers* thoughtleſs of their Kin,  
Yet abſent ; but not abſent from their Love.  
MICHAEL has fought our Battles ; RAPHAEL ſung  
Our Triumphs ; GABRIEL on our Errands ſrown,  
Sent by the SOV'REIGN : And are theſe, O  
Thy Friends, thy warm Allies ? and Thou (Shan  
The Cheek to Cinder !) Rival to the Brute ?

*Religion's All.* Deſcending from the Skies  
To wretched Man, the Goddeſs in her Left  
Holds out *this* World, and, in her Right, the *new*  
*Religion !* the ſole Voucher Man is Man ;  
Supporter Sole of Man above himſelf ;  
Ev'n in this Night of Frailty, Change, and Death  
She gives the Soul a Soul that acts a God.  
Religion ! Providence ! an After-State !  
*Here* is firm Footing ; here is ſolid Rock ;  
This can ſupport us ; all is Sea beſides ;  
Sinks under us ; beſtorms, and then devours.  
His Hand the good Man faſtens on the Skies,  
And bids Earth roll, nor feels her idle Whirl.

As when a Wretch, from thick, polluted Air,  
Darkneſs, and Stench, and ſuffocating Damps,  
And Dungeon Horrors, by kind Fate, diſcharg'd,  
Climbs ſome fair Eminence, where Ether pure  
Surrounds him, and *Elyſian* Proſpects riſe,  
His Heart exults, his Spirits caſt their Load ;  
As if new-born, he triumphs in the Change ;  
So joys the Soul, when from inglorious Aims,  
And ſordid Sweets, from Feculence and Froth  
Of Ties terreſtrial, ſet at large, ſhe mounts  
To Reaſon's Region, her own Element,  
Breathes Hopes immortal, and affects the Skies.

Religion ! thou the Soul of Happineſs ;  
And, groaning *Calvary*, of thee ! *There* ſhine  
The nobleſt Truths ; *there* ſtrongeſt Motives ſting  
There, ſacred Violence aſſaults the Soul ;

There, nothing but *Compulsion* is forborn.  
 Can Love allure us? or can Terror awe?  
*He* weeps!—the falling Drop puts out the Sun;  
*He* sighs!—the Sigh Earth's deep Foundation shakes.  
 If, in his Love, so terrible, what then  
 His Wrath inflam'd? his Tenderness on Fire?  
 Like soft, smooth Oil, outblazing other Fires?  
 Can Pray'r, can Praise avert it?—Thou, my *All*!  
 My Theme! my Inspiration! and my Crown!  
 My Strength in Age! my Rise in low Estate!  
 My Soul's Ambition, Pleasure, Wealth!—my World!  
 My Light in Darkness! and my Life in Death!  
 My Boast thro' Time! Bliss thro' Eternity!  
 Eternity, too short to speak thy Praise!  
 Or fathom thy Profound of Love to Man!  
 To Man of Men the meanest, ev'n to me;  
 My Sacrifice! my God!—what Things are These!

What then art Thou? by what Name shall I call Thee?  
 Knew I the Name devout Archangels use,  
 Devout Archangels should the Name enjoy,  
 By me unrival'd; 'Thousands more sublime,  
 None half so dear, as that, which tho' unspoke,  
 Still glows at Heart: O how Omnipotence  
 Is lost in Love! 'Thou great *Philanthropist*!  
 Father of Angels! but the Friend of Man!  
 Like JACOB, fondest of the younger born!  
 Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking Brand  
 From out the Flames, and quench it in thy Blood!  
 How art thou pleas'd, by Bounty to distress!  
 To make us groan beneath our Gratitude,  
 Too big for Birth! to favour, and confound;  
 To challenge, and to distance, all Return!  
 Of lavish Love stupendous Heights to soar,  
 And leave Praise panting in the distant Vale!  
 Thy Right too great defrauds Thee of Thy Due;  
 And sacrilegious our sublimest Song.  
 But since the naked *Will* obtains thy Smile,  
 Beneath this Monument of Praise *unpaid*,  
 Thy future Life symphonious to my Strain,

76      *The COMPLAINT ; or,*

(That noblest Hymn to Heav'n !) for ever lie  
Intomb'd my *Fear of Death!* and ev'ry Fear,  
The Dread of ev'ry Evil, but Thy Frown.

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile ?  
Laughter a Labour, and might break their Rest.  
Ye Quietists, in Homage to the Skies !  
Serene ! of soft Addrefs ! who mildly make  
An unobtrusive Tender of your Hearts,  
Abhorring Violence ! who *balt* indeed ;  
But, for the Blessing, *wrestle* not with Heaven !  
Think you my Song, too turbulent ? too warm ?  
Are *Passions*, then, the Pagans of the Soul ?  
*Reason* alone baptiz'd ? alone *ordain'd*  
To touch Things sacred ? Oh for Warmer still !  
Guilt chills my Zeal, and Age benumbs my Powers ;  
Oh for an humbler Heart, and prouder Song !  
Thou, my much injur'd Theme ! with that soft Eye,  
Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look  
Compassion to the Coldness of my Breast ;  
And Pardon to the Winter in my Strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, Formalists !  
On such a Theme, 'tis impious to be calm ;  
Passion is Reason, Transport Temper, *here*.  
Shall Heav'n, which gave us Ardor, and has shewn  
Her own for Man so strongly, not disdain  
What smooth Emollients in Theology,  
Recumbent Virtue's downy Doctors preach,  
That Prose of Piety, a lukewarm Praise ?  
Rise Odours sweet from Incense uninflam'd ?  
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;  
But when it glows, its Heat is struck to Heaven ;  
To human Hearts her golden Harps are strung ;  
High Heav'n's *Orchestra* chaunts *Amen* to Man.

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant Strain,  
Sweet to the Soul, and tasting strong of Heaven,  
Soft-wafted on celestial *Pity's* Plume,  
'Thro' the vast Spaces of the Universe,

To cheer me in this melancholy Gloom ?  
 Oh when will *Death* (now stingless), like a Friend,  
 Admit me of their Choir ? Oh when will *Death*,  
 This mould'ring, old, Partition-Wall throw down ?  
 Give Beings, one in Nature, one Abode ?  
 Oh Death Divine ! that giv'st us to the Skies !  
 Great *Future* ! glorious Patron of the *Past*,  
 And *Present* ! when shall I thy Shrine adore ?  
 From Nature's *Continent*, immensely wide,  
 Immensely blest, this little *Isle of Life*,  
 This dark, incarcerating *Colony*,  
 Divides us. Happy Day ! that breaks our Chain ;  
 That manumits ; that calls from Exile home ;  
 That leads to Nature's great *Metropolis*,  
 And re-admits us, thro' the guardian Hand  
 Of elder Brothers, to our Father's Throne ;  
 Who hears our Advocate, and, thro' his Wounds  
 Beholding Man, allows *that* tender Name.  
 'Tis this makes *Christian Triumph*, a Command :  
 'Tis this makes Joy a *Duty* to the Wife ;  
 'Tis impious, in a good Man, to be sad.

Seest thou, LORENZO ! where hangs all our Hope ?  
 Touch'd by the *Cross*, we live ; or, *more* than die ;  
 That *Touch* which touch'd not Angels ; more divine  
 Than that, which touch'd Confusion into Form,  
 And Darkness into Glory ; Partial *Touch* !  
 Ineffably pre-eminent Regard !  
 Sacred to Man, and Sov'reign thro' the whole  
 Long golden Chain of Miracles, which hangs  
 From Heav'n thro' all Duration, and supports  
 In one illustrious, and amazing Plan,  
 Thy Welfare, *Nature* ! and thy God's Renown ;  
 That *Touch*, with Charm celestial, heals the Soul  
 Diseas'd, drives Pain from Guilt, lights Life in Death,  
 Turns Earth to Heav'n, to heav'nly Thrones transforms  
 The ghastly Ruins of the mould'ring Tomb.

Do'st ask me when ? when *He* who dy'd returns ?  
*Return*, how chang'd ! where then the Man of Woe ?

## 78 *The* COMPLAINT; or,

In Glory's Terrors all the Godhead burns ;  
And all his Courts, exhausted by the Tide  
Of Deities triumphant in his Train,  
Leave a stupendous Solitude in Heaven ;  
Replenisht soon ; replenisht with Increase  
Of Pomp, and Multitude ; a radiant Band  
Of Angels new ; of Angels from the Tomb.

Is this by Fancy thrown remote ? and rise  
Dark Doubts between the Promise, and Event ?  
I send thee not to Volumes for thy Cure ;  
Read Nature ; Nature is a Friend to Truth ;  
Nature is Christian ; preaches to Mankind ;  
And bids dead Matter aid us in our Creed.  
Hast thou ne'er seen the Comet's flaming Flight ?  
Th' illustrious Stranger passing, Terror sheds  
On gazing Nations, from his fiery Train  
Of Length enormous ; takes his ample Round  
Thro' Depths of Ether ; coasts unnumber'd Worlds,  
Of more than solar Glory ; doubles wide  
Heav'n's mighty Cape ; and then revisits Earth,  
From the long Travel of a thousand Years.  
Thus, at the destin'd Period, shall return  
He, once on Earth, who bids the Comet blaze :  
And with Him all our Triumph o'er the Tomb.

*Nature* is dumb on this important Point ;  
Or Hope precarious in low Whisper breathes ;  
*Faith* speaks aloud, distinct ; ev'n *Adders* hear,  
But turn, and dart into the Dark again.  
*Faith* builds a Bridge across the Gulph of Death,  
To break the Shock blind *Nature* cannot shun,  
And lands Thought smoothly on the farther Shore.  
Death's Terror is the Mountain *Faith* removes ;  
That Mountain Barrier between Man and Peace.  
'Tis *Faith* disarms Destruction ; and absolves  
From ev'ry clamorous Charge, the guiltless Tomb.

Why disbelieve ? LORENZO !—" *Reason* bids,  
" All-sacred Reason."—Hold her sacred still ;

or shalt thou want a Rival in thy Flame :  
 Il-sacred *Reason* ! Source, and Soul, of all  
 emanating Praise, on Earth, or Earth above !  
 My Heart is thine : Deep in its inmost Folds,  
 live thou with Life ; live dearer of the Two.  
 Fear I the blessed Cross, by Fortune stamp'd  
 on passive Nature, before Thought was born ?  
 My Birth's blind Bigot ! fir'd with local Zeal !  
 Jo ; *Reason* rebaptiz'd me when adult ;  
 Veigh'd True and False in her impartial Scale ;  
 My Heart became the Convert of my Head ;  
 And made that Choice, which once was but my Fate.  
 ' On Argument alone my Faith is built :'  
*Reason* pursu'd is *Faith* ; and, unpursu'd  
 Where Proof invites, 'tis *Reason*, then, no more :  
 And such our *Proof*, that, or our *Faith* is right,  
 Or *Reason* lyes, and Heav'n design'd it wrong :  
 Absolve we This ? What, then, is Blasphemy ?

Fond as we are, and justly fond of *Faith*,  
*Reason*, we grant, demands our First Regard ;  
 The Mother honour'd, as the Daughter dear ;  
*Reason* the Root, fair *Faith* is but the Flower ;  
 The fading Flow'r shall die ; but *Reason* lives  
 Immortal, as her Father in the Skies.  
 When *Faith* is Virtue, *Reason* makes it so.  
 Wrong not the Christian ; think not *Reason* yours ;  
 'Tis *Reason* our great Master holds so dear ;  
 'Tis *Reason*'s injur'd Rights His Wrath resents ;  
 'Tis *Reason*'s Voice obey'd His Glories crown ;  
 To give lost *Reason* Life, He pour'd his own :  
 Believe, and shew the Reason of a Man ;  
 Believe, and taste the Pleasure of a God ;  
 Believe, and look with Triumph on the Tomb :  
 Thro' *Reason*'s Wounds alone, thy *Faith* can die ;  
 Which dying, tenfold Terror gives to Death,  
 And dips in *Venom* his twice-mortal Sting.

Learn hence what Honours, what loud *Pæans* due  
 To those, who push our *Antidote* aside ;



80      *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Those boasted Friends to *Reason*, and to *Man*,  
 Whose fatal Love stabs ev'ry Joy, and leaves  
 Death's Terror heighten'd gnawing on his Heart.  
 These pompous Sons of *Reason* idoliz'd,  
 And vilify'd at once ; of Reason dead,  
 Then deify'd, as Monarchs were of old,  
 What Conduct plants proud Laurels on their Brow ?  
 While *Love* of *Truth* thro' all their Camp resounds,  
 They draw *Pride's* Curtain o'er the Noon-tide Ray ;  
 Spike up their Inch of Reason, on the Point  
 Of Philosophic Wit, call'd Argument ;  
 And then, exulting in their Taper, cry,  
 " Behold the Sun : " And *Indian-like*, adore.

Talk they of *Morals* ? O thou bleeding Love !  
 Thou Maker of *new* *Morals* to Mankind !  
 The grand Morality is Love of Thee.  
 As wise as SOCRATES, if such they were,  
 (Nor will they bate of that sublime Renown)  
 As wise as SOCRATES, might justly stand  
 The Definition of a modern Fool.

*Christian* is the highest Stile of Man.  
 And is there, who the blessed Cross wipes off  
 As a foul Blot, from his dishonour'd Brow ?  
 If Angels tremble, 'tis at such a Sight :  
 The Wretch they quit, desponding of their Charge,  
 More struck with Grief or Wonder, who can tell ?

Ye sold to Sense ! ye Citizens of Earth !  
 (For such alone the Christian Banner fly)  
 Know ye how wise your Choice, how great your Gain ?  
 Behold the Picture of Earth's happiest Man :  
 " He calls his Wish, it comes ; he sends it back,  
 " And says, he call'd another ; that arrives,  
 " Meets the same Welcome ; yet he still calls on ;  
 " Till One calls him, who varies not his Call,  
 " But holds him fast, in Chains of Darkness bound,  
 " Till Nature dies, and Judgment sets him free ;  
 " A Freedom, far less welcome than his Chain."

But grant Man happy ; grant him happy long ;  
 Add to Life's highest Prize her latest Hour ;  
 That Hour so late, is nimble in Approach,  
 That, like a Post, comes on in full Career ;  
 How swift the Shuttle flies, that weaves thy Shroud !  
 Where is the Fable of thy former Years ?  
 Thrown down the Gulph of Time ; as far from Thee  
 As they had ne'er been thine ; the Day in Hand,  
 Like a Bird struggling to get loose, is going ;  
 Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone ;  
 And each swift Moment fled, is Death advanc'd  
 By Strides as swift : Eternity is All ;  
 And whose Eternity ? Who triumphs there ?  
 Bathing for ever in the Font of Bliss !  
 For ever basking in the Deity !  
 LORENZO ! who ?—Thy Conscience shall reply.

O give it Leave to speak ; 'twill speak ere long,  
 Thy Leave unaskt : LORENZO ! hear it now,  
 While useful its Advice, its Accent mild.  
 By the great Edict, by divine Decree,  
*Truth* is deposited with Man's *last Hour* ;  
 An honest Hour, and faithful to her Trust ;  
*Truth*, eldest Daughter of the Deity ;  
*Truth*, of his Council, when he made the Worlds ;  
 Nor less, when he shall judge the Worlds he made ;  
 Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,  
 Smother'd with Errors, and oppress'd with Toys,  
 That Heav'n-commission'd Hour no sooner calls,  
 But from her Cavern in the Soul's Abyss,  
 Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,  
 The Goddess bursts in Thunder, and in Flame ;  
 Loudly convinces, and severely pains.  
 Dark *Demons* I discharge, and *Hydra*-slings ;  
 The keen Vibrations of bright *Truth*—is Hell :  
 Just Definition ! tho' by Schools untaught.  
 Ye Deaf to Truth ! peruse this Parson'd Page,  
 And trust, for once, a Prophet, and a Priest ;  
 Men may *live* Fools, but Fools they cannot *die*."



NIGHT THE FIFTH.  
THE  
RELAPSE.

HUMBLY INSCRIB'D

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE  
The Earl of *Litchfield*.

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[The remainder of the page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely due to the quality of the scan or intentional redaction.]



NIGHT the FIFTH.  
THE  
RELAPSE.

**L** ORENZO! to recriminate is just.  
Fondness for Fame is Avarice of Air.  
I grant the Man is vain, who writes for Praise.  
Praise no Man e'er deserv'd, who fought no  
[more.]

As just thy *Second Charge*. I grant the Muse  
Has often blusht at her degen'rate Sons,  
Retain'd by *Sense* to plead her filthy Cause;  
To raise the Low, to magnify the Mean,  
And subtilize the Gross into Refin'd:  
As if to magic Numbers pow'rful Charm  
'Twas giv'n, to make a *Civet* of their Song  
Obscene, and sweeten Ordure to Perfume.  
Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the Brute,  
And lifts our Swine-enjoyments from the Mire.

The Fact notorious, nor obscure the Cause.  
We wear the Chains of *Pleasure*, and of *Pride*;  
*These* share the Man; and these distract him too;  
Draw diff'rent Ways, and clash in their Commands.

*Pride,*

## 86    *The* COMPLAINT; or,

*Pride*, like an Eagle, builds among the Stars ;  
 But *Pleasure*, Lark-like, nests upon the Ground.  
 Joys shar'd by Brute-Creation, *Pride* resents ;  
*Pleasure* embraces : Man would *both* enjoy,  
 And both *at once* : A Point how hard to gain !  
 But, what can't Wit, when stung by strong Desire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous Enterprize.  
 Since Joys of *Sense* can't rise to *Reason's* Taste ;  
 In subtle *Sophistry's* laborious Forge,  
*Wit* hammers out a Reason new, that stoops  
 To sordid Scenes, and greets them with Applause.  
 Wit calls the *Graces* the chaste Zone to loose ;  
 Nor less than a *plump God* to fill the Bowl.  
 A thousand Phantoms, and a thousand Spells,  
 A thousand Opiates scatters, to delude,  
 To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,  
 And the fool'd Mind delightfully confound.  
 Thus that which shock'd the *Judgment*, shocks no more  
 That which gave *Pride* Offence, no more offends.  
*Pleasure* and *Pride*, by Nature mortal Foes,  
 At War eternal, which in Man shall reign,  
 By *Wit's* Address, patch up a fatal Peace,  
 And hand in hand lead on the rank Debauch,  
 From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.  
*Art*, cursed *Art* ! wipes off th' indebted Blush  
 From Nature's Cheek, and bronzes ev'ry Shame.  
 Man smiles in Ruin, glories in his Guilt,  
 And Infamy stands Candidate for Praise.

All writ by Man in favour of the Soul,  
 These *sensual Ethics* far, in Bulk, transcend.  
 The Flow'rs of Eloquence profusely pour'd  
 O'er spotted Vice, fill half the letter'd World.  
 Can Pow'rs of Genius exercise their Page,  
 And consecrate Enormities with Song ?

But let not these inexpiable Strains  
 Condemn the Muse that knows her Dignity ;  
 Nor meanly stops at Time, but holds the World

As 'tis, in Nature's ample Field, a Point,  
A Point in her Esteem ; from whence to start,  
And run the Round of universal Space,  
To visit Being universal there,  
And Being's Source, that utmost Flight of Mind!  
Yet, spite of this so vast Circumference,  
Well knows, but what is *Moral*, nought is *Great*.  
Sing *Sirens* only ? Do not Angels sing ?  
There is in *Poesy* a decent Pride,  
Which well becomes her when she speaks to *Prose*,  
Her younger Sister ; haply, not more wise.

Think'ft thou, LORENZO ! to find Pastimes here ?  
No guilty Passion blown into a Flame,  
No Foible flatter'd, Dignity disgrac'd,  
No fairy Field of Fiction all on Flower,  
No Rainbow Colours, *here*, or filken Tale ;  
But solemn *Counsels*, Images of Awe,  
*Truths*, which Eternity lets fall on Man  
With double Weight, through these revolving Spheres,  
This Death-deep Silence, and incumbent Shade :  
*Thoughts*, such as shall revisit your last Hour ;  
Visit uncall'd, and live when Life expires ;  
And thy dark Pencil, *Midnight* ! darker still  
In Melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, ev'n This, my Laughter-loving Friends !  
LORENZO ! and thy Brothers of the Smile !  
If, what imports you most, can most engage,  
Shall steal your Ear, and chain you to my Song.  
Or if you fail me, know, the Wise shall taste  
The Truths I sing ; the Truths I sing shall feel ;  
And, feeling, give Assent ; and Their Assent  
Is ample Recompence ; is more than Praise.  
But chiefly Thine, O LITCHFIELD ! nor mistake ;  
Think not un-introduc'd I force my Way ;  
NARCISSA, not unknown, not unally'd,  
By Virtue, or by Blood, illustrious Youth !  
To thee, from blooming *Amaranthine* Bowers,  
Where all the Language *Harmony*, descends

Uncall'd.



88      *The* COMPLAINT; *or,*

Uncall'd, and asks Admittance for the Muse :  
A Muse that will not pain thee with thy Praise ;  
Thy Praise she drops, by nobler still inspir'd.

O Thou ! Blest Spirit ! *whether*, the Supreme,  
Great antemundane Father ! in whose Breast  
Embryo-Creation, unborn Being, dwelt,  
And all its various Revolutions roll'd  
Present, tho' future ; prior to themselves ;  
Whose Breath can blow it into Nought again ;  
Or, from his Throne some delegated Pow'r,  
Who, studious of our Peace, dost turn the Thought  
From Vain and Vile, to Solid and Sublime !  
Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious Draughts  
Of Inspiration, from a purer Stream,  
And fuller of the God, than that which burst  
From fam'd *Castalia* : Nor is yet allay'd  
My sacred Thirst ; though long my Soul has rang'd  
Through pleasing Paths of *Moral*, and *Divine*,  
By Thee sustain'd, and lighted by the *Stars*.

By *Them* best lighted are the Paths of *Thought* ;  
*Nights* are their *Days*, their most illumin'd Hours.  
By *Day*, the Soul o'erborne by Life's Career,  
Stunn'd by the Din, and giddy with the Glare,  
Reels far from Reason, jostled by the Throng.  
By *Day* the Soul is passive, all her Thoughts  
Impos'd, precarious, broken, ere mature.  
By *Night* from Objects free, from Passion cool,  
Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpres'd, the Births  
Of pure Election, arbitrary range,  
Not to the Limits of one World confin'd ;  
But from *Ethereal* Travels light on *Earth*,  
As Voyagers drop Anchor, for Repose.

Let *Indians*, and the Gay, like *Indians*, fond  
Of feather'd Fopperies, the Sun adore :  
*Darkness* has more Divinity for me ;  
It strikes Thought inward ; it drives back the Soul  
To settle on Herself, our Point supreme !

re lies our Theatre; there sits our Judge.  
*Darkness* the Curtain drops o'er Life's dull Scene;  
 'Tis the kind Hand of Providence stretcht out  
 'Twixt Man and Vanity; 'tis *Reason's* Reign,  
 And *Virtue's* too; these Tutelary Shades  
 Are Man's *Asylum* from the tainted Throng.  
*Night* is the good Man's *Friend*, and *Guardian* too;  
 It no less *rescues* Virtue, than *inspires*.

*Virtue* for ever Frail, as Fair, below,  
 Her tender Nature suffers in the Croud,  
 Nor touches on the World, without a Stain:  
 The World's infectious; few bring back at Eve,  
 Immaculate, the Manners of the Morn.  
 Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *resolv'd*,  
 Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.  
 Each *Salutation* may slide in a Sin  
 Unthought before, or fix a former Flaw.  
 Nor is it strange: *Light, Motion, Concourse, Noise*,  
 All, scatter us abroad; Thought outward-bound  
 Neglectful of our Home-affairs, flies off  
 In Fume and Dissipation, quits her Charge,  
 And leaves the Breast unguarded to the Foe.

*Present* Example gets within our Guard,  
 And acts with *double* Force, by few repell'd.  
*Ambition* fires *Ambition*; *Love of Gain*  
 Strikes, like a Pestilence, from Breast to Breast;  
*Riot, Pride, Perfidy*, blue Vapours breathe;  
 And *Inhumanity* is caught from Man;  
 From smiling Man. A slight, a single Glance,  
 And shot at random, often has brought home  
 A sudden Fever, to the throbbing Heart,  
 Of *Envy, Rancour, or impure Desire*.  
 We see, we hear, with Peril; *Safety* dwells  
 Remote from *Multitude*; the World's a School  
 Of *Wrong*, and what Proficients swarm around!  
 We must or imitate, or disapprove;  
 Must list as their Accomplices, or Foes;  
*It* stains our Innocence; *This* wounds our Peace.

From

90 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

From Nature's Birth, hence, *Wisdom* has been smit  
With sweet Recess, and languisht for the Shade.

This sacred Shade, and Solitude, what is it ?  
'Tis the felt Presence of the Deity.  
Few are the Faults we flatter when alone.  
*Vice* sinks in her Allurements, is ungilt,  
And looks, like other Objects, black by Night.  
By Night an Atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair Virtue's immemorial Friend ;  
The conscious Moon, through ev'ry distant Age  
Has held a Lamp to *Wisdom*, and let fall  
On *Contemplation's* Eye, her purging Ray.  
The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from Heav'n  
*Philosophy* the fair, to dwell with Men,  
And form their Manners, not inflame their Pride,  
While o'er his Head, as fearful to molest  
His lab'ring Mind, the Stars in Silence slide,  
And seem all gazing on their future Guest,  
See him soliciting his ardent Suit,  
In private Audience : All the live-long Night,  
Rigid in Thought, and motionless, he stands ;  
Nor quits his Theme, or Posture, till the Sun  
( Rude Drunkard rising rosy from the Main ! )  
Disturbs his nobler intellectual Beam,  
And gives him to the Tumult of the World.  
Hail, precious Moments ! stol'n from the black Waste  
Of murder'd Time ! Auspicious *Midnight* ! Hail !  
The World excluded, ev'ry Passion hush'd,  
And open'd a calm Intercourse with Heav'n,  
*Here* the Soul sits in Council ; ponders *past*,  
Predestines *future* Action ; sees, not feels,  
Tumultuous Life ; and reasons with the Storm ;  
All her Lyes answers, and thinks down her Charms.

What awful Joy ! What mental Liberty !  
I am not pent in Darkness ; rather say  
( If not too bold ) in Darkness I'm embower'd.  
Delightful Gloom ! the clust'ring Thoughts around

ancous rise, and blossom in the Shade ;  
 toop by Day, and sicken in the *Sun*.  
*It* borrows Light elsewhere ; from that *First Fire*,  
 tain of Animation ! whence descends  
*HEA*, my celestial Guest ! who deigns  
 tly to visit me, so mean ; and *now*  
 cious, how needful Discipline to Man,  
 pleasing Dalliance with the Charms of *Night*  
 wand'ring Thought recalls, to what excites  
 ther Beat of Heart ; NARCISSA's Tomb !

is it feeble Nature calls me back,  
 breaks my Spirit into Grief again ?  
 a *Stygian* Vapour in my Blood ?  
 ld, slow Puddle, creeping thro' my Veins ?  
 it *thus* with all Men ? — Thus, with all,  
 are we ? How unequal ! Now we soar,  
 now we sink ; to be *the same*, transcends  
 present Prowess. Dearly pays the *Soul*.  
 odging ill ; too dearly rents her Clay.  
 n, a baffled Counsellor ! but adds  
 Blush of Weakness, to the Bane of Woe.  
 noblest Spirit fighting her hard Fate,  
 is damp, dusky Region, charg'd with Storms,  
 eebly flutters, yet untaught to fly ;  
 lying, short her Flight, and sure her Fall.  
 utmost Strength, when down, to rise again ;  
 not to *yield*, tho' *beaten*, all our Praise.

is vain to seek in Men for more than Man.  
 proud in Promise, big in previous Thought,  
 rience damps our Triumph. I, who late,  
 ging from the Shadows of the Grave,  
 re *Grief*'detain'd me Pris'ner, mounting high  
 w wide the Gates of everlasting Day,  
 call'd Mankind to Glory, shook off *Pain*,  
 ality shook off, in *Æther* pure,  
 struck the Stars ; *now* feel my Spirits fail ;  
 drop me from the Zenith ; down I rush,  
 him whom Fable fledg'd with waxen Wings,

92 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

In Sorrow drown'd—but not, in Sorrow, lost.  
How wretched is the Man, who never mourn'd !  
I dive for precious Pearl, in *Sorrow's* Stream :  
Not so the thoughtless Man that *only* grieves ;  
Takes all the Torment, and rejects the Gain  
(Inestimable Gain !) ; and gives Heav'n Leave  
To make him but more Wretched, not more Wise.

If Wisdom is our Lesson (and what else  
Ennobles Man ? what else have Angels learnt ?)  
*Grief!* more Proficients in thy School are made,  
Than *Genius*, or proud *Learning*, e'er could boast.  
*Voracious Learning*, often over-fed,  
Digeſts not into Senſe her motly Meal.  
This *Book-caſe*, with dark Booty almoſt burſt,  
This *Forager* on others Wiſdom, leaves  
Her Native Farm, her *Reaſon*, quite untill'd.  
With mixt Manure ſhe ſurfeits the rank Soil,  
Dung'd, but not dreſt ; and rich to Beggary.  
A Pomp untameable of Weed prevails.  
Her *Servant's* Wealth incumber'd *Wiſdom* mourns.

And what ſays *Genius* ? “ *Let the Dull be Wiſe.*”  
*Genius*, too hard for Right, can prove it Wrong ;  
And loves to boaſt, where bluſh Men leſs inſpir'd.  
It pleads Exemption from the Laws of *Senſe* ;  
Conſiders *Reaſon* as a Leveller ;  
And ſcorns to ſhare a Bleſſing with the Croud.  
That Wiſe it *could* be, thinks an ample Claim  
To *Glory*, and to *Pleaſure* gives the reſt.  
CRASSUS but ſleeps, ARDELIO is undone.  
*Wiſdom* leſs ſhudders at a Fool, than Wit.

But *Wiſdom* ſmiles, when humbled Mortals weep.  
When *Sorrow* wounds the Breſt, as Ploughs the Glebe,  
And Hearts obdurate feel her ſoft'ning Shower;  
Her Seed Celeſtial, then, glad *Wiſdom* ſows ;  
Her golden Harveſt triumphs in the Soil.  
If ſo, NARCISSA ! welcome my *Relapſe* ;  
I'll raiſe a Tax on my Calamity,

p rich Compensation from my Pain.  
 e the plenteous Intellectual Field ;  
 her ev'ry Thought of sov'reign Power.  
 e the moral Maladies of Man ;  
 , which may bear transplanting to the Skies,  
 atives of this coarse penurious Soil ;  
 olly wither *there*, where *Seraphs* sing.  
 exalted, not annull'd in Heaven.  
 the Sun that gives them Birth, the same  
 r Clime, tho' more illustrious *There*.  
 hoicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,  
 rm a Garland for *Narcissa's* Tomb ;  
 radventure, of no fading Flowers.

On what Themes shall puzzled Choice descend ?  
 mportance of Contemplating the Tomb ;  
 Men decline it ; *Suicide's* foul Birth ;  
 various *Kinds of Grief* ; the *Faults of Age* ;  
*Death's* dread *Character*—invite my Song."

, first, th' Importance of our End survey'd.  
 counsel quick Dismission of our Grief :  
 en Kindness ! our Hearts heal *too soon*.  
 ey more kind than *He*, who struck the Blow ?  
 id it do his Errand in our Hearts,  
 nish Peace, till *nobler Guests* arrive,  
 ring it back, a true, and endless Peace ?  
 ities are *Friends* : As glaring *Day*  
 se unnumber'd Lustres robs our Sight ;  
 ity puts out unnumber'd Thoughts  
 port high, and Light divine, to Man.

: Man how blest, who, sick of gaudy Scenes,  
 s apt to thrust between Us and Ourselves !)  
 by Choice to take his fav'rite Walk,  
 h *Death's* gloomy, silent, Cypress Shades,  
 rc'd by Vanity's fantastic Ray ;  
 id his Monuments, to weigh his Dust,  
 is Vaults, and dwell among the Tombs !  
 nzo ! read with me *NARCISSA's* Stone ;

(NARCISSA

94      *The COMPLAINT; or,*

(NARCISSA was thy Fav'rite) let us read  
 Her moral Stone; few Doctors preach so well;  
 Few Orators so tenderly can touch  
 The feeling Heart. What *Pathos* in the Date!  
 Apt Words can strike, and yet in them we see  
 Faint Images of what we, here, enjoy.  
 What Cause have *we* to build on Length of Life?  
*Temptations* seize, when *Fear* is laid asleep;  
 And Ill foreboded is our strongest Guard.

See from her Tomb, as from an humble Shrine,  
*Truth*, radiant Goddess! fallies on my Soul,  
 And puts *Delusion's* dusky Train to Flight;  
 Dispels the Mists our sultry *Passions* raise,  
 From Objects low, terrestrial, and obscene;  
 And shews the *Real Estimate* of Things;  
 Which no Man, unafflicted, ever saw;  
 Pulls off the Veil from *Virtue's* rising Charms;  
 Detects *Temptation* in a thousand Lyes.  
*Truth* bids me look on Men, as *Autumn Leaves*,  
 And all they bleed for, as the Summer's Dust,  
 Driv'n by the Whirlwind; lighted by her Beams,  
 I widen my Horizon, gain new Powers,  
 See Things invisible, feel Things remote,  
 Am present with Futurities; think nought  
 To Man so foreign, as the Joys possess;  
 Nought so much his, as those beyond the Grave.

No *Folly* keeps its Colour in *her* Sight  
 Pale *worldly Wisdom* loses all her Charms;  
 In pompous Promise from her Schemes profound,  
 If future Fate she plans, 'tis all in Leaves,  
 Like *Sibyl*, unsubstantial, fleeting Bliss!  
 At the first Blast it vanishes in Air.  
 Not so, *Celestial*: Wouldst thou know, LORENZO  
 How differ *worldly Wisdom*, and *Divine*?  
 Just as the waning, and the waxing Moon.  
 More empty *worldly Wisdom* ev'ry Day;  
 And ev'ry Day more fair her *Rival* shines.  
 When *Later*, there's less Time to play the Fool.

Soon our whole Term for Wisdom is expir'd  
(Thou know'st she calls no Council in the Grave);  
And everlasting Fool is writ in Fire,  
Or *real* Wisdom wafts us to the Skies.

As worldly Schemes resemble *Sibyl's* Leaves,  
The good Man's Days to *Sibyl's* Books compare,  
(In antient Story read, thou know'st the Tale)  
In Price still rising, as in Number less,  
Inestimable quite his Final Hour.

For That who Thrones can offer, offer Thrones;  
Solvent Worlds the Purchase cannot pay.

"Oh let me die his Death!" all Nature cries.

"Then live his Life"—All Nature falters there.

Our great Physician daily to consult,

To commune with the *Grave*, our only Cure.

What Grave prescribes the best?—A Friend's; and yet,  
From a Friend's Grave, how soon we disengage?

Ev'n to the dearest, as his Marble, cold.

Why are Friends raviſht from us? 'Tis to bind,

By ſoft Affection's Tyes, on human Hearts,

The Thought of Death, which *Reason*, too ſupine,

Or miſemployed, ſo rarely faſtens *There*.

Nor Reason, nor Affection, no, nor both

Combin'd, can break the Witchcrafts of the World.

Behold th' inexorable Hour at hand!

Behold th' inexorable Hour forgot!

And to forget it, the chief *Aim* of Life,

Tho' well to ponder it, is Life's chief *End*.

Is Death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,

That all-important, and that only ſure,

(Come when he will) an unexpected Guest?

Nay, tho' invited by the loudeſt Calls

Of blind *Imprudence*, unexpected ſtill?

Tho' num'rous Meſſengers are ſent before

To warn his great Arrival. What the Cauſe,

The wond'rous Cauſe, of this Myſterious Ill?

All Heav'n looks down aſtoniſh'd at the Sight.



96      *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Is it that Life has sown her Joys so thick,  
 We can't thrust in a single Care between ?  
 Is it, that Life has such a Swarm of Cares,  
 The Thought of Death can't enter for the Throng ?  
 Is it, that *Time* steals on with downy Feet,  
 Nor wakes *Indulgence* from her golden Dream ?  
*To-day* is so like *Yesterday*, it cheats ;  
 We take the lying Sister for the same.  
 Life glides away, *LORENZO* ! like a Brook ;  
 For ever changing, unperceiv'd the Change.  
 In the same Brook none ever bath'd him twice :  
 To the same Life none ever twice awoke.  
 We call the Brook the same ; the same we think  
 Our Life, tho' still more rapid in its Flow ;  
 Nor mark the *Much* irrevocably laps'd,  
 And mingled with the Sea. Or shall we say  
 (Retaining still the Brook to bear us on)  
 That Life is like a Vessel on the Stream ?  
 In Life embark'd, we smoothly down the Tide  
 Of *Time* descend, but not on *Time* intent ;  
 Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding Wave ;  
 Till on a sudden we perceive a Shock ;  
 We start, awake, look out ; what see we there ?  
 Our brittle Bark is burst on *Charon's* Shore.

Is this the Cause *Death* flies all human Thought ?  
 Or is it, *Judgment* by the *Will* struck blind,  
 That domineering Mistress of the Soul !  
 Like *him* so strong by *Dalilah* the fair ?  
 Or is it *Fear* turns startled *Reason* back,  
 From looking down a Precipice so steep ?  
 'Tis dreadful ; and the Dread is wisely placed,  
 By Nature conscious of the Make-of Man.  
 A dreadful Friend it is, a Terror kind,  
 A flaming Sword to guard the Tree of Life.  
 By that unaw'd, in Life's most smiling Hour,  
 The *Good Man* would repine ; would *suffer* Joys,  
 And burn impatient for his promis'd Skies.  
 The *Bad* on each punctilious Pique of Pride,

of Humour, would give Rage the Rein,  
 r the Barrier, rush into the Dark,  
 the Schemes of Providence below.

Groan was that, LORENZO?—Furies! rise;  
 n, in your less execrable Yell,  
 's Shame. There took her gloomy Flight,  
 impetuous, a Black fullen Soul,  
 om Hell, with horrid Lust of Death.  
 nd, the Brave, the Gallant *Altamont*,  
 so thought—And then he fled the Field.  
 the Fear of Death, than Fear of Life.  
 , infamous for Suicide!  
 in thy Manners! far disjoin'd  
 whole World of *Rationals* beside!  
 at Waves plunge thy polluted Head,  
 dire Stain, nor shock the Continent.

ou be shock'd, while I detect the Cause  
*Assault*, expose the Monster's Birth,  
*Abhorrence* his it round the World.  
 t thy Clime, nor chide the distant Sun;  
 is innocent, thy Clime absolv'd:  
 Climes kind Nature never made.  
 e I sing, in *Eden* might prevail,  
 es, It is thy Folly, not thy Fate.

oul of Man (Let Man in Homage bow,  
 es his Soul), a Native of the Skies!  
 n, and free, her Freedom should maintain,  
 unmortgag'd for *Earth's* little Bribes.  
 ous Stranger, in this foreign Land,  
 ngers, jealous of her Dignity,  
 of Home, and ardent to return,  
 suspicious, *Earth's* enchanted Cup  
 l Reserve light-touching, should indulge,  
*tality*, her godlike Taste;  
 e large Draughts; make her chief Banquet *there*.

F

But

98 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

But some reject this Sustainance divine;  
To beggarly vile Appetites descend;  
Ask Alms of *Earth*, for Guests that came from *Heaven*  
Sink into Slaves; and sell, for *present* Hire,  
Their rich Reversion, and (what shares its Fate)  
Their native *Freedom*, to the Prince who sways  
This nether World. And when his Payments fail,  
When his foul Basket gorges them no more;  
Or their pall'd Palates loath the Basket full;  
Are instantly, with wild demoniac Rage,  
For breaking all the Chains of Providence,  
And bursting their Confinement; tho' fast barr'd  
By Laws divine and human; guarded strong  
With *Horrors* doubled to defend the Pass,  
The blackest, *Nature*, or dire *Guilt*, can raise;  
And moated round, with fathomless *Destruction*,  
Sure to receive and whelm them in their Fall.

Such, *Britons!* is the *Cause*, to you unknown,  
Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by Magistrates,  
Thus, Criminals themselves. I grant the Deed  
Is Madness; but the Madness of the *Heart*.  
And what is that? Our utmost Bound of Guilt.  
A sensual, unreflecting Life is big  
With monstrous Births, and *Suicide*, to crown  
The black infernal Brood. The Bold to break  
Heav'n's Law supreme, and desperately rush  
Thro' sacred *Nature's* Murder, on their own,  
Because they never *think of Death*, they die.  
'Tis equally Man's Duty, Glory, Gain,  
At once to shun, and meditate, his End.  
When by the Bed of Languishment we sit,  
(The Seat of *Wisdom!* if our Choice, not Fate)  
Or, o'er our dying Friends, in Anguish hang,  
Wipe the cold Dew, or stay the sinking Head,  
Number their Moments, and, in ev'ry Clock,  
Start at the Voice of an Eternity;  
See the dim Lamp of Life just feebly lift  
An agonizing Beam, at us to gaze,

## Night Thoughts, &c.

99

Then sink again, and quiver into Death,  
That most pathetic Herald of our own;  
How read we such sad Scenes? As sent to Man  
In perfect Vengeance? No; in Pity sent,  
To melt him down, like Wax, and then impress,  
Indelible, *Death's* Image on his Heart;  
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.  
We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile.  
The Mind turns Fool, before the Cheek is dry:  
Our quick-returning *Folly* cancels all;  
As the Tide rushing raises what is writ  
In yielding Sands, and smooths the letter'd Shore:

LORENZO! hast thou ever weigh'd a *Sigh*?  
Or study'd the Philosophy of *Tears*?  
(A Science, yet, unlectur'd in our Schools!)  
Hast thou descended deep into the Breast,  
And seen their Source? If not, ascend with me,  
And trace these briny Riv'lets to their Springs.

Our Fun'ral Tears, from diff'rent Causes, rise.  
As if from separate Cisterns in the Soul,  
Of various *Kinds*, they flow. From tender Hearts,  
By soft Contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,  
And stream obsequious to the leading Eye.  
*Some* ask more Time, by curious *Art* distill'd.  
*Some* Hearts in secret hard, unapt to melt,  
Struck by the Magic of the Public Eye,  
Like *Moses'* smitten Rock, gush out amain.  
*Some* weep to share the Fame of the Deceas'd,  
So high in Merit, and to them so dear.  
They dwell on Praises, which they think they share;  
And thus, without a Blush, commend Themselves.  
*Some* mourn in Proof, that something they could love.  
They weep not to *relieve* their Grief, but *show*.  
*Some* weep in perfect Justice to the Dead,  
As conscious all their Love is in Arrear.  
*Some* mischievously weep, not unappris'd,  
Tears, sometimes, aid the Conquest of an Eye.  
With what Address the soft *Ephesians* draw

F 2

Their

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100 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Their Sable Net-work o'er entangled Hearts ?  
 As seen thro' Crystal, how their Roses glow,  
 While *liquid Pearl* runs trickling down their Cheek ?  
 Of hers not prouder *Egypt's* wanton Queen,  
 Carousing Gems, herself dissolv'd in Love.  
 Some weep at *Death*, abstracted from the *Dead*,  
 And celebrate, like *CHARLES* their own Decease.  
 By kind Construction some are deem'd to weep,  
 Because a decent Veil conceals their Joy.

Some weep in Earnest ; and yet weep in Vain ;  
 As deep in Indiscretion, as in Woe.  
*Passion*, blind *Passion* ! impotently pours  
 'Tears, that deserve more Tears ; while *Reason* sleeps ;  
 Or gazes, like an Idiot, unconcern'd ;  
 Nor comprehends the Meaning of the Storm ;  
 Knows not it speaks to *Her*, and her *alone*,  
*Irrationals* all Sorrow are beneath,  
 'That noble Gift ! that Privilege of Man !  
 From *Sorrow's* Pang, the Eirth of endless Joy.  
 But *These* are barren of that Birth divine :  
 'They weep impetuous, as the Summer-Storm,  
 And full as short ! The cruel *Grief* soon tam'd,  
 'They make a Pastime of the stingle's Tale ;  
 Far as the deep-reshounding Knell, they spread  
 The dreadful News, and hardly feel it more.  
 No Grain of *Wisdom* pays them for their *Woe*.

Half round the *Globe*, the Tears pumpt up by *Dea*.  
 Are spent in wat'ring Vanities of Life ;  
 In making *Folly* flourish still more fair.  
 When the sick Soul, her wonted Stay withdrawn,  
 Reclines on Earth, and sorrows in the Dust ;  
 Instead of learning, *there*, her true Support,  
 Tho' there thrown down her true Support to learn,  
 Without Heav'n's Aid, impatient to be blest,  
 he crawls to the next Shrub, or Bramble vile,  
 'ho' from the stately Cedar's Arms she fell,  
 With stale, foresworn Embraces, clings anew,  
 The *Stranger* weds, and blossoms, as before,

## Night-Thoughts, &c.

101

In all the fruitless Fopperies of Life :  
Presents her Weed, well-fanfi'd, at the Ball,  
And raffles for the Death's-Head on the Ring.

So wept AURELIA, till the destin'd Youth  
Stept in, with his Receipt for making Smiles,  
And blanching Sables into bridal Bloom.  
So wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's Fate ;  
Who gave that Angel Boy, on whom he doats ;  
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his Birth !  
Not such, NARCISSA, my Distress for Thee.  
I'll make an Altar of thy sacred Tomb  
To sacrifice to Wisdom.—What wast Thou ?  
“ *Young, Gay, and Fortunate !* ” Each yields a Theme.  
I'll dwell on each, to shun Thought more severe ;  
(Heav'n knows I labour with severer still !)  
I'll dwell on each, and quite must thy Death.  
A Soul without Reflection, like a Pile  
Without Inhabitant, to Ruin runs.

And, First, thy *Youth*. What says it to Grey Hairs ?  
NARCISSA, I'm become *thy* Pupil *now*—  
Early, Bright, Transient, Chaste, as Morning Dew,  
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heaven.  
*Time* on this Head has snow'd ; yet still 'tis borne  
Aloft ; nor thinks but on *another's* Grave.  
Cover'd with Shame I speak it, *Age* severe  
Old worn-out Vice sets down for Virtue fair.  
With graceless Gravity, chastising Youth,  
That Youth chastis'd surpassing in a Fault,  
Father of all, Forgetfulness of Death :  
As if, like Objects pressing on the Sight,  
*Death* had advanc'd too near us to be seen :  
Or, that Life's Loan *Time* ripen'd into Right ;  
And Men might plead Prescription from the Grave ;  
Deathless, from Repetition of Reprieve.  
Deathless ? far from it ! *such* are dead already ;  
Their Hearts are bury'd, and the World their Grave.

102 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Tell me, some God! my Guardian Angel! tell,  
 What thus infatuates? what Enchantment plants  
 The Phantom of an Age 'twixt us, and Death  
 Already at the Door? He knocks, we hear him,  
 And yet we will not hear. What Mail defends  
 Our untouch'd Hearts? What Miracle turns off  
 The pointed Thought, which from a thousand Quivers  
 Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?  
 We stand, as in a Battle, Throngs on Throngs  
 Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;  
 Tho' bleeding with our Wounds, immortal still!  
 We see Time's Furrows on another's Brow,  
 And Death intrench'd, preparing his Assault;  
 How few themselves, in that just Mirror, see!  
 Or, seeing, draw their Inference as strong!  
*There* Death is certain, doubtful *Here*: He *must*,  
 And *soon*; We *may*, within an Age, expire.  
 Though grey our Heads, our Thoughts and Aims are green;  
 Like damag'd Clocks, whose Hand and Bell dissent;  
*Folly* sings Six, while *Nature* points at Twelve.

Absurd *Longevity*! More, More, it cries:  
 More Life, more Wealth, more Trash of ev'ry Kind.  
 And wherefore mad for more, when Relish falls?  
*Object*, and *Appetite*, must club for Joy;  
 Shall *Folly* labour hard to mend the Bow,  
 Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,  
 While *Nature* is relaxing ev'ry String?  
 Ask *Thought* for Joy; grow rich and hoard *within*.  
 Think you the Soul, when this Life's Rattles cease,  
 Has nothing of more Manly to succeed?  
 Contract the Taste immortal; learn ev'n Now  
 To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.  
*Divine*, or *none*, henceforth your Joys for ever.  
 Of *Age* the Glory is, to *wish* to die.  
 That *Wish* is *Praise* and *Promise*; it applauds  
 Past Life, and promises our future Bliss.  
 What Weakness see not Children in their Sires?  
 Grand-climacterical Absurdities!

Grey-hair'd Authority, to Faults of Youth,  
How shocking? It makes Folly thrice a Fool;  
And our first Childhood might our last despise.  
*Peace* and *Esteem* is all that Age can hope.  
Nothing but *Wisdom* gives the *first*; the *last*,  
Nothing, but the *Repute of being Wise*.  
*Folly* bars both; our Age is quite undone.

What Folly can be ranker? Like our Shadows,  
Our Wishes lengthen, as our Sun declines.  
No Wish should loiter, *then*, this Side the Grave.  
Our Hearts should leave the World, before the Knell  
Calls for our Carcases to mend the Soil.  
Enough to live in Tempest, die in Port;  
*Age* should fly Concourse, cover in Retreat  
Defects of *Judgment*; and the *Will's* subdue;  
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn Shore  
Of that vast Ocean it must sail so soon;  
And put *Good-works* on Board; and wait the Wind  
That shortly blows us into Worlds unknown;  
If unconsider'd too, a dreadful Scene!

All should be Prophets to themselves; foresee  
Their future Fate; their future Fate foretaste;  
This Art would waste the Bitterness of Death.  
The *Thought* of Death alone, the *Fear* destroys.  
A Disaffection to that precious Thought  
Is more than *Midnight* Darkness on the Soul,  
Which sleeps beneath it, on a *Precipice*,  
Puff'd off by the first Blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask, LORENZO, why so warmly prest,  
By Repetition hammer'd on thine Ear,  
The Thought of Death? That Thought is the Machine,  
The grand Machine! that heaves us from the Dust,  
And rears us into Men. The Thought ply'd Home  
Will soon reduce the ghastly *Precipice*  
O'er hanging Hell, will soften the Descent,  
And gently slope our Passage to the Grave;  
How warmly to be wisht! What Heart of Flesh



104 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Would trifle with Tremendous ? dare Extremes ?  
Yawn o'er the Fate of Infinite ? What Hand,  
Beyond the blackest Brand of Censure bold,  
(To speak a Language *too well* known to Thee)  
Would at a Moment give its *all* to Chance,  
And stamp the Die for an Eternity ?

Aid me, NARCISSA ! aid me to keep Pace  
With *Destiny* ; and ere her Scissars cut  
My Thread of Life, to break this tougher Thread  
Of Moral Death, that ties me to the World.  
Sting thou my slumb'ring *Reason* to send forth  
A Thought of Observation on the Foe ;  
To fally ; and survey the rapid March  
Of his ten thousand Messengers to Man ;  
Who, JEHU-like, behind him turns them all.  
All *Accident* apart, by *Nature* sign'd,  
My Warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet ;  
Perhaps behind one Moment lurks my Fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for Death ?  
*Backward* I turn mine Eye, and find him there.  
Man is a Self-survivor ev'ry Year.  
Man, like a Stream, is in perpetual Flow.  
Death's a Destroyer of Quotidian Prey.  
My *Youth*, my *Noon-tide*, His ; my *Yesterday* ;  
The bold Invader shares the *present* Hour.  
Each Moment on the Former shuts the Grave.  
While Man is growing, Life is in Decrease ;  
And Cradles rock us nearer to the Tomb.  
Our Birth is nothing but our Death begun ;  
As Tapers waste, that Instant they take Fire.

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,  
Which comes to pass each Moment of our Lives ?  
If fear we must, let *that* Death turn us pale,  
Which murders *Strength* and *Ardor* ; what remains  
Should rather call on Death, than dread his Call.  
Ye Partners of my Fault, and my Decline !  
Thoughtless of Death, but when your Neighbour's

Rude Visitant !) knocks hard at your dull Sense,  
 And with its Thunder scarce obtains your Ear !  
 Be Death your Theme, in ev'ry Place and Hour ;  
 Nor longer want, ye Monumental Sires !  
 A Brother Tomb to tell you you shall die.  
 That Death you *dread* (so great is Nature's Skill !)  
 Know, you shall *court*, before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd ; in Volumes, deep you sit ;  
 In Wisdom, shallow : Pompous Ignorance !  
 Would you be still more learned, than the Learn'd ?  
 Learn well to know how much need not be known,  
 And what that *Knowledge*, which impairs your *Sense*.  
 Our needful Knowledge, like our needful Food,  
 Unhedg'd, lies open in Life's common Field ;  
 And bids all welcome to the Vital Feast.  
 You scorn what lies before you in the Page  
 Of *Nature*, and *Experience*, Moral Truth ;  
 Of indispensable, eternal Fruit ;  
 Fruit, on which Mortals feeding turn to Gods :  
 And dive in *Science* for distinguish'd Names,  
 Dishonest Fomentation of your Pride ;  
 Sinking in Virtue, as you rise in Fame.  
 Your Learning, like the *Lunar* Beam, affords  
 Light, but not Heat ; it leaves you undevout,  
 Frozen at Heart, while Speculation shines.  
 Awake, ye curious Indagators ! fond  
 Of knowing All, but what avails you known.  
 If you would learn *Death's Character* ; attend.  
 All Casts of Conduct, all Degrees of Health,  
 All Dies of Fortune, and all Dates of Age,  
 'Together shook in his impartial Urn,  
 Come forth at random : Or if Choice is made,  
 The Choice is quite sarcastic, and insults  
 All bold Conjecture, and fond Hopes of Man.  
 What countless Multitudes, not only *leave*,  
 But deeply *disappoint* us, by their Deaths !  
 Tho' great our Sorrow, greater our Surprise..

106 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Like other Tyrants, *Death* delights to smite,  
 What, smitten, most proclaims the Pride of Power,  
 And arbitrary Nod. His Joy supreme,  
 To bid the Wretch survive the Fortunate;  
 The Feeble wrap th' Athletic in his Shroud;  
 And weeping Fathers build their Childrens Tomb:  
 Me Thine, NARCISSA!—What tho' short thy Date?  
*Virtue*, not rolling Suns, the Mind matures.  
 That Life is long, which answers Life's great End.  
 The Time that bears no Fruit, deserves no Name;  
 The Man of Wisdom is the Man of Years.  
 In hoary Youth METHUSALEMS may die;  
 O how misdated on their flatt'ring Tombs!

NARCISSA's *Youth* has lectur'd me thus far.  
 And can her *Gaiety* give Counsel too?  
 That, like the *Jews* fam'd Oracle of Gems,  
 Sparkles Instruction; such as throws new Light,  
 And opens more the *Character of Death*;  
 Ill known to thee, LORENZO! *This* thy Vaunt:  
 "Give Death his Due, the Wretched, and the Old;  
 "Ev'n let him sweep his Rubbish to the Grave;  
 "Let him not violate kind Nature's Laws,  
 "But own Man born to *Live*, as well as *Die*."  
*Wretched* and *Old* Thou giv'st Him; *Young* and *Gay*  
 He takes; and *Plunder* is a Tyrant's Joy.  
 What if I prove, "The farthest from the *Fear*,  
 "Are often nearest to the *Stroke* of Fate?"

All, more than common, menaces an End.  
 A Blaze betokens Brevity of Life:  
 As if bright Embers should emit a Flame,  
 Glad Spirits sparkled from NARCISSA's Eye,  
 And made Youth younger, and taught Life to live,  
 As Nature's Opposites wage endless War,  
 For *this* Offence, as Treason to the deep  
 Inviolable Stupor of his Reign,  
 Where *Lust*, and turbulent *Ambition*, sleep,  
*Death* took swift Vengeance. As he Life detests,

More Life is still more odious ; and, reduc'd  
 By Conquest, aggrandizes more his Power.  
 But wherefore aggrandiz'd ? By Heav'n's Decree,  
 To plant the Soul on her eternal Guard,  
 In awful Expectation of our End.  
*Thus* runs Death's dread Commiſſion : " Strike, but *ſo*,  
 " As moſt alarms the Living by the Dead."  
 Hence *Stratagem* delights him, and *Surprize*,  
 And cruel Sport with Man's Securities.  
 Not ſimple Conqueſt, Triumph is his Aim ;  
 And, where leaſt fear'd, there Conqueſt triumphs moſt.  
*This* proves my bold Aſſertion not too bold.

What are *His* Arts to ~~by~~ our Fears aſleep ?  
*Tiberian* Arts his Purpoſes wrap up  
 In deep Diſſimulation's darkeſt Night.  
 Like Princes unconfest in foreign Courts,  
 Who travel under Cover, *Death* aſſumes  
 The Name and Look of *Life*, and dwells among us.  
 He takes all Shapes that ſerve his black Deſigns :  
 Tho' Maſter of a wider Empire far  
 Than that, o'er which the *Roman* Eagle flew ;  
 Like *Nero*, he's a Fidler, Charioteer,  
 Or drives his *Phaeton*, in Female Guiſe ;  
 Quite unſuſpected, till, the Wheel beneath,  
 His diſarray'd Oblation he devours.

He moſt affects the Forms leaſt like himſelf,  
 His ſlender Self. Hence burly Corpulence  
 Is his familiar Wear, and ſleek Diſguiſe.  
 Behind the roſy Bloom he loves to lurk,  
 Or ambuſh in a Smile ; or wanton dive  
 In Dimples deep ; Love's Eddies, which draw in  
 Unwary Hearts, and ſink them in Deſpair.  
 Such, on *NARCISSA*'s Couch, he loiter'd long,  
 Unknown ; and, when detect'd, ſtill was ſeen  
 To *ſmile* ; ſuch Peace has Innocence in Death !

Moſt happy they ! whom leaſt his Arts deceive.  
 One Eye on *Death*, and one full fix'd on *Heaven*,

108 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Becomes a Mortal, and Immortal Man,  
 Long on his Wiles a piqu'd and jealous Spy,  
 I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the Tyrant *dress*;  
 Lay by his Horrors, and put on his Smiles.  
 Say, Muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,  
 And shew LORENZO the surprising Scene;  
 If 'twas a Dream, his Genius can explain.

'Twas in a Circle of the Gay I stood.  
*Death* would have enter'd; *Nature* pusht him back;  
 Supported by a Doctor of Renown,  
 His Point he gain'd. Then artfully dismiss  
 The Sage; for *Death* design'd to be conceal'd.  
 He gave an old vivacious *Ugger*  
 His meagre Aspect, and his naked Bones;  
 In Gratitude for plumping up his Prey,  
 A pamper'd Spendthrift; whose fantastic Air,  
 Well-fashion'd Figure, and cockaded Brow,  
 He took in Change, and underneath the Pride  
 Of costly Linen, tuck'd his filthy Shroud.  
 His crooked Bow he straiten'd to a Cane;  
 And hid his deadly Shafts in MYRA's Eye.

The dreadful Masquerader, thus equipt,  
 Out-fallies on Adventures. Ask you where?  
 Where is he not? For his peculiar Haunts,  
 Let *this* suffice; sure as Night follows Day,  
*Death* treads in *Pleasure's* Footsteps round the World,  
 When *Pleasure* treads the Paths, which *Reason* shuns.  
 When, against *Reason*, *Riot* shuts the Door,  
 And *Gaiety* supplies the Place of *Sense*,  
 Then, foremost at the Banquet, and the Ball,  
*Death* leads the Dance, or stamps the deadly Die;  
 Nor ever fails the midnight Bowl to crown.  
 Gayly carousing to his gay Compeers,  
 Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,  
 As absent far: And when the Revel burns,  
 When *Fear* is banisht, and triumphant Thought,  
 Calling for all the Joys beneath the Moon,  
 Against him turns the Key; and bids him sup

With their Progenitors—He drops his Mask ;  
Crowns out at full ; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden Terror and Surprise,  
From his black Masque of Nitre, touch'd by Fire,  
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.  
And is not this triumphant Treachery,  
And more than *simple Conquest*, in the Fiend ?

And now, LORENZO, dost thou wrap thy Soul  
In soft Security, because unknown  
Which Moment is commission'd to destroy ?  
In *Death's* Uncertainty thy Danger lies.  
Is *Death* uncertain ? Therefore Thou be fixt ;  
Fixt as a Centinel, all Eye, all Ear,  
All Expectation of the coming Foe.  
Rouse, stand in Arms, nor lean against thy Spear ;  
Lest Slumber steal one Moment o'er thy Soul,  
And *Fate* surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong ;  
Thus give each Day the Merit, and Renown,  
Of dying well ; tho' doom'd but once to die.  
Nor let Life's *Period* hidden (as from most)  
Hide too from Thee the precious *Use* of Life.

Early, not sudden, was NARCISSA's Fate.  
Soon, not surprising, *Death* his Visit paid.  
Her Thought went forth to meet him on his Way,  
Nor *Gaiety* forgot it was to die.  
Tho' *Fortune* too (our third and final Theme),  
As an Accomplice, play'd her gaudy Plumes,  
And ev'ry glittering Gewgaw, on her Sight,  
To dazzle, and debauch it from its Mark.  
*Death's* dreadful Advent is the Mark of Man ;  
And ev'ry Thought that misses it, is blind.  
*Fortune*, with *Youth* and *Gaiety*, conspir'd  
To weave a *triple* Wreath of Happiness,  
(If Happiness on Earth) to crown her Brow.  
And could *Death* charge thro' such a shining Shield ?

That

## 110 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

That shining Shield invites the Tyrant's Spear.  
 As if to damp our elevated Aims,  
 And strongly preach Humility to Man.  
 O how portentous is Prosperity!  
 How, Comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!  
 Few Years but yield us Proof of *Death's* Ambition  
 To cull his Victims from the fairest Fold,  
 And sheath his Shafts in all the Pride of Life.  
 When flooded with Abundance, purpled o'er  
 With recent Honours, bloom'd with ev'ry Bliss,  
 Set up in Ostentation, made the Gaze,  
 The gaudy Centre, of the public Eye,  
 When *Fortune* thus has toss'd her Child in Air,  
 Snatcht from the Covert of an humble State,  
 How often have I seen him dropt at once,  
 Our Morning's Envy! and our Ev'ning's Sigh!  
 As if her Bounties were the Signal given,  
 The flow'ry Wreath to mark the Sacrifice,  
 And call *Death's* Arrows on the destin'd Prey.

*High-Fortune* seems in cruel League with *Fate*.  
 Ask you for what? To give his War on Man  
 The deeper Dread, and more illustrious Spoil;  
 Thus to keep daring Mortals more in Awe.  
 And burns *LORENZO* still for the Sublime  
 Of Life? to hang his airy Nest on high,  
 On the slight Timber of the topmost Bough,  
 Rockt at each Breeze, and menacing a Fall?  
 Granting grim *Death* at equal Distance *there*;  
 Yet *Peace* begins just where *Ambition* ends.  
 What makes Man wretched? Happiness *deny'd*?  
*LORENZO*! no: 'Tis Happiness *disdain'd*.  
*She* comes too meanly dress'd to win our Smile;  
 And calls herself *Content*, a homely Name!  
 Our Flame is *Transport*, and *Content* our Scorn.  
*Ambition* turns, and shuts the Door against her,  
 And weds a *Toil*, a *Tempest*, in her stead;  
 A *Tempest* to warm *Transport* near of kin.  
 Unknowing what our mortal State admits,

## Night-Thoughts, &c.

111

Life's modest Joys we ruin, while we raise;  
And all our Ecstasies are Wounds to Peace.  
Peace, the full Portion of Mankind below.

And since thy Peace is dear, ambitious Youth!  
Of Fortune fond! 'as thoughtless of thy Fate!  
As late I drew *Death's* Picture, to stir up  
Thy wholesome Fears; now, drawn in Contrast, see  
Gay *Fortune's*, thy vain Hopes to reprimand.  
See, high in Air, the sportive Goddess hangs,  
Unlocks her Casket, spreads her glitt'ring Ware,  
And calls the giddy Winds to puff abroad  
Her random Bounties o'er the gaping Throng.  
All rush rapacious; Friends o'er trodden Friends;  
Sons o'er their Fathers, Subjects o'er their Kings,  
Priests o'er their Gods, and Lovers o'er the Fair,  
(Still *more* ador'd) to snatch the golden Show'r.

*Gold* glitters most, where *Virtue* shines no more;  
As Stars from absent Suns have Leave to shine.  
O what a precious Pack of Votaries  
Unkennell'd from the Prisons, and the Stews,  
Pour in, all op'ning in their Idol's Praise!  
All, ardent, eye each Wasture of her Hand,  
And, wide-expanding their voracious Jaws,  
Morsel on Morsel swallow down unchew'd,  
Untasted, through mad Appetite for more;  
Gorg'd to the Throat, yet lean and rav'nous still.  
Sagacious All, to trace the smallest Game,  
And bold to seize the Greatest. If (blest Chance!)  
Court-Zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,  
O'er Just, o'er Sacred, all forbidden Ground,  
Drunk with the burning Scent of Place or Pow'r,  
Staunch to the Foot of Lucre, till they die.

Or, if for Men you take them, as I mark  
Their Manners, Thou their various Fates survey.  
With Aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous Speed,  
Some darting, strike their ardent Wish far off,

Through



112 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Through Fury to possess it : *Some* succeed,  
 But stumble, and let fall the taken Prize.  
 From *some*, by sudden Blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,  
 And lodg'd in Bosoms that ne'er dream'd of Gain.  
 To *some* it sticks so close, that, when torn off,  
 Torn is the Man, and mortal is the Wound.  
*Some*, o'er-enamour'd of their Bags, run mad,  
 Groan under Gold, yet weep for want of Bread.  
 Together *some* ( unhappy Rivals ! ) seize,  
 And rend Abundance into Poverty ;  
 Loud croaks the Raven of the Law, and smiles :  
 Smiles too the Goddess ; but smiles most at those,  
 ( Just Victims of exorbitant Desire ! )  
 Who perish at their own Request, and, whelm'd  
 Beneath her Load of lavish Grants, expire.  
*Fortune* is famous for her Numbers slain.  
 The Number small, which Happiness can bear.  
 Tho' *various* for a while their Fates ; at last  
 One Curse involves them All : At Death's Approach,  
 All read their Riches backward into Loss,  
 And mourn, in just Proportion to their Store.

And *Death's* Approach ( if orthodox my Song )  
 Is hasten'd by the Lure of *Fortune's* Smiles.  
 And art thou still a Glutton of bright Gold ?  
 And art thou still rapacious of thy Ruin ?  
*Death* loves a shining Mark, a signal Blow ;  
 A Blow, which, while it executes, alarms ;  
 And startles Thousands, with a single Fall.  
 As when some stately Growth of Oak, or Pine,  
 Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her Shade,  
 The Sun's Defiance ; and the Flock's Defence ;  
 By the strong Strokes of lab'ring Hinds subdu'd,  
 Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her Height  
 In cumb'rous Ruin, thunders to the Ground :  
 The conscious Forest trembles at the Shock,  
 And Hill, and Stream, and distant Dale, resound.

These high-aim'd Darts of *Death*, and these alone,  
Should I collect, my Quiver would be full.

A Quiver, which, suspended in mid Air,  
near Heav'n's Archer, in the Zodiac, hung,  
(could it be) should draw the public Eye,  
The Gaze and Contemplation of Mankind!  
A Constellation awful, yet benign,  
To guide the *Gay* thro' Life's tempestuous Wave;  
Nor suffer them to strike the common Rock,  
"From greater Danger to grow more secure,  
"And, wrapt in Happiness, forget their Fate."

LYSANDER, happy past the common Lot,  
Was warn'd a Danger, but too *gay* to fear.  
He woo'd the fair ASPASIA: She was kind:  
In Youth, Form, Fortune, Fame, they both were blest,  
All who knew, envy'd; yet in Envy lov'd:  
Can Fancy form more finish'd Happiness?  
Fixt was the Nuptial Hour. Her stately Dome  
Rose on the sounding Beach. The glitt'ring Spires  
Float in the Wave, and break against the Shore:  
So break those glitt'ring Shadows, Human Joys.  
The faithless Morning smil'd: He takes his Leave,  
To re-embrace in Ecstasies, at Eve.  
The rising Storm forbids. The News arrives:  
Untold, she saw it in her Servant's Eye.  
She felt it seen (her Heart was apt to feel);  
And, drown'd, without the furious Ocean's Aid,  
In suffocating Sorrows, shares his Tomb.  
Now, round the sumptuous, Bridal Monument,  
The guilty Billows innocently roar;  
And the rough Sailor passing drops a Tear.  
A Tear?—Can Tears suffice?—But not for me.  
How vain our Efforts! And our Arts, how vain!  
The distant Train of Thought I took, to shun,  
Has thrown me on my Fate—*These* died together;  
Happy in Ruin! undivorc'd by Death!  
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is Peace—  
NARCISSA! Pity bleeds at Thought of Thee.

Yet

114 *The COMPLAINT, &c.*

Yet Thou wast only *near* me ; not *myself*.  
Survive myself ? *That* cures all other Woe.  
NARCISSA lives ; PHILANDER is forgot.  
O the soft Commerce ! O the tender Tyes,  
Close-twisted with the Fibres of the Heart !  
Which, broken, break them ; and drain off the Soul  
Of Human Joy ; and make it Pain to live—  
And is it then to live ? When such Friends part,  
'Tis the Survivor dies — My Heart ! no more.



NIGH

NIGHT the SIXTH.

THE

INFIDEL Reclaim'd.

IN TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING

the NATURE, PROOF, *and* IMPORTANCE  
of IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other Things, GLORY and RICHES  
are particularly consider'd.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

HENRY PELHAM,

1<sup>st</sup> LORD COMMISSIONER of the TREASURY, and  
CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.





# P R E F A C E.

*F*EW Ages have been deeper in Dispute about Religion, than this. The Dispute about Religion, and the Practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the Dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single Question, Is Man Immortal, or is he not? If he is not, all our disputes are mere Amusements or Trials of Skill. In this Case, Truth, Reason, Religion, which we give our Discourses such Pomp and Solemnity, are (as will be shewn) mere empty Sounds, without any Meaning in them. But if Man is Immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal Consequences; or, in other Words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental Truth, unoblivish'd, or unawaken'd in the Minds of Men, I conceive, the real Source and Support of all Infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible

## 118 P R E F A C E.

Sensible Appearances affect most Men more than abstract Reasonings; and we daily see Bodies drop around us, but the Soul is invulnerable. The Power which Inclination has over the Judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had an Experience of it; of what Numbers is it the sad Interest, that they should not survive! The Heathen World confessed that they rather hoped, than firmly believed in mortality; and how many Heathens have we amongst us! The sacred Page assures us, that Life and Immortality is brought to Light by the Gospel: But by how many is the Gospel rejected or overlook'd! From these Considerations, from my being, accidentally, privy to the Sentiments of some particular Persons, I have long persuaded, that most, if not all, our Inquirers (whatever Name they take, and whatever Scheme for Argument's sake, and to keep themselves in Countenance, they patronize) are supported in this deplorable Error, by some Doubt of their immortality, at the Bottom. And I am satisfied that Men once thoroughly convinced of their mortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a Man fully sensible of eternal Pain or Happiness will certainly be his Lot, should not earnestly, and impartially inquire after the surest Means of escaping the one, and securing the Other. And of such an earnest and impartial Inquiry, I well know the Consequence.

## P R E F A C E. 119

*Here, therefore, in Proof of this most fundamental Truth, some plain Arguments are offer'd; Arguments derived from Principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers; Arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as I am satisfied, will have great Weight with all, who give themselves the small Trouble of looking seriously into their own Bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable Degree of Attention, what daily passes, round about them, in the World. If some Arguments shall, Here, occur, which Others have declined, they are submitted, with all Deference, to better Judgments in this, of all Points, the most important. For, as to the Being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed, for this Reason only, viz. Because where the least Pretence to Reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no Man can be betrayed into a Dispute of that Nature by Vanity; which has a principal Share in animating our modern Combatants against other Articles of our Belief.*

N I G H T





10



# NIGHT the SIXTH.

## THE

# INFIDEL Reclaimed.



HE \* (for I know not yet her Name in Heaven)

Not early, like NARCISSA, left the Scene ;  
Nor sudden, like PHILANDER. What Avail ?  
This seeming Mitigation but inflames ;  
This fanfy'd Med'cine heightens the Disease.

The longer known, the closer still she grew ;  
And gradual Parting is a gradual Death.  
Tis the grim Tyrant's Engine, which extorts  
By tardy Pressure's still-increasing Weight,  
From hardest Hearts, Confession of Distress.

O the long, dark Approach thro' Years of Pain,  
Death's Gall'ry ! (might I dare to call it so)  
With dismal *Doubt*, and fable *Terror*, hung ;  
Tick *Hope's* pale Lamp, its only glimm'ring Ray :  
There, Fate my melancholy Walk ordain'd,  
Orbid *Self-love* itself to flatter, There.

\* Referring to Night the Fifth.

Q

How

122 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!  
 How oft I saw her dead, while yet in Smiles!  
 In Smiles she sunk *her* Grief, to lessen *mine*.  
 She spoke me Comfort, and increas'd my Pain.  
 Like pow'rful Armies trenching at a Town,  
 By slow, and silent, but resistless Sap,  
 In his pale Progress gently gaining ground,  
*Death* urg'd his deadly Siege; in spite of Art,  
 Of all the balmy Blessings Nature lends  
 To succour frail Humanity. Ye Stars!  
 (Not now *first* made familiar to my Sight)  
 And thou, O Moon! bear witness; many a Night  
*He* tore the Pillow from beneath my Head,  
 Ty'd down my sore Attention to the Shock,  
 By ceaseless Depredations on a Life  
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful Post  
 Of Observation! darker ev'ry Hour!  
 Less dread the Day that drove me to the Brink,  
 And pointed at Eternity below;  
 When my Soul shudder'd at Futurity;  
 When, on a Moment's Point, th' important Dye  
 Of Life and Death spun doubtful, ere it fell,  
 And turn'd up Life; my Title to more Woe.

But why more Woe? More Comfort let it be.  
 Nothing is dead, but *that* which wish'd to die;  
 Nothing is dead, but Wretchedness and Pain;  
 Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,  
 Block'd up the Pass, and barr'd from *real* Life.  
 Where dwells *that* Wish most ardent of the Wise?  
 Too dark the Sun to see it; highest Stars  
 Too low to reach it; *Death*, great *Death* alone,  
 O'er Stars and Sun, triumphant, lands us There.

Nor dreadful our *Transition*; tho' the Mind,  
 An Artist at creating Self-alarms,  
 Rich in Expedients for Inquietude,  
 Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take  
*Death's* Portrait true? The Tyrant never *sat*.  
 Our *Sketch*, all random Strokes, Conjecture all;

as the Grave, nor tells one single Tale.  
 and his Image rising in the Brain,  
 Resemblance ; never are alike ;  
 as the Pencil, *Fancy* loves Excess,  
*Imagination* is lavish of her Shades ;  
 the formidable Picture draw.

unt the Worst ; 'tis past ; new Prospects rise ;  
 a Veil eternal o'er her Tomb.

Views our Contemplation claim,  
 at o'erpay the Rigours of our Life ;  
 at suspend our Agonies in Death.  
 the Thought of *Immortality*,  
 the single, the triumphant Thought !  
 the might lapse, Age unperceiv'd come on ;  
 the Soul unfated with her Theme.  
*Proof, Importance*, fire my Song.  
 y Song could emulate my Soul !  
 , Immortal. No !—the Soul disdains  
 so mean ; far nobler Hope inflames ;  
 is Ages can outweigh an Hour,  
 he *Laurel*, but the *Palm*, inspire.

Nature, Immortality ! who knows ?  
 who knows it not ? It is but Life  
 per Thread of brighter Colour spun,  
 n for ever ; dipt by cruel Fate  
 in Dye, how *black*, how *brittle here* !  
 ort our Correspondence with the Sun !  
 ile it lasts, Inglorious ! Our best Deeds,  
 inting in their Weight ! Our highest Joys  
 ordials to support us in our Pain,  
 e us Strength to suffer. But how *Great*  
 gle Int'rests, Converse, Amities,  
 l the Sons of *Reason*, scatter'd wide  
 h habitable Space, where-ever born,  
 r endow'd ! To live free Citizens  
 versal Nature ! To lay hold  
 e than feeble *Faith* on the *Supreme* !  
 H:W'n's rich unfathomable Mines

124 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

(Mines, which support Archangels in their State)  
 Our own! To rise in Science, as in Bliss,  
 Initiate in the Secrets of the Skies!  
 To read Creation; read its mighty Plan  
 In the bare Bosom of the Deity!  
 The Plan, and Execution, to collate!  
 To see, before each Glance of piercing Thought,  
 All Cloud, all Shadow, blown remote; and leave  
 No Mystery—but that of Love Divine,  
 Which lifts us on the Seraph's flaming Wing,  
 From Earth's *Aceldama*, this Field of Blood,  
 Of inward Anguish, and of outward Ill,  
 From Darkness, and from Dust, to *such* a Scene!  
 Love's Element! true Joy's illustrious Home!  
 From Earth's sad Contrast (now deplor'd) more fair!  
 What exquisite Vicissitude of Fate!  
 Blest Absolution of our blackest Hour!

LORENZO, these are Thoughts that make Man Man,  
 The Wise illumine, aggrandize the Great.  
 How Great (while yet we tread the kindred Clod,  
 And ev'ry Moment fear to sink beneath  
 The Clod *we* tread; soon trodden by our Sons)  
 How Great, in the wild Whirl of *Time's* Pursuits  
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high Presage,  
 Through the long Visto of a thousand Years,  
 To stand contemplating our distant Selves,  
 As in a magnifying Mirror seen,  
 Enlarg'd, Ennobled, Elevate, Divine!  
 To prophesy our own Futurities!  
 To gaze in Thought on what all Thought transcends!  
 To talk, with Fellow-Candidates, of Joys  
 As far beyond Conception, as Desert,  
 Ourselves th' astonish'd Talkers, and the Tale!

LORENZO, swells thy Bosom at the Thought?  
 The Swell becomes thee: 'Tis an honest Pride.  
 Revere thyself;——and yet thyself despise.  
 His *Nature* no Man can o'er-rate; and none  
 Can under-rate his *Merit*. Take good heed,

Nor there be modest, where thou shouldst be proud ;  
 That almost universal Error shun.  
 How *just* our Pride, when we behold *those* Heights !  
 Not those *Ambition* paints in Air, but those  
*Reason* points out, and ardent *Virtue* gains ;  
 And Angels emulate ; our Pride how just !  
 When mount we ? when these Shackles cast ? when quit  
 This Cell of the Creation ? this small Nest,  
 Stuck in a Corner of the Universe,  
 Wrapt up in fleecy Cloud, and fine-spun Air ?  
 Fine-spun to Sense ; but gross and feculent  
 To Souls celestial ; Souls ordain'd to breathe  
 Ambrosial Gales, and drink a purer Sky ;  
 Greatly triumphant on *Time's* farther Shore,  
 Where *Virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full Arrears ;  
 While Pomp imperial begs an Alms of Peace.

In Empire high, or in proud Science deep,  
 Ye born of Earth ! on what can you confer,  
 With half the Dignity, with half the Gain,  
 The Gust, the Glow of rational Delight,  
 As on *this* Theme, which Angels praise, and share ?  
 Man's Fates and Favours are a Theme in Heaven.

What wretched Repetition cloy us *here* !  
 What periodic Potions for the Sick !  
 Distemper'd Bodies ! and distemper'd Minds !  
 In an *Eternity*, what Scenes shall strike !  
 Adventures thicken ! Novelties surprise !  
 What Webs of Wonder shall unravel, *there* !  
 What full Day pour on all the Paths of Heaven,  
 And light th'Almighty's Footsteps in the Deep !  
 How shall the blessed Day of our Discharge  
 Unwind, at once, the Labyrinths of Fate,  
 And straiten its inextricable Maze !

If inextinguishable Thirst in Man  
 To know ; how rich, how full, our Banquet *Here* !  
*Here*, not the *Moral* World alone unfolds ;  
 The World *Material*, lately seen in Shades,

126 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

And, in those Shades, by Fragments only seen,  
 And seen those Fragments by the *lab'ring* Eye,  
 Unbroken, now, illustrious, and intire,  
 Its ample Sphere, its universal Frame,  
 In full Dimensions, swells to the Survey;  
 And enters, at one Glance, the ravisht Sight.  
 From some superior Point (where, who can tell ?  
 Suffice it, 'tis a Point where Gods reside)  
 How shall the stranger Man's illumin'd Eye,  
 In the vast Ocean of unbounded Space,  
 Behold an Infinite of floating Worlds  
 Divide the Crystal Waves of Ether pure,  
 In endless Voyage, without Port ? The *least*  
 Of these disseminated Orbs, how great ?  
 Great as they are, what Numbers These surpass,  
 Huge, as *Leviathan*, to that small Race,  
 Those twinkling Multitudes of little Life,  
 He swallows unperceiv'd ! *Stupendous* These !  
 Yet what are these stupendous to the *Whole* ?  
 As Particles, as Atoms, ill-perceiv'd ;  
 As circulating Globules in our Veins ;  
 So vast the Plan : Fecundity Divine !  
 Exub'rant Source ! perhaps, I wrong thee still.

If Admiration is a Source of Joy,  
 What Transport hence ? Yet this the *Least* in Heaven  
 What *This* to that illustrious Robe *He* wears  
 Who tost this Mass of Wonders from his Hand,  
 A Specimen, an Earnest, of his Power ?  
 'Tis, to that Glory, whence all Glory flows,  
 As the Mead's meanest Flow'ret to the Sun,  
 Which gave it Birth. But what, this Sun of Heaven  
 This Bliss supreme of the supremely Blest ?  
 Death, only Death, the Question can resolve.  
 By Death, cheap-bought th' Ideas of our Joy ;  
 The *bare* Ideas ! Solid Happiness  
 So distant from its Shadow chas'd below.

And chase we still the Phantom thro' the Fire,  
 O'er Bog, and Brake, and Precipice, till Death ?

I we still for sublunary Pay ?  
 e Dangers of the Field, and Flood,  
 der-like, spin out our precious All,  
 re than Vitals spin (if no Regard  
 t Futurity) in curious Webs  
 le Thought, and exquisite Design ;  
 et-work of the Brain !) to catch a Fly ?  
 mentary Buz of vain Renown !  
 e, a mortal Immortality !

eaner still !) instead of grasping Air,  
 id Lucre plunge we in the Mire ?  
 sweat, thro' ev'ry Shame, for ev'ry Gain,  
 contaminating Trash ; throw up  
 pe in Heav'n, our Dignity with Man ?  
 y the Dirt, matur'd to Gold ?  
 , *Aw'rice* ; the two *Demons*, these  
 goad thro' ev'ry Slough our Human Herd,  
 ivel'd from the Cradle to the Grave.  
 v the Wretches stoop ! How steep they climb !  
*emons* burn Mankind ; but most possess  
 o's Bosom, and turn out the Skies.

1 *Time* to hide *Eternity* ?  
 r not in an Atom on the Shore,  
 r Ocean ? or a Mote, the Sun ?  
 id *Wealth* ! have They this blinding Power ?  
 to *Them* I prove LORENZO blind ?  
 : surprise Thee ? Be thou then surpris'd ;  
*ther* know'st : Their Nature learn from me.

well, as foreign as *These Subjects* seem,  
 se Connexion ties them to my Theme.  
 at is *True Ambition* ? The Pursuit  
 r, nothing less than Man can share.  
 y as vain, as gaudy-minded Man,  
 nt with Fumes of Self-applause,  
 ts and Conquests *Animals* might boast,  
 n their *Laurel* Crowns, as well as We ;  
*celestial*. Here we stand alone ;



## 128 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

As in our Form, distinct, pre-eminent;  
 If prone in Thought, our Stature is our Shame,  
 And Man should blush, his Forehead meets the Skies.  
 The *Visible* and *Present* are for Brutes,  
 A slender Portion! and a narrow Bound!  
 These *Reason*, with an Energy divine,  
 O'erleaps; and claims the *Future* and *Unseen*;  
 The vast Unseen! the Future fathomless!  
 When the great Soul buoys up to this high Point,  
 Leaving gross *Nature's* Sediments below,  
 Then, and then only, *Adam's* Offspring quits  
 The Sage and Hero of the Fields and Woods,  
 Asserts his Rank, and rises into Man.  
 This is Ambition: This is *Human Fire*.

Can *Parts* or *Place* (two bold Pretenders!) make  
 LORENZO great, and pluck him from the Throng?

*Genius* and *Art*, Ambition's boasted Wings,  
 Our Boast but ill deserve. A feeble Aid!  
*Dedalian* Engin'ry! If These alone  
 Assist our Flight, *Fame's* Flight is *Glory's* Fall.  
 Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,  
 Our Height is but the Gibbet of our Name.  
 A celebrated Wretch when I behold,  
 When I behold a Genius bright, and base,  
 Of tow'ring Talents, and terrestrial Aims;  
 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high Sphere,  
 The glorious Fragment of a Soul immortal,  
 With Rubbish mixt, and glitt'ring in the Dust.  
 Struck at the splendid, melancholy Sight,  
 At once *Compassion* soft, and *Envy*, rise——  
 But wherefore Envy? Talents Angel-bright,  
 If wanting Worth, are shining Instruments  
 In false Ambition's Hand, to finish Faults  
 Illustrious, and give Infamy Renown.

Great *Ill* is an Atchievement of great *Powers*.  
 Plain Sense but rarely leads us far astray.  
*Reason* the Means, *Affections* chuse our End;

Means have no Merit, if our End amiss.  
 If wrong our Hearts, our Heads are right in vain ;  
 What is a PELHAM's Head, to PELHAM's Heart ?  
 Hearts are Proprietors of all Applause.  
 Right Ends, *and* Means, make Wisdom : Worldly-wise  
 Is but half-witted, at its highest Praise.

Let *Genius* then despair to make thee great ;  
 Nor flatter *Station* : What is *Station* high ?  
 'Tis a proud Mendicant ; it boasts, and begs ;  
 It begs an Alms of Homage from the Throng,  
 And oft the Throng denies its Charity.  
 Monarchs, and Ministers, are awful Names ;  
 Whoever wear them, challenge our Devoir.  
 Religion, public Order, Both exact  
*External* Homage, and a supple Knee,  
 To Beings pompously set up, to serve  
 The meanest Slave ; *all more* is Merit's Due,  
 Her sacred and inviolable Right ;  
 Nor ever paid the *Monarch*, but the *Man*.  
 Our Hearts ne'er bow but to superior *Worth* ;  
 Nor ever fail of their Allegiance there.  
 Fools, indeed, drop the *Man* in their Account,  
 And vote the *Mantle* into Majesty.  
 Let the small Savage boast his Silver Fur ;  
 His royal Robe unborrow'd, and unbought,  
 His *own*, descending fairly from his Sires.  
 Shall Man be proud to wear his Livery,  
 And Souls in *Ermin* scorn a Soul without ?  
 Can *Place* or lessen us, or aggrandize ?  
 Pygmies are Pygmies still, tho' perch'd on *Alps* ;  
 And Pyramids are Pyramids in *Vales*.  
 Each *Man* makes his own Stature, builds himself :  
 Virtue alone out-builds the *Pyramids* ;  
 Her Monuments shall last, when *Egypt*'s fall.

Of these sure Truths dost Thou demand the Cause ?  
 The Cause is lodg'd in *Immortality*.  
 Hear, and assent. Thy Bosom burns for Power ;  
 What *Station* charms thee ? I'll install thee there ;

130 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before ?  
 Then thou before wast something less than Man.  
 Has thy new Post betray'd thee into Pride ?  
 That treach'rous Pride betrays thy Dignity ;  
 That Pride defames Humanity, and calls  
 The Being mean, which *Staffs* or *Strings* can raise.  
 That Pride, like hooded Hawks, in Darkness soars,  
 From Blindness bold, and tow'ring to the Skies.  
 'Tis born of *Ignorance*, which knows not Man  
 An Angel's Second ; nor his Second long.  
 A NERO quitting his Imperial Throne,  
 And courting Glory from the tinkling String,  
 But faintly shadows an immortal Soul,  
 With Empire's Self, to Pride, or Rapture, fir'd.  
 If nobler Motives minister no Cure,  
 Ev'n Vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High Worth is elevated Place : 'Tis more ;  
 It makes the Post stand Candidate for Thee ;  
 Makes more than Monarchs, makes an honest Man ;  
 Tho' no *Exchequer* it commands, 'tis Wealth ;  
 And tho' it wears no *Ribbon*, 'tis Renown ;  
 Renown, that would not quit thee, tho' disgrac'd,  
 Nor leave thee pendent on a Master's Smile.  
*Other Ambition Nature* interdicts ;  
 Nature proclaims it most absurd in Man,  
 By pointing at his Origin, and End ;  
 Milk, and a Swathe, *at first*, his whole Demand ;  
 His whole Domain, *at last*, a Turf, or Stone ;  
 To whom, *between*, a World may seem too small.

Souls *truly* great dart forward on the Wing  
 Of *just* Ambition, to the grand Result,  
 The Curtain's Fall ; *there*, see the buskin'd Chief  
 Unshod behind this momentary Scene ;  
 Reduc'd to his own Stature, low or high,  
 As Vice, or Virtue, sinks him, or sublimes ;  
 And laugh at this fantastic Mummery,  
 This antic Prelude of grotesque Events,  
 Where Dwarfs are often stilted, and betray

Littleness of Soul by Worlds o'er-run,  
 d Nations laid in Blood. Dread Sacrifice  
 Christian Pride ! which had with Horror shockt  
 the darkest Pagans, offer'd to their Gods.

O Thou *most* Christian Enemy to Peace !  
 gain in Arms ? Again provoking Fate ?  
 That Prince, and That alone, is truly Great,  
 who draws the Sword reluctant, gladly sheaths ;  
 Empire builds what Empire far outweighs,  
 and makes his Throne a Scaffold to the Skies.

Why *this* so rare ? Because forgot of all  
 the Day of Death ; that venerable Day,  
 which sits as Judge ; that Day, which shall pronounce  
 all our Days, absolve them, or condemn.  
 RENZO, never shut thy Thought against it ;  
 Levees ne'er so full, afford it Room,  
 and give it Audience in the *Cabinet*.

What Friend consulted, Flatteries apart,  
 will tell thee fair, if Thou art Great, or Mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,  
 That *Ambition* ? Then let Flames *descend*,  
 Point to the Centre their inverted Spires,  
 And learn Humiliation from a Soul,  
 Which boasts her Lineage from celestial Fire.  
 Yet *These* are they, the World pronounces wise.  
 The World, which cancels Nature's Right and Wrong,  
 And casts *new* Wisdom : Ev'n the grave Man lends  
 His solemn Face, to countenance the Coin.  
 Wisdom for Parts is Madness for the Whole.  
 This stamps the Paradox, and gives us leave  
 To call the Wisest weak, the Richest poor,  
 The most Ambitious, Unambitious, Mean ;  
 In Triumph, mean ; and abject on a Throne.  
 Nothing can make it less than mad in Man,  
 To put forth all his Ardor, all his Art,  
 And give his Soul her full unbounded Flight,  
 But reaching *Him*, who gave her Wings to fly.

132 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

When blind Ambition quite mistakes her Road,  
And downwards pores, for that which shines above,  
Substantial Happiness, and true Renown ;  
Then, like an Idiot gazing on the Brook,  
We leap at Stars, and fasten in the Mud ;  
At Glory grasp, and sink in Infamy.

*Ambition!* pow'rful Source of Good and Ill !  
Thy Strength in Man, like Length of Wing in Bird,  
When disengag'd from Earth, with greater Ease,  
And swifter Flight, transports us to the Skies :  
By Toys entangled, or in Guilt bemir'd,  
It turns a Curse ; it is our Chain, and Scourge,  
In this dark Dungeon, where confin'd we lie,  
Close-grated by the sordid Bars of *Sense* ;  
All Prospect of Eternity shut out ;  
And, but for Execution, ne'er set free.

- With Error in *Ambition* justly charg'd,  
Find we LORENZO wiser in his *Wealth* ?  
What if thy Rental I reform ? and draw  
An Inventory new to set thee right ?  
Where, thy *true* Treasure ? Gold says, " Not in me  
And, " Not in me," the Di'mond. Gold is poor ;  
*India's* insolvent : Seek it in Thyself,  
Seek in thy naked Self, and find it There ;  
In *Being* so descended, form'd, endow'd ;  
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning Race !  
Erect, Immortal, Rational, Divine !  
In *Senses*, which inherit Earth, and Heavens ;  
Enjoy the various Riches *Nature* yields ;  
Far nobler ; *give* the Riches they enjoy ;  
Give Taste to Fruits ; and Harmony to Groves ;  
Their radiant Beams to Gold, and Gold's bright Si  
Take in, at once, the Landscape of the World,  
At a small Inlet, which a Grain might close,  
And half create the wond'rous World they see.  
Our *Senses*, and our *Reason*, are divine.  
But for the magic Organ's pow'rful Charm,  
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd Chaos still.

*Objects* are but th' Occasion ; ours th' *Exploit* ;  
Ours is the Cloth, the Pencil, and the Paint,  
Which Nature's admirable Pictures draws ;  
And beautifies Creation's ample Dome.  
Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the Lake,  
Man makes the matchless Image, Man admires.  
Say then, Shall Man, his Thoughts all sent abroad,  
Superior Wonders in Himself forgot,  
His Admiration waste on *Objects* round,  
When Heav'n makes Him the Soul of all he sees ?  
Absurd ! not rare ! so Great, so Mean, is Man.

What *Wealth* in *Senses* such as these ! What *Wealth*  
In *Fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer Scene.  
Than *Sense* surveys ! In *Mem'ry's* firm Record,  
Which, should it perish, could this World recall  
From the dark Shadows of o'erwhelming Years !  
In Colours fresh, originally bright  
Preserve its Portrait, and report its Fate !  
What *Wealth* in *Intellect*, that sov'reign Power !  
Which *Sense*, and *Fancy*, summons to the Bar ;  
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends ;  
And from the Mass those *Underlings* import,  
From their Materials sifted, and refin'd,  
And in *Truth's* Balance accurately weigh'd,  
Forms *Art*, and *Science*, *Government*, and *Law* ;  
The solid Basis, and the beauteous Frame,  
The Vitals, and the Grace of *Civil* Life !  
And *Manners* (sad Exception !) set aside,  
Strikes out, with Master-hand, a Copy fair  
Of *His* Idea, whose indulgent Thought  
Long, long, ere Chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* Bliss.

What *Wealth* in Souls that soar, dive, range around,  
Disdaining Limit, or from Place, or Time ;  
And hear at once, in Thought extensive, hear  
Th' Almighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's Sound* !  
Bold, on Creation's Outside walk, and view  
What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be ;  
Commanding, with Omnipotence of Thought,

Creation

# 134 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Creations new in Fancy's Field to rise !  
Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,  
And wander wild, through Things impossible !  
What *Wealth*, in *Faculties* of endless Growth,  
In quenchless *Passions* violent to crave,  
In *Liberty* to chuse, in *Pow'r* to reach,  
And in *Duration* (how thy Riches rise !)  
Duration to perpetuate———boundless Blifs !

Ask you, what *Power* resides in feeble Man  
That Blifs to gain ? Is *Virtue's*, then, unknown ?  
Virtue, our present Peace, our future Prize.  
Man's unprecious, natural Estate,  
Improveable at Will, in Virtue, lies ;  
Its Tenure sure ; its Income is divine.

High-built Abundance, Heap on Heap ! for what  
To breed new Wants, and beggar us the more ;  
Then, make a richer Scramble for the Throng ?  
Soon as this feeble Pulse, which leaps so long  
Almost by Miracle, is tir'd with Play,  
Like Rubbish from dislodging Engines thrown,  
Our Magazines of hoarded Trifles fly ;  
Fly diverse ; fly to Foreigners, to Foes ;  
New Masters court, and call the former Fool  
(How justly !) for Dependence on their Stay.  
Wide scatter, first, our Play-things, then, our Dust.

Doft court Abundance for the sake of Peace ?  
Learn, and lament, thy self-defeated Scheme :  
Riches enable to be richer still ;  
And, *Richer still*, what Mortal can resist ?  
Thus Wealth (a cruel Task-master !) enjoins  
New Toils, succeeding Toils, an endless Train !  
And murders Peace, which taught it first to shine.  
The Poor are *half* as wretched, as the Rich ;  
Whose proud and painful Privilege it is,  
At once, to bear a double Load of Woe ;  
To feel the Stings of *Envy*, and of *Want*,  
Outrageous Want ! both *Indies* cannot cure.

A Competence is vital to Content.  
 Much Wealth is Corpulence, if not Disease;  
 Sick, or incumber'd, is our Happiness.  
 A Competence is all we can *enjoy*.  
 O be content, where Heav'n can give no more !  
 More, like a Flash of Water from a Lock,  
 Quickens our Spirit's Movement for an Hour;  
 But soon its Force is spent, nor rise our Joys  
 Above our native Temper's common Stream.  
 Hence Disappointment lurks in ev'ry Prize,  
 As Bees in Flower's; and stings us with Success.

The rich Man, who denies it, proudly feigns;  
 Nor knows the Wise are privy to the Lye.  
 Much Learning shews how little Mortals *know*;  
 Much Wealth, how little Worldlings can *enjoy*:  
 At best, it babies us with endless Toys,  
 And keeps us Children till we drop to Dust.  
 As Monkies at a Mirror stand amaz'd,  
 They fail to find, what they so plainly see;  
 Thus Men, in shining Riches, see the Face  
 Of Happiness, nor know it is a Shade;  
 But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,  
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How Few can rescue Opulence from Want !  
 Who lives to *Nature*, rarely can be poor;  
 Who lives to *Fancy*, never can be rich.  
 Poor is the Man in Debt; the Man of Gold,  
 In Debt to *Fortune*, trembles at her Pow'r.  
 The Man of *Reason* smiles at Her and Death.  
 O what a Patrimony this ! A *Being*  
 Of such inherent Strength and Majesty,  
 Not Worlds possesst can raise it; Worlds destroy'  
 Can't injure; which holds on its glorious Course  
 When thine, O *Nature* ! ends; too blest to mour.  
 Creation's Obsequies. What Treasure, *this* !  
 The *Monarch* is a Beggar to the Man.

Immortal



136 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

*Immortal!* Ages past, yet nothing gone!  
 Morn without Eve! A Race without a Goal!  
 Unshorten'd by Progression infinite!  
 Futurity for ever future! Life  
 Beginning still, where Computation ends!  
 'Tis the Description of a Deity!  
 'Tis the Description of the meanest Slave:  
 The meanest Slave dares then LORENZO scorn?  
 The meanest Slave thy *so*'reign Glory shares.  
 Proud Youth! fastidious of the *lower* World!  
 Man's lawful Pride includes Humility;  
 Stoops to the Lowest; is too great to find  
 Inferiors; all Immortal! Brothers all!  
 Proprietors *eternal* of thy Love.

*Immortal!* What can strike the *Sense* so strong,  
 As this the *Soul*? It thunders to the Thought;  
*Reason* amazes; *Gratitude* o'erwhelms;  
 No more we slumber on the Brink of Fate;  
 Rous'd at the Sound, th' exulting Soul ascends,  
 And breathes her native Air; an Air that feeds  
 Ambitions high, and fans ethereal Fires;  
 Quick-kindles all that is divine within us;  
 Nor leaves one loit'ring Thought beneath the Stars.

Has not LORENZO's Bosom caught the Flame?  
*Immortal!* Was but *one* Immortal, how  
 Would others envy! How would Thrones adore!  
 Because 'tis common, is the Blessing lost?  
 How *this* ties up the bounteous Hand of Heaven!  
 O vain, vain, vain! all else: *Eternity!*  
 A glorious, and a *needful* Refuge *that*,  
 From vile Imprisonment in abject Views.  
 'Tis *Immortality*, 'tis That alone,  
 Amid Life's Pains, Abasements, *Emptiness*,  
 The Soul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.  
 That only, and That amply, this performs;  
 Lifts us above Life's Pains, her Joys above;  
 Their Terror *those*; and *these* their Lustre lose;

*Etc*

## Night-Thoughts, &c.

*Eternity* depending covers all ;  
*Eternity* depending all achieves ;  
Sets Earth at Distance ; casts her into Shades ;  
Blends her Distinctions ; abrogates her Powers ;  
The Low, the Lofty, Joyous, and Severe,  
Fortune's dread Frowns, and fascinating Smiles,  
Make one promiscuous and neglected Heap,  
The Man beneath ; if I may call him Man,  
Whom *Immortality's* full Force inspires.  
Nothing terrestrial touches his high Thought ;  
Suns shine unseen, and Thunders roll unheard,  
By Minds quite conscious of their high Descent,  
Their present Province, and their future Prize ;  
Divinely darting upward ev'ry Wish,  
Warm on the Wing, in glorious *Absence* lost.

Doubt you this Truth ? Why labours your Belief ?  
If Earth's whole Orb by some due-distanc'd Eye  
Was seen at once, her tow'ring *Alps* would sink,  
And level'd *Atlas* leave an even Sphere.  
Thus *Earth*, and all that earthly Minds admire,  
Is swallow'd in *Eternity's* vast Round.  
To that stupendous View, when Souls awake,  
So large of late, so mountainous to Man,  
*Time's* Toys subside ; and *equal* All below.

Enthusiastic, This ? Then all are weak,  
But rank Enthusiasts : To this godlike Height  
*Some* Souls have soar'd ; or Martyrs ne'er had bled.  
And all may do, what has by *Man* been done.  
Who, beaten by these sublunary Storms,  
Boundless, interminable Joys can weigh,  
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd ?  
What Slave unblest, who from To-morrow's Dawn  
Expects an Empire ? He forgets his Chain,  
And, throng'd in Thought, his absent Sceptre waves.

And what a Sceptre waits us ! what a Throne !  
Her own immense Appointments to compute,  
Or comprehend her high Prerogatives,

138 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

In this her dark Minority, how toils,  
How vainly pants, the human Soul divine?  
Too great the Bounty seems for earthly Joy;  
What Heart but trembles at so strange a Bliss?

In spite of all the Truths the Muse has sung,  
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!  
Are there, who wrap the World so close about them,  
They see no farther than the Clouds; and dance  
On heedless Vanity's phantastic Toe,  
Till, stumbling at a Straw, in their Career,  
Headlong they plunge, where end both Dance and Song?  
Are there, LORENZO? Is it possible?  
Are there on Earth (let me not call them Men)  
Who lodge a Soul immortal in their Breasts;  
Unconscious as the Mountain of its Ore;  
Or Rock, of its inestimable Gem?  
When Rocks shall melt, and Mountains vanish, *These*  
Shall know their Treasure; Treasure, then, no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist  
The rising Thought? Who smother, in its Birth,  
The glorious Truth? Who struggle to be Brutes?  
Who thro' this Bosom-barrier burst their Way?  
And, with reverse Ambition, strive to sink?  
Who labour downwards thro' th' opposing Pow'rs  
Of Instinct, Reason, and the World against them,  
To dismal Hopes, and shelter in the Shock  
Of endless Night? Night darker than the Grave's?  
Who fight the Proofs of Immortality?  
With horrid Zeal, and execrable Arts,  
Work all their Engines, level their black Fires,  
To blot from Man *this* Attribute divine,  
(Than vital Blood far dearer to the Wife)  
Blasphemers, and rank Atheists to Themselves?

To contradict them see all Nature rise!  
What Object, what Event, the Moon beneath,  
But argues, or endears, an After-scene?  
To *Reason* proves, or weds it to *Desire*?

All things proclaim it *needful* ; some advance  
 One precious Step beyond, and prove it *sure*.  
 A thousand Arguments swarm round my Pen,  
 From *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and *Man*. Indulge a few,  
 By Nature, as her common Habit, worn ;  
 So pressing Providence a Truth to teach,  
 Which Truth untaught, all other Truths were vain.

Thou ! whose all-providential Eye surveys,  
 Whose Hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms  
 Creation, and holds Empire far beyond !  
 Eternity's Inhabitant august !  
 Of two Eternities amazing Lord !  
 One past, ere Man's, or Angel's, had begun ;  
 Aid ! while I rescue from the Foe's Assault  
 Thy glorious Immortality in *Man* :  
 A Theme for ever, and for all, of Weight,  
 Of Moment infinite ! but relisht most  
 By those, who love Thee most, who most adore.

*Nature*, thy Daughter, ever-changing Birth  
 Of Thee the Great *Immutable*, to Man  
 Speaks Wisdom ; is his Oracle supreme ;  
 And he who most consults her, is most Wise.  
 LORENZO, to this heav'nly *Delphos* haste ;  
 And come back All-immortal ; All-divine :  
 Look Nature through, 'tis *Revolution* All ;  
 All Change, no Death. Day follows Night ; and Night  
 The dying Day ; Stars rise, and set, and rise ;  
 Earth takes th' Example. See, the *Summer* gay,  
 With her green Chaplet, and ambrosial Flowers,  
 Droops into pallid *Autumn* : *Winter* grey  
 Horrid with Frost, and turbulent with Storm,  
 Blows *Autumn*, and his golden Fruits away :  
 Then melts into the *Spring* : Soft *Spring*, with Breath  
*Avonian*, from warm Chambers of the South,  
 Recalls the *First*. All, to reflowerish, fades.  
 Is in a Wheel, All sinks, to reascend.  
 Emblems of Man, who passes, not expires.

With

140 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

With this minute Distinction, Emblems just,  
*Nature* revolves, but Man *advances* ; both  
 Eternal, *that* a Circle, *this* a Line.  
*That* gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring Soul  
 Ardent, and tremulous, like Flame, ascends ;  
*Zeal*, and *Humility*, her Wings to Heaven.  
 The World of Matter, with its various Forms,  
 All dies into new Life. Life born from Death  
 Rolls the vast Mass, and shall for ever roll.  
 No single Atom, once in Being, lost,  
 With Change of Counsel charges the most High.

What hence infers LORENZO ? Can it be ?  
*Matter* immortal ? And shall *Spirit* die ?  
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise ?  
 Shall Man alone, for whom all else revives,  
 No Resurrection know ? Shall Man alone,  
 Imperial Man ! be sown in barren Ground,  
 Less privileg'd than Grain, on which he feeds ?  
 Is Man, in whom alone is Pow'r to prize  
 The Bliss of Being, or with previous Pain  
 Deplore its Period, by the Spleen of Fate,  
 Severely doom'd *Death's* single Unredeem'd ?

If *Nature's Revolution* speaks aloud,  
 In her *Gradation*, hear her louder still.  
 Look *Nature* thro', 'tis neat *Gradation* all.  
 By what minute Degrees her Scale ascends !  
 Each middle *Nature* join'd at each Extreme,  
 To that above it join'd, to that beneath.  
 Parts, into Parts reciprocally shot,  
 Abhor Divorce : What Love of Union reigns !  
 Here, dormant Matter waits a Call to Life ;  
 Half-life, half-death, join There ; Here, Life an  
 There, Sense from Reason steals a glimm'ring Ra  
 Reason shines out in Man. But how preserv'd  
 The Chain unbroken upward, to the Realms  
 Of incorporeal Life ? those Realms of Bliss,  
 Where Death hath no Dominion ? Grant a Make

## Right Thoughts, &c.

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mortal, half-immortal ; earthy, Part ;  
Part, ethereal ; grant the Soul of Man  
al ; or in Man the Series ends.

yawns the Gap ; Connexion is no more ;  
at *Reason* halts ; her next Step wants Support ;  
ng to climb, she tumbles from her Scheme ;  
heme, *Analogy* pronounc'd so true ;  
gy, Man's surest Guide below.

us far, *all Nature* calls on thy Belief.  
will LORENZO, careless of the Call,  
Attestation on all Nature charge,  
er than violate his League with Death ?  
ounce his Reason, rather than renounce  
Dust belov'd, and run the Risque of Heaven ?  
hat Indignity to deathless Souls !  
t Treason to the Majesty of Man !  
Man immortal ! Hear the lofty Style :  
so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.  
et Earth dissolve, yon pond'rous Orbs descend,  
nd grind us into Dust : The *Soul* is safe ;  
he *Man* emerges ; mounts above the Wreck,  
s tow'ring Flame from *Nature's* fun'ral Pyre ;  
er Devastation, as a Gainer, smiles ;  
is Charter, his inviolable Rights,  
ell-pleas'd to learn from Thunder's Impotence,  
eath's pointless Darts, and Hell's defeated Storms."

it these Chimæras touch not thee, LORENZO !  
Glories of the World, thy sev'nfold Shield.  
r Ambition than of Crowns in Air,  
superlunary Felicities,  
Bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can ;  
turn those Glories that enchant, against thee.  
t ties thee to *this* Life, proclaims the *next*.  
ife, the Cause that wounds thee is thy Cure.

ome, my *Ambitious* ! let us mount together  
mount LORENZO never can refuse) ;  
from the Clouds, where Pride delights to dwell,  
Look

142 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Look down on Earth.—What see'st thou? Wond'  
 Terrestrial Wonders, that eclipse the Skies. [The  
 What Lengths of labour'd Lands! What loaded Seas  
 Loaded by Man, for Pleasure, Wealth, or War:  
 Seas, Winds, and Planets, into Service brought,  
 His Art acknowlege, and promote his Ends.  
 Nor can th'eternal Rocks his Will withstand;  
 What levell'd Mountains! And what lifted Vales!  
 O'er Vales, and Mountains, sumptuous Cities swell,  
 And gild our Landschape with their glitt'ring Spires.  
 Some 'mid the wond'ring Waves majestic rise;  
 And *Neptune* holds a Mirror to their Charms.  
 Far greater still! (what cannot mortal Might?)  
 See, wide Dominions ravish'd from the Deep!  
 The narrow'd Deep with Indignation foams.  
 Or Southward turn; to *Delicate*, and *Grand*,  
 The finer Arts there ripen in the Sun.  
 How the tall Temples, as to meet their Gods,  
 Ascend the Skies! the proud triumphal Arch  
 Shews us half Heav'n beneath its ample Bend.  
 High thro' mid Air, *here*, Streams are taught to flow;  
 Whole Rivers, *there*, laid by in Basons, sleep.  
*Here*, Plains turn Oceans; *there*, vast Oceans join  
 Thro' Kingdoms chanel'd deep from Shore to Shore;  
 And chang'd Creation takes its Face from Man.  
 Beats thy brave Breast for formidable Scenes,  
 Where Fame and Empire wait upon the Sword?  
 See Fields in Blood; hear naval Thunders rise;  
 BRITANNIA'S Voice! that awes the World to Peace.  
 How yon enormous Mole projecting breaks  
 The mid-sea, furious Waves! Their Roar amidst,  
 Out-speaks the Deity, and says; "O Main!  
 "Thus far, nor farther: New Restraints obey."  
 Earth's disembowel'd! measur'd are the Skies!  
 Stars are detected in their deep Recess!  
 Creation widens! vanquish'd *Nature* yields!  
 Her Secrets are extorted! *Art* prevails!  
 What Monument of Genius, Spirit, Power!

d now, LORENZO ! raptur'd at this Scene,  
 e Glories render Heav'n superfluous ! say,  
 e Footsteps These ?—*Immortals* have been Here.  
 l less than Souls immortal This have done ?  
 's cover'd o'er with Proofs of Souls immortal ;  
 Proofs of Immortality forgot.

o flatter thy grand Foible, I confess,  
 : are *Ambition's* Works : And These are Great :  
 his, the least immortal Souls can do ;  
 cend them all.—But What can these transcend ?  
 ask me, What ?—One Sigh for the *Distrest*.  
 then for *Infidels* ? A deeper Sigh.  
 noral *Grandeur* makes the mighty Man :  
 Little they, who think aught *Great* below ?  
 ur Ambitions Death defeats, but One ;  
 That it crowns.—Here cease we : But, ere long,  
 pow'rful *Proof* shall take the Field against thee,  
 ger than Death, and smiling at the Tomb.







NIGHT THE SEVENTH,  
BEING THE  
SECOND PART  
OF THE  
INFIDEL Reclaim'd.  
CONTAINING  
*The* NATURE, PROOF, *and* IMPORTANCE,  
OF  
IMMORTALITY.

H





# P R E F A C E.

*A* S we are at War with the Power, it were well if we were at War with the Manners, of France. A Land of Levity, is a Land of Guilt. A Serious Mind is the native Soil of every Virtue; and the single Character that does true Honour to Mankind. The Soul's Immortality has been the favourite Theme with the Serious of all Ages. Nor is it strange; it is a Subject by far the most Interesting, and Important, that can enter the Mind of Man. Of highest Moment this Subject always was, and always will be. Yet this its highest Moment seems to admit of Increase, at this Day; a Sort of occasional Importance is superadded to the natural Weight of it; if that Opinion which is advanced in the Preface to the preceding Night, be just. It is there supposed, that all our Idolaters, whatever Scheme, for Argument's Sake, and to keep themselves in Countenance, they paralyze, are betray'd into their deplorable Error, by some Doubt of their Immortality, at the Bottom. And the more I consider this Point, the

## 148 P R E F A C E.

*more am I persuaded of the Truth of that Opinion. Tho' the Distrust of a Futurity is a strange Error; yet is it an Error into which Bad Men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible to bid Defiance to final Ruin, without some Refuge in Imagination, some Presumption of Escape. And what Presumption is there? There are but Two in Nature; but Two, within the Compass of Human Thought. And these are,—That either GOD will not, or can not punish. Considering the Divine Attributes, the First is too gross to be digested by our strongest Wishes. And since Omnipotence is as much a Divine Attribute as Holiness, that GOD cannot punish, is as absurd a Supposition, as the Former. GOD certainly can punish, as long as the wicked Man exists. In Non-existence, therefore, is their only Refuge; and, consequently, Non-existence is their strongest Wish. And strong Wishes have a strange Influence on our Opinions; they bias the Judgment in a manner, almost, incredible. And since on this Member of their Alternative, there are some very small Appearances in their Favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this Reed, they lay hold on this Chimera, to save themselves from the Shock, and Horror, of an immediate, and absolute, Despair.*

*On reviewing my Subject, by the Light which this Argument, and others of like Tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclin'd, than ever, to pursue*

## P R E F A C E. 149

*see it, as it appear'd to me to strike directly at the main Root of all our Infidelity. In the following Pages, it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some Arguments for Immortality, new (at least, to me), are ventured on in them. There also the Writer has made an Attempt to set the gross Absurdities and Horrors of Annihilation in a fuller and more affecting View, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.*

*The Gentlemen, for whose Sake this Attempt was chiefly made, profess great Admiration for the Wisdom of Heathen Antiquity: What Pity 'tis, they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what Contempt, and Abhorrence, their Notions would have been received, by Those whom they so much admire? What Degree of Contempt, and Abhorrence, would fall to their Share, may be conjectured by the following Matter of Fact (in my Opinion), extremely memorable. Of all their Heathen Worthies, Socrates ('tis well known) was the most Guarded, Dispassionate, and Composed: Yet this great Master of Temper was angry: and angry at his Last Hour; and angry with his Friend; and angry for what deserv'd Acknowledgement; angry, for a right and tender Instance of true Friendship towards Him. Is not this surprising? What could be the Cause? The Cause was for his Honour; it was a truly noble, tho', perhaps, a too punctilious, Regard for Immortality:*

## 150 P R E F A C E.

tality : For his Friend asking Him, with such affectionate Concern as became a Friend, "Where " He should deposit his Remains ? it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable Supposition, that He could be so mean, as to have Regard for any thing, even in Himself, that was NOT IMMORTAL.

*This Fact well consider'd, would make our I fids withdraw their Admiration from Socrates ; or make them endeavour, by their Imitation of this illustrious Example, to share his Glory : And, consequently, It would incline them to peruse the following Pages with Candor and Impartiality : Which is all I desire ; and that, for their Sakes : For I am persuaded, that an Unprejudiced Insid<sup>r</sup> must, necessarily, receive some advantageous Impressions from them.*

July 7. 1744.



C O N-



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# NIGHT the SEVENTH.

## THE

# INFIDEL Reclaim'd.



EA V'N gives the needful, but neglected, Call.  
What Day, what Hour, but knocks at human  
Hearts,

To wake the Soul to Sense of future Scenes ?  
*Deaths* stand, like *Mercurys*, in ev'ry Way ;

And kindly point us to our Journey's End.

POPE, who couldst make Immortals ! art Thou dead ?

I give thee Joy : Nor will I take my Leave ;

So soon to follow. Man but dives to Death ;

Dives from the Sun, in fairer Day to rise ;

The Grave, his subterranean Road to Bliss.

Yes, infinite Indulgence plann'd it so ;

Thro' various Parts our glorious Story runs ;

*Time* gives the Preface, *endless Age* unrolls

The Volume (ne'er unroll'd !) of human Fate,

*This, Earth and Skies* \* already have proclaim'd,

The World's a Prophecy of Worlds to come ;

\* Night the Sixth.

H 5

And

154 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

And who, what God foretels (who speaks in *Things*,  
Still louder than in *Words*) shall dare deny ?  
If *Nature's* Arguments appear too weak,  
Turn a new Leaf, and stronger read in *Man*.  
If Man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sees*,  
Can he prove Infidel to what he *feels* ?  
He, whose blind Thought Futurity denies,  
Unconscious bears, BELLEROPHON ! like thee,  
His own Indictment ; he condemns himself ;  
Who reads his Bosom, reads immortal Life ;  
Or, *Nature*, there, imposing on her Sons,  
Has written Fables ; Man was made a *Lye*.

Why *Discontent* for ever harbour'd there ?  
Incurable Consumption of our Peace !  
Resolve me, why, the *Cottager*, and *King*,  
He whom Sea-sever'd Realms obey, and he  
Who steals his whole Dominion from the Waste,  
Repelling Winter Blasts with Mud and Strâw,  
Disquieted alike, draw Sigh for Sigh,  
In Fate so distant, in Complaint so near ?

Is it, that Things *Terrestrial* can't content ?  
Deep in rich Pasture, will thy Flocks complain ?  
Not so ; but to their Master is deny'd  
'To share their sweet *Serene*. Man, ill at Ease,  
In this, not *his own* Place, this foreign Field,  
Where Nature foddors him with other Food,  
Than was ordain'd his Cravings to suffice,  
Poor in Abundance, famish'd at a Feast,  
Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd.  
Is Heav'n then kinder to thy Flocks, than Thee ?  
Not so ; thy Pasture richer, but remote ;  
In part, remote ; for that remoter Part  
Man bleats from *Instinct*, tho', perhaps, debauch'd  
By *Sense*, his *Reason* sleeps, nor dreams the Cause.  
The Cause how obvious, when his Reason wakes !  
His Grief is but his Grandeur in Disguise ;  
And *Discontent* is *Immortality*.

Shall Sons of Æther, shall the Blood of Heaven,  
 Set up their Hopes on Earth, and stable *here*,  
 With brutal Acquiescence in the Mire?  
 LORENZO! no; they shall be nobly pain'd;  
 The glorious *Foreigners*, distressed, shall sigh  
 On Thrones; and Thou *congratulate* the Sigh:  
 Man's Misery declares him born for Bliss;  
 His anxious Heart asserts the Truth I sing,  
 And gives the Sceptic in his Head the Lye.

Our Heads, our Hearts, our *Passions*, and our *Powers*,  
 Speak the same Language; call us to the Skies;  
 Unripen'd *These* in this inclement Clime,  
 Scarce rise above Conjecture, and Mistake;  
 And for this Land of Trifles *Those* too strong  
 Tumultuous rise, and tempest human Life;  
 What Prize on Earth can pay us for the Storm?  
 Meet Objects for our *Passions* Heav'n ordain'd,  
 Objects that challenge all their Fire, and leave  
 No Fault, but in Defect: Blest Heav'n! avert  
 A bounded Ardor for unbounded Bliss;  
 O for a Bliss unbounded! Far beneath  
 A Soul immortal, is a mortal Joy.  
 Nor are our *Pow'rs* to perish immature;  
 But, after feeble Effort *here*, beneath  
 A brighter Sun, and in a nobler Soil,  
 Transplanted from this sublunary Bed,  
 Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their Bloom.

Reason progressive, *Instinct* is complete;  
 Swift *Instinct* leaps; slow *Reason* feebly climbs.  
*Brutes* soon their Zenith reach; their little All  
 Flows in at once; in Ages they no more  
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.  
 Were *Man* to live co-eval with the Sun,  
 The Patriarch-Pupil would be learning still;  
 Yet, *dying*, leave his Lesson half-unlearn'd.  
 Men perish in Advance, as if the Sun  
 Should set ere Noon, in *Eastern* Oceans drown'd;

156 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

If fit, with *Dim, Illustrious* to compare,  
 The Sun's *Meridian*, with the *Soul* of Man.  
 To Man, why, *Stepdame Nature!* so severe?  
 Why thrown aside thy Master-piece half-wrought,  
 While meaner Efforts thy last Hand enjoy?  
 Or, if abortively poor Man must die,  
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *Dread*?  
 Why curst with *Forefight*? Wise to *Misery*?  
 Why of his proud *Prerogative* the Prey?  
 Why less pre-eminent in Rank, than Pain?  
 His *Immortality* alone can tell;  
 Full ample Fund to balance all amiss,  
 And turn the Scale in Favour of the Just!

His *Immortality* alone can solve  
 That darkest of *Ænigmas*, human *Hope*;  
 Of all the darkest, if at Death we die.  
*Hope*, eager *Hope*, th'*Affassin* of our Joy,  
 All present Blessings treading under-foot,  
 Is scarce a milder Tyrant than *Despair*.  
 With no past Toils content, still planning new,  
*Hope* turns us o'er to Death alone for Ease.  
*Possession*, why, more tasteless than *Pursuit*?  
 Why is a Wish far dearer than a Crown?  
 That Wish accomplish'd, why, the Grave of Bliss?  
 Because, in the *great Future* bury'd deep,  
 Beyond our Plans of Empire, and Renown,  
 Lies all that Man with Ardor should pursue;  
 And *He* who made him, bent him to the Right.

Man's Heart th'*ALMIGHTY* to the *Future* sets,  
 By secret, and inviolable Springs;  
 And makes his Hope his sublunary Joy.  
 Man's Heart eats all Things, and is hungry still;  
 "More, more!" the Glutton cries: For something *New*  
 So rages Appetite, if Man can't Mount,  
 He *will* Descend. He starves on the *Possess*.  
 Hence, the World's Master, from Ambition's Spire,  
 In *Caprea* plung'd; and div'd beneath the Brute.  
 In that rank Sty why wallow'd Empire's Son

Suprem

Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;  
His *Riot* was *Ambition* in Despair.

Old *Rome* consulted Birds; *LORENZO*! thou  
With more Success, the Flight of *Hope* survey;  
Of restless *Hope*, for ever on the Wing.  
High-perch'd o'er ev'ry Thought that Falcon sits,  
To fly at all that rises in her Sight;  
And, never stooping, but to mount again.  
Next Moment, she betrays her Aim's Mistake,  
And owns her Quarry lodg'd beyond the Grave.

There should it fail us (It must fail us there,  
If *Being* fails), more mournful Riddles rise,  
And *Virtue* vies with *Hope* in Mystery.  
Why *Virtue*? Where its Praise, its Being, fled?  
*Virtue* is true Self-interest pursu'd:  
What true Self-interest of quite-mortal Man?  
To close with all that makes him Happy *here*.  
If Vice (as sometimes) is our Friend on Earth,  
Then Vice is *Virtue*; 'tis our *sov'reign* Good.  
In *Self-applause* is *Virtue*'s golden Prize;  
No *Self-applause* attends it on *thy* Scheme:  
Whence *Self-applause*? From Conscience of the Right.  
And what is Right, but Means of Happiness?  
No Means of Happiness when *Virtue* yields;  
That Basis failing, falls the Building too,  
And lays in Ruins ev'ry virtuous Joy.

The rigid Guardian of a blameless Heart,  
So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,  
Is weak; with rank Knight-errantries o'er-run.  
Why beats thy Bosom with illustrious Dreams  
Of Self-exposure, laudable, and great?  
Of gallant Enterprize, and glorious Death?  
Die for thy Country?—Thou Romantic Fool!  
Seize, seize the Plank thyself, and let her sink:  
Thy Country! what to Thee?—The *God-head*; what?  
(I speak with Awe!) tho' He should bid thee bleed?  
If, with thy Blood, thy *final* Hope is spilt,

Nor

158 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Nor can Omnipotence reward the Blow,  
Be deaf; preserve thy Being; disobey.

Nor is it Disobedience: Know, LORENZO!  
Whate'er th'ALMIGHTY's subsequent Command,  
His first Command is *this*,—"Man, love thyself."  
In this alone, Free-agents are *not* free.  
Existence is the Basis, Bliss the Prize;  
If *Virtue* costs Existence, 'tis a Crime;  
Bold Violation of our Law *supreme*,  
Black Suicide; tho' Nations, which consult  
Their Gain, at thy Expence, resound Applause.

Since *Virtue's* Recompence is doubtful, *Here,* \*  
If Man dies wholly, well may we demand,  
Why is Man *suffer'd* to be Good in vain?  
Why to be Good in vain, is Man *injoin'd*?  
Why to be Good in vain, is Man *betray'd*?  
Betray'd by Traitors lodg'd in his own Breast,  
By sweet Complacencies from *Virtue* felt?  
Why whispers *Nature* Lyes on *Virtue's* Part?  
Or if blind *Instinct* (which assumes the Name  
Of sacred Conscience) plays the Fool in Man,  
Why *Reason* made Accomplice in the Cheat?  
Why are the *Wise* loudest in her Praise?  
Can Man by *Reason's* Beam be led astray?  
Or, at his Peril, *imitate his God*?  
Since *Virtue* sometimes ruins us on Earth,  
Or *Both* are true; or, Man survives the Grave.

Or Man survives the Grave, or own, LORENZO,  
Thy Boast supreme, a wild Absurdity.  
Dauntless thy Spirit; Cowards are thy Scorn.  
Grant Man *immortal*, and thy Scorn is just.  
The Man immortal, *rational* brave,  
Dares rush on Death—because he cannot die.  
But if Man loses All, when Life is lost,  
He lives a Coward, or a Fool expires.  
A *daring* Infidel (and such there are,  
From Pride, Example, Lucre, Rage, Revenge,

Or pure heroical Defect of Thought),  
Of all Earth's Madmen, most deserves a Chain.

When to the Grave we follow the Renown'd  
For Valour, Virtue, Science, all we love,  
And all we praise; for Worth, whose Noon-tide Beam,  
Enabling us to think in higher Stile,  
Mends our Ideas of Ethereal Powers;  
Dream we, that Lustre of the *moral* World  
Goes out in Stench, and Rottenness the Close?  
Why was he wise to *know*, and warm to *praise*,  
And strenuous to *transcribe*, in human Life,  
The Mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that Fate,  
Just when the Lineaments began to shine,  
And dawn the DEITY, should snatch the Draught,  
With Night eternal blot it out, and give  
The Skies Alarm, lest *Angels* too might die?

If Human Souls, why not Angelic too  
Extinguish'd? and a *solitary* God,  
O'er ghastly Ruin, frowning from his Throne?  
Shall we, this Moment, gaze on God in Man?  
The next, lose Man for ever in the Dust?  
From Dust we disengage, or Man *mistakes*;  
And There, where least his Judgment fears a Flaw.  
*Wisdom* and *Worth*, how boldly he commends!  
*Wisdom*, and *Worth*, are sacred Names; Rever'd,  
Where not Embrac'd; Applauded! Deify'd!  
Why not *Compassion*'d too? If Spirits die,  
Both are Calamities, inflicted both,  
To make us but more wretched: *Wisdom's* Eye  
Acute, for what? To spy more Miseries;  
And *Worth*, so recompens'd, new-points their Stings,  
Or Man surmounts the Grave, or Gain is Loss,  
And *Worth* exalted *humbles* us the more.  
Thou wilt not patronize a Scheme that makes  
*Weakness*, and *Vice*, the Refuge of Mankind.

"Has Virtue, then, no Joys?"—Yes, Joys *dear-bought*.  
Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect State,

Virt



160 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Virtue, and Vice, are at eternal War ;  
*Virtue's* a Combat ; and who fights for Nought ?  
 Or for precarious, or for small Reward ?  
 Who *Virtue's* Self-Reward so loud resound,  
 Would take Degrees *Angelic* here below, \*  
 And *Virtue*, while they compliment, betray,  
 By feeble Motives, and unfaithful Guards ;  
 The Crown, th' *unfading* Crown, -her Soul inspires :  
 'Tis That, and That alone, can countervail  
 The *Body's* Treach'ries, and the *World's* Assaults :  
 On Earth's poor Pay, our famish'd *Virtue* dies.  
 Truth incontestable ! In spite of all  
 A BAYLE has Preach'd, or a V——E Believ'd.

In Man the more we dive, the more we see  
 Heav'n's Signet stamping an *immortal* Make.  
 Dive to the Bottom of his Soul, the Base  
 Sustaining all ; what find we ? *Knowledge, Love*;  
 As Light, and Heat, essential to the Sun,  
 These to the Soul. And *why*, if Souls expire ?  
 How little *Lovely here* ? How little Known ?  
 Small *Knowledge* we dig up with endless Toil ;  
 And *Love* unfeign'd may purchase perfect Hate.  
 Why starv'd, on Earth, our *Angel*-Appetites ;  
 While *Brutal* are indulg'd their fulsome Fill ?  
 Were then Capacities *divine* conferr'd,  
 As a Mock-Diadem, in savage Sport,  
 Rank Insult of our pompous *Poverty*,  
 Which reaps but Pain, from seeming Claims so fair ?  
 In future Age lies no Redress ? And shuts  
*Eternity* the Door on our Complaint ?  
 If so, for what strange Ends were Mortals made !  
 The Worst to *wallow*, and the Best to *weep* ;  
 The Man who Merits most, must most Complain :  
 Can we conceive a Disregard in Heaven,  
 What the Worst perpetrate, or Best endure ?

*This* cannot be. To *Love*, and *Know*, in Man  
 Is boundless Appetite ; and boundless Power ;  
 And these demonstrate boundless Objects too.

Object

Objects, Pow'rs, Appetites, Heav'n suits in All;  
 Nor, *Nature* thro', e'er violates this sweet,  
 Eternal Concord, on her tuneful String.  
 Is *Man* the Sole Exception from her Laws?  
 Eternity struck off from human Hope,  
 (I speak with Truth, but Veneration too)  
 Man is a Monster, the Reproach of Heaven,  
 A Stain, a dark impenetrable Cloud  
 On Nature's beauteous Aspect; and deforms,  
 (Amazing Blot!) deforms her with her *Lord*.  
 If such is Man's Allotment, what is Heaven?  
 Or, own the Soul *Immortal*, or Blaspheme.

Or own the Soul immortal, or invert  
 All *Order*. Go, mock-Majesty! go, Man!  
 And bow to thy Superiors of the Stall;  
 Thro' ev'ry Scene of *Sense* superior far!  
 They graze the Turf untill'd; they drink the Stream  
 Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd  
 With Doubts, Fears, fruitless Hopes, Regrets, Despairs,  
 Mankind's Peculiar! *Reason's* precious Dower!  
 No foreign Clime *They* ransack for their Robes;  
 Nor Brothers cite to the litigious Bar:  
*Their* Good is Good intire, unmixt, unmarr'd;  
 They find a Paradise in ev'ry Field,  
 On Boughs *forbidden* where no Curses hang:  
 Their *Ill*, no more than strikè the Sense; unstretcht  
 By previous Dread, or Murmur in the Rear:  
 When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd; one Stroke  
 Begins, and ends, their Woe: They die but *once*;  
 Blest, incommunicable Privilege! for which  
 Proud Man, who rules the Globe, and reads the Stars,  
 Philosopher, or Hero, sighs in vain.

Account for this Prerogative in Brutes.  
 No Day, no Glimpse of Day, to solve the Knot,  
 But what beams on it from *Eternity*.  
 O sole and sweet Solution! That unties  
 The Difficult, and softens the Severe;  
 The Cloud on *Nature's* beauteous Face dispels;

Restores

162 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Restores bright *Order* ; casts the Brute beneath ;  
 And re-inthrones us in Supremacy  
 Of Joy, ev'n *Here* : Admit immortal Life,  
 And Virtue is *Knight-errantry* no more ;  
 Each *Virtue* brings in Hand a golden Dower,  
 Far richer in Reversion : *Hope* exults ;  
 And tho' much Bitter in our Cup is thrown,  
 Predominates, and gives the Taste of Heaven.  
 O wherefore is the DEITY so kind ?  
 Astonishing beyond Astonishment !  
 Heav'n our Reward——for Heav'n enjoy'd below.

Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn Heart ? For *there*  
 The Traitor lurks, who doubts the Truth I sing.  
*Reason* is guiltless ; *Will* alone rebels.  
 What, in that stubborn Heart, if I should find  
 New, unexpected Witnesses against thee ?  
*Ambition*, *Pleasure*, and the *Love of Gain* !  
 Canst thou suspect, that *These*, which make the Soul  
 The *Slave* of Earth, should own her *Heir* of Heav'n  
 Canst thou suspect what makes us *disbelieve*  
 Our Immortality, should prove it *sure* ?

First, then, *Ambition* summon to the Bar.  
*Ambition's Shame*, *Extravagance*, *Disgust*,  
 And *inextinguishable Nature*, speak.  
 Each much *deposes* ; hear them in their Turn.

Thy Soul, how passionately fond of *Fame* !  
 How anxious, that fond Passion to conceal !  
 We blush, detected in Designs on Praise,  
 Tho' for best Deeds, and from the best of Men ;  
 And why ? Because *Immortal*. Art divine  
 Has made the Body Tutor to the Soul ;  
 Heav'n kindly gives our Blood a *moral* Flow ;  
 Bids it ascend the glowing Cheek, and there  
 Upbraid that little Heart's inglorious Aim,  
 Which stoops to court a Character from Man ;  
 While o'er us, in tremendous Judgment, sit  
 Far more than Man, with *endless* Praise, and Blame  
 Am I

Ambition's *boundless Appetite* out-speaks  
 The Verdict of its *Shame*. When Souls take Fire  
 At high Presumptions of their own Desert,  
 One Age is poor Applause; the mighty Shout,  
 The Thunder by the living *Few* begun,  
 Late Time must echo; Worlds unborn, resound.  
 We wish our Names *eternally* to live:  
 Wild Dream! Which ne'er had haunted human Thought,  
 Had not our Natures been *eternal* too.  
*Enfin* points out an Int'rest in Hereafter;  
 But our blind *Reason* sees not where it lies;  
 Or, seeing, gives the Substance for the Shade.

Fame is the Shade of Immortality,  
 And in itself a Shadow. Soon as caught,  
 Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the Grasp.  
 Consult th' Ambitious, 'tis Ambition's Cure.  
 "And is This all?" cry'd CÆSAR at his Height,  
*Disgusted*. This *Third* Proof Ambition brings  
 Of Immortality. The first in Fame,  
 Observe him near, your Envy will abate:  
 Sham'd at the Disproportion vast, between  
 The Passion, and the Purchase, he will sigh  
 At *such* Success, and blush at his Renown.  
 And why? Because far richer Prize invites  
 His Heart; far more illustrious Glory calls;  
 It calls in Whispers, yet the Deafest hear,

And can Ambition a *Fourth* Proof supply?  
 It can, and stronger than the former Three;  
 Yet quite o'er-look'd by some *reputed* Wife.  
 Tho' Disappointments in Ambition *pain*,  
 And tho' Success *disgusts*, yet still, LORENZO!  
 In vain we strive to pluck it from our Hearts;  
 By Nature planted for the noblest Ends.  
 Absurd the fam'd Advice to PYRRHUS giv'n,  
 More prais'd than ponder'd; specious, but unsound:  
 Sooner that Hero's *Sword* the World had quell'd,  
 Than *Reason*, his Ambition. Man must soar.

164 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

An obstinate Activity within,  
 An insuppressive Spring, will toss him up  
 In spite of *Fortune's* Load. Not Kings alone,  
 Each Villager has his Ambition too ;  
 No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd Slave :  
 Slaves build their little *Babylons* of Straw,  
 Echo the proud *Affyrian*, in their Hearts,  
 And cry,—“ Behold the Wonders of my Might ! ”  
 And why ? Because *immortal* as their Lord ;  
 And Souls immortal must for ever heave  
 At something Great ; the Glitter, or the Gold ;  
 The Praise of Mortals, or the Praise of Heaven.

Nor absolutely vain is *Human* Praise,  
 When Human is supported by *Divine*.  
 I'll introduce *LORENZO* to Himself ;  
*Pleasure* and *Pride* (bad Masters !) share our Hearts.  
 As Love of *Pleasure* is ordain'd to guard  
 And feed our Bodies, and extend our Race ;  
 The Love of *Praise* is planted to protect  
 And propagate the Glories of the Mind.  
 What is it, but the Love of Praise, inspires,  
 Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,  
 Earth's Happiness ? From *that*, the Delicate,  
 The Grand, the Marvellous, of *Civil* Life.  
*Want* and *Convenience*, Under-workers, lay  
 The Basis, on which *Love of Glory* builds.  
 Nor is *thy* Life, O *Virtue* ! less in Debt  
 To Praise, thy secret-stimulating Friend.  
 Were Man not *proud*, what Merit should we miss !  
*Pride* made the Virtues of the Pagan World.  
 Praise is the Salt that seasons *Right* to Man,  
 And whets his Appetite for *moral* Good.  
 Thirst of Applause is *Virtue's* Second Guard ;  
*Reason*, her First ; but Reason wants an Aid ;  
 Our *private* Reason is a Flatterer ;  
 Thirst of Applause calls *public* Judgment in,  
 To poise our own, to keep an even Scale,  
 And give endanger'd *Virtue* fairer Play.  
 Here a *Fifth* Proof arises, stronger still :

Why this so nice Construction of our Hearts ?  
 These delicate Moralities of *Sense* ;  
 This *constitutional* Reserve of Aid  
 To succour Virtue, when our *Reason* fails ;  
 If Virtue, kept alive by Care and Toil,  
 And, oft, the Mark of Injuries on Earth,  
 When labour'd to Maturity (its Bill  
 Of Disciplines, and Pains, unpaid) must die ?  
 Why freighted-rich, to dash against a Rock ?  
 Were Man to perish when most fit to live,  
 O how mis-spent were all these Stratagems,  
 By Skill Divine inwoven in our Frame ?  
 Where are Heav'n's Holiness and Mercy fled ?  
 Laughs Heav'n, at once, at *Virtue*, and at *Man* ?  
 If not, why *That* discourag'd, *This* destroy'd ?

Thus far *Ambition*. What says *Avarice* ?  
 This *her* chief Maxim, which has long been *Thine*.  
 " The Wise and Wealthy are the same."—I grant it.  
 To store up Treasure, with incessant Toil,  
*This* is Man's Province, *This* his highest Praise.  
 To this great End keen *Instinct* stings him on.  
 To guide that *Instinct*, *Reason* ! is thy Charge ;  
 'Tis *Thine* to tell us where *true* Treasure lies :  
 But, Reason failing to discharge her Trust,  
 Or to the Deaf discharging it in vain,  
 A Blunder follows ; and blind *Industry*,  
 Gall'd by the Spur, but Stranger to the Course,  
 (The Course where Stakes of more than Gold are won)  
 O'er-loading, with the Cares of distant Age,  
 The jaded Spirits of the *present* Hour,  
 Provides for an *Eternity* below.

" Thou shalt not covet," is a wise Command ;  
 But bounded to the Wealth the Sun surveys :  
 Look farther, the Command stands quite revers'd,  
 And *Av'rice* is a Virtue most divine.  
 Is *Faith* a Refuge for our *Happiness* ?  
 Most sure : And is it not for *Reason* too ?  
 Nothing *this* World unriddles, but the *next*.

Whence

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Whence inextinguishable Thirst of Gain ?  
 From inextinguishable Life in Man :  
 Man, if not meant, by Worth, to reach the *Skies*,  
 Had wanted Wing to fly so far in *Guilt*.  
 Sour Grapes, I grant, *Ambition, Avarice* :  
 Yet still their Root is *Immortality*.  
 These its wild Growths so bitter, and so base,  
 (Pain, and Reproach !) *Religion* can reclaim,  
 Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous Lee,  
 And make them sparkle in the Bowl of *Bliss*.

See, the *Third Witness* laughs at Bliss remote,  
 And fally promises an *Eden* here :  
 Truth she shall speak for once, tho' prone to lye,  
 A common Cheat, and *Pleasure* is her Name.  
 To Pleasure never was LORENZO deaf ;  
 Then hear her now, now *first* thy *real* Friend.

Since Nature made us not more fond than *proud*  
 Of Happiness (whence Hypocrites in Joy !  
 Makers of Mirth ! Artificers of Smiles !)  
 Why should the Joy most poignant *Sense* affords,  
 Burn us with Blushes, and rebuke our Pride ?—  
 Those Heav'n-born Blushes tell us Man *descends*,  
 Ev'n in the Zenith of his *earthly* Bliss :  
 Should *Reason* take her Infidel Repose,  
 This honest *Instinct* speaks our Lineage high ;  
 This Instinct calls on Darkness to conceal  
 Our rapturous Relation to the Stalls.  
 Our *Glory* covers us with noble *Shame*,  
 And he that's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*.  
 The Man that Blushes, is not *quite* a Brute.  
 Thus far with Thee, LORENZO ! will I close,  
*Pleasure is good*, and Man for Pleasure made ;  
 But Pleasure full of Glory as of Joy ;  
 Pleasure, which neither *blushes*, nor *expires*.

The Witnesses are heard ; the Cause is o'er ;  
 Let *Conscience* file the Sentence in her Court,

Dearer than *Deeds* that half a Realm convey ;  
*Thus* seal'd by *Truth*, th' authentic Record runs.

" Know, All ; Know, Infidels,—unapt to Know !  
 'Tis *Immortality* your Nature solves ;  
 'Tis *Immortality* decyphers Man,  
 And opens all the Myst'ries of his Make.  
 Without it, half his *Instincts* are a Riddle ;  
 Without it, all his *Virtues* are a Dream.  
 His very *Crimes* attest his Dignity ;  
 His sateless Thirst of *Pleasure, Gold, and Fame*,  
 Declares him born for Blessings *infinite* :  
 What less than Infinite, makes un-absurd  
*Passions*, which all on Earth but more inflames ?  
 Fierce *Passions*, so mis-measur'd to *this* Scene,  
 Stretch'd out, like Eagles Wings, beyond our Nest,  
 Far, far beyond the Worth of all below,  
 For *Earth* too large, presage a nobler Flight,  
 And evidence our Title to the *Skies*."

Ye gentle Theologues, of calmer Kind !  
 Whose Constitution dictates to your Pen,  
 Who, cold yourselves, think Ardor comes from Hell !  
 Think not our *Passions* from *Corruption* sprung,  
 Tho' to *Corruption* now they lend their Wings ;  
 That is their *Mistress*, not their *Mother*. All  
 (And justly) *Reason* deem Divine : I see,  
 I feel a *Grandeur* in the *Passions* too,  
 Which speaks their high Descent, and glorious End ;  
 Which speaks them Rays of an Eternal Fire.  
 In Paradise itself they burnt as strong,  
 Ere ADAM fell ; tho' wiser in their Aim.  
 Like the proud *Edstern*, struck by Providence,  
 What tho' our *Passions* are run mad, and stoop  
 With low, terrestrial Appetite, to graze  
 On Trash, on Toys, dethron'd from high Desire ?  
 Yet still, thro' their Disgrace, no feeble Ray  
 Of Greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell :  
 But *These* (like that fall'n Monarch when reclaim'd)  
 When *Reason* moderates the Rein aright,

Shall



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Shall re-ascend, remount their former Sphere,  
Where once they soar'd Illustrious; ere seduc'd  
By wanton EVE's Debauch, to stroll on Earth,  
And set the sublunary World on Fire.

But grant their Phrensy lasts; their Phrensy fails  
To disappoint *one* providential End,  
For which Heav'n blew up Ardor in our Hearts:  
Were *Reason* silent, boundless *Passion* speaks  
A future Scene of boundless *Objects* too,  
And brings glad Tidings of *eternal* Day.  
*Eternal* Day! 'Tis that enlightens All;  
And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *sure*.  
Consider Man as an *immortal* Being,  
Intelligible All; and All is Great;  
A crystalline Transparency prevails,  
And strikes full Lustre thro' the Human Sphere;  
Consider Man as *mortal*, all is dark,  
And wretched; *Reason* weeps at the Survey.

The learn'd LORENZO cries, "And let her weep,  
" Weak, *modern* Reason: *Antient* Times were wise.  
" *Authority*, that venerable Guide,  
" Stands on my Part; the fam'd *Athenian* Porch  
" (And who for Wisdom so renown'd as They?)  
" Deny'd this Immortality to Man."  
I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.  
A Riddle This!—Have Patience, I'll explain.

What noble Vanities, what moral Flights,  
Glitt'ring thro' their romantic Wisdom's Page,  
Make us, at once, despise them, and admire?  
Fable is flat to These high-season'd Sires;  
They leave th' Extravagance of Song below.  
"Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy  
"The Dagger, or the Rack; to them, alike  
"A Bed of Roses, or the burning Bull."  
In Men exploding all beyond the Grave,  
Strange Doctrine, This! As *Doctrine*, it was *strange*;  
But not, as *Prophecy*; for such it prov'd,

and, to their own Amazement, was fulfill'd :  
 they feign'd a Firmness *Christians* need not feign.  
 the *Christian* truly triumph'd in the Flame :  
 the *Stoic* saw, in double Wonder lost,  
 wonder at Them, and Wonder at Himself,  
 to find the bold Adventures of his Thought  
 not bold, and that he strove to lye in vain.

Whence, then, those Thoughts ? Those tow'ring  
 Thoughts, that flew  
 such monstrous Heights ?—From *Instinct*, and from *Pride*.  
 the glorious *Instinct* of a deathless Soul,  
 confusedly conscious of her Dignity,  
 suggested Truths they could not understand.  
 in *Lust*'s Dominion, and in *Passion*'s Storm,  
 Truth's System broken, scatter'd Fragments lay,  
 as Light in Chaos, glimm'ring thro' the Gloom :  
 amidst with the Pomp of lofty Sentiments,  
 blasphem'd *Pride* proclaim'd, what *Reason* disbeliev'd.  
*Pride*, like the *Delphic* Priestess, with a Swell,  
 sav'd Nonsense, destin'd to be *Future* Sense,  
 When Life *Immortal*, in full Day, should shine ;  
 and *Death*'s dark *Shadows* fly the Gospel Sun.  
 they spoke, what nothing but *Immortal* Souls  
 could speak ; and thus the Truth they question'd, prov'd.

Can then *Absurdities*, as well as *Crimes*,  
 speak Man *Immortal* ? All things speak him so.  
 such has been urg'd ; and dost thou call for more ?  
 All ; and with endless Questions be distress'd,  
 I unresolvable, if *Earth* is All.

“ Why Life, a Moment ; Infinite, Desire ?  
 Our Wish, Eternity ? our Home, the Grave ?  
 Heav'n's *Promise* dormant lies in human *Hope*.  
 Who wishes Life *Immortal*, proves it too.  
 Why Happiness pursu'd, tho' never found ?  
 Man's Thirst of Happiness declares *It is*,  
 (For Nature never gravitates to nought) ;  
 That Thirst unquench'd declares *It is not Here*.

I

“ My

170 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

" My LUCIA, Thy CLARISSA, call to Thought;  
 " Why *cordial Friendship* riveted so deep,  
 " As Hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,  
 " If Friend, and Friendship, vanish in an Hour?  
 " Is not This Torment in the Mask of Joy?  
 " Why by *Reflection* marr'd the Joys of *Sense*?  
 " Why *Past*, and *Future*, preying on our Hearts,  
 " And putting all our *present* Joys to Death?  
 " Why labours *Reason*? *Instinct* were as well;  
 " Instinct, far better; what can *chuse*, can *err*:  
 " O how *infallible* the thoughtless Brute!  
 " 'Twere well his *Holiness* were half as sure.  
 " *Reason* with *Inclination*, why at War?  
 " Why *Sense* of *Guilt*? Why *Conscience* up in Arms?"

Conscience of Guilt, is Prophecy of Pain,  
 And Bosom-council to decline the Blow.  
 Reason with Inclination ne'er had jarr'd,  
 If nothing Future paid Forbearance Here.  
 'Thus on—These, and a thousand Pleas uncall'd,  
 All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second Scene;  
 Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far  
 Than all Things else most *certain*; were it *false*,  
 What *Truth* on Earth so precious as the Lye?  
*This* World it gives us, let what will ensue;  
 This World it gives, in that high Cordial, *Hope*:  
 The Future of the *present* is the Soul:  
 How *this* Life groans, when sever'd from the *next*?  
 Poor, mutilated Wretch, that Disbelieves!  
 By dark Distrust his Being cut in two,  
 In *both* Parts perishes; Life void of Joy,  
 Sad Prelude of Eternity in Pain!

Couldst Thou persuade me, the next Life could fail  
 Our ardent Wishes; how should I pour out  
 My bleeding Heart in Anguish, *new*, as deep!  
 Oh! with what Thoughts, thy *Hope*, and my *Despair*,  
 Abhor'd ANNIHILATION! blasts the Soul,  
 And wide-extends the Bounds of human Woe!

uld I believe LORENZO's System true,  
*this* black Channel would my Ravings run.

" Grief from the Future borrow'd Peace, ere-while.  
 The Future *vanisht* ! and the Present *pain'd* !  
 Strange Import of unprecedented Ill !  
 Fall, how profound ! Like LUCIFER's, the Fall !  
 Unequa' Fate ! His Fall, without his Guilt !  
 From where fond *Hope* built her Pavilion high  
 The Gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once  
 To Night ! To Nothing ! Darker still than Night.  
 If 'twas a Dream, why wake me, my worst Foe,  
 LORENZO ! boastful of the Name of Friend !  
 O for Delusion ! O for Error still !  
 Could Vengeance strike much stronger than to plant  
 A *Thinking* Being in a World like *This*,  
 Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite ;  
 More curst than at the *Fall* ?—The Sun goes out !  
 The Thorns shoot up ! What Thorns in ev'ry Thought ?  
 Why Sense of Better ? It imbitters Worse.  
 Why Sense ? Why Life ? If but to sigh, then sink  
 To what I was ? *Twice* Nothing ! and much Woe !  
 Woe, from Heav'n's Bounties ! Woe, from what was  
 wont  
 To flatter, most, high *Intellectual Powers*.

" *Thought, Virtue, Knowledge* ! Blessings, by *thy* Scheme,  
 ' All poison'd into Pains. First, *Knowledge*, once  
 ' My Soul's Ambition, *now* her greatest Dread.  
 ' To *know myself*, true Wisdom ?—No, to shun  
 ' That shocking Science. Parent of Despair !  
 ' Avert thy Mirror : If I see, I die.

" *Know my Creator* ! Climb His blest Abode  
 " By painful Speculation, pierce the Veil,  
 " Dive in His Nature, read His Attributes,  
 " And gaze in Admiration—on a *Foe*,  
 " Obtruding Life, with-holding Happiness !  
 " From the full Rivers that surround His Throne,  
 " Not letting fall one Drop of Joy on Man ;

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“ Man gasping for one Drop, that he might cease  
 “ To curse his Birth, nor envy *Reptiles* more!  
 “ Ye sable Clouds! Ye darkeſt Shades of Night!  
 “ Hide *Him*, for ever hide Him, from my Thought,  
 “ Once all my Comfort; Source, and Soul of Joy!  
 “ Now leagu’d with Furies, and with *Thee*, againſt me

“ *Know His Atchievements!* Study His Renown!  
 “ Contemplate this amazing Univerſe,  
 “ Dropt from His Hand, with Miracles replete!  
 “ For what? ‘Mid Miracles of nobler Name,  
 “ To find one Miracle of *Miſery*?  
 “ To find the Being, which alone can *know*  
 “ And *praiſe* His Works, a Blemiſh on His Praise?  
 “ Thro’ Nature’s ample Range, in Thought, to ſtrole,  
 “ And ſtart at *Man*, the ſingle Mourner There,  
 “ Breathing high Hope! chain’d down to Pangs, and Dea

“ Knowing is Suff’ring: And ſhall *Virtue* ſhare  
 “ The Sigh of *Knowlege*? *Virtue* ſhares the Sigh.  
 “ By ſtraining up the Steep of *Excellent*,  
 “ By Battles fought, and, from *Temptation*, won,  
 “ What gains ſhe, but the Pang of ſeeing Worth,  
 “ *Angelic* Worth, ſoon, ſhuffled in the Dark  
 “ With ev’ry Vice, and ſwept to *brutal* Duſt?  
 “ Merit is Madneſs; *Virtue* is a Crime;  
 “ A Crime to *Reason*, if it coſts us Pain  
 “ *Unpaid*: What Pain, amidſt a thouſand more,  
 “ To think the moſt *Abandon’d*, after Days  
 “ Of Triumph o’er their Betters, find in Death  
 “ As ſoft a Pillow, nor make fouler Clay!

“ *Duty! Religion!*—Theſe, our Duty done,  
 “ Imply Reward. *Religion* is Miſtake.  
 “ *Duty!*—There’s none, but to repel the Cheat.  
 “ Ye Cheats! away! ye Daughters of my Pride!  
 “ Who feign yourſelves the Fav’rites of the Skies:  
 “ Ye tow’ring Hopes! abortive Energies!  
 “ That toſs, and ſtruggle in my *lying* Breaſt,  
 “ To ſcale the Skies, and build Preſumptions There,

As I were Heir of an *Eternity*.  
 vain, vain Ambitions! trouble me no more.  
 Why travel far in Quest of sure Defeat?  
 As bounded as my Being, be my Wish.  
 It is inverted, Wisdom is a Fool.  
*Reason*! take the Rein; blind *Passion*! drive us on;  
 And, *Ignorance*! befriend us on our Way;  
*Reason* new; but truest Patrons of our Peace!  
 Give the *Pulse* full Empire; live the *Brute*,  
 Hence, as the *Brute*, we die. The Sum of Man,  
 Of Godlike Man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.

But not on equal Terms with *other* Brutes:  
 Their Revels a more poignant Relish yield,  
 And safer too; *They* never Poisons chuse.

" *Instinct*, than *Reason*, makes more wholesome Meals,  
 " And sends all-marring Murmur far away.  
 " For *sensual* Life *They* best Philosophize;  
 " *Theirs*, that *Serene*, the *Sages* sought in vain:  
 " 'Tis *Man* alone expostulates with Heav'n;  
 " *His*, all the *Pow'r*, and all the *Cause*, to mourn.  
 " Shall *human* Eyes alone dissolve in Tears?  
 " And, bleed, in Anguish, none but *human* Hearts?  
 " The wide-stretch'd Realm of *Intellectual* Woe,  
 " Surpassing *Sensual* far, is All our Own.  
 " In *Life* so fatally distinguish'd, why  
 " Cast in one Lot, confounded, lump'd, in *Death*?

" Ere yet in Being, was Mankind in Guilt?  
 " Why thunder'd this peculiar *Clause* against us,  
 " *All-mortal*, and *All-wretched*!—Have the Skies  
 " Reasons of State, their Subjects may not scan,  
 " Nor *humbly* reason, when they *solely* sigh?  
 " *All-mortal*, and *All-wretched*!—"Tis too much;  
 " Unparallel'd in Nature: 'Tis too much  
 " On Being *unrequested* at Thy Hands,  
 " OMNIPOTENT! for I see nought but *Power*.

" And why see That? Why *Thought*? To toil, and eat,  
 " Then make our Bed in Darkness, needs no Thought.

174 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

" What Superfluities are *reas'ning* Souls !  
 " Oh give *Eternity* ! or *Thought* destroy.  
 " But without *Thought* our *Curse* were half-unfelt ;  
 " Its blunted *Edge* would spare the throbbing *Heart*,  
 " And, *therefore*, 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, *Reason* !  
 " For aiding *Life's* too small *Calamities*,  
 " And giving *Being* to the *Dread of Death*.  
 " *Such* are thy *Bounties* !—Was it then too much  
 " For *me*, to trespass on the *Brutal Rights* ?  
 " Too much for *Heav'n* to make one *Emmet* more ?  
 " Too much for *Chaos* to permit my *Mafs*  
 " A longer *Stay* with *Essences* unwrought,  
 " *Unfashion'd*, untormented into *Man* ?  
 " *Wretched* *Preferment* to this *Round of Pains* !  
 " *Wretched* *Capacity of Phrensy, Thought* !  
 " *Wretched* *Capacity of Dying, Life* !  
 " *Life, Thought, Worth, Wisdom*, All (*O foul Revolt* !)  
 " *Once* *Friends to Peace*, gone over to the *Foe*.

" *Death*, then, has chang'd its *Nature* too : *O Death* !  
 " Come to my *Bosom*, *Thou* best *Gift of Heav'n* !  
 " Best *Friend of Man* ! since *Man* is *Man* no more.  
 " Why in this thorny *Wilderness* so long,  
 " Since there's no *Promis'd Land's* ambrosial *Bower*,  
 " To pay me with its *Honey* for my *Stings* ?  
 " If needful to the selfish *Schemes of Heaven*  
 " To sting us sore, why mockt our *Misery* ?  
 " Why this so sumptuous *Insult* o'er our *Heads* ?  
 " Why this illustrious *Canopy* display'd ?  
 " Why so magnificently lodg'd *Despair* ?  
 " At stated *Periods*, sure-returning, roll  
 " These *glorious Orbs*, that *Mortals* may compute  
 " Their *Length of Labours*, and of *Pains* ; nor lose  
 " Their *Misery's* full *Measure* ?—*Smiles* with *Flowers*,  
 " And *Fruits*, promiscuous, ever-teeming *Earth*,  
 " That *Man* may languish in *luxurious Scenes*,  
 " And in an *Eden* mourn his wither'd *Joys* ?  
 " Claim *Earth* and *Skies* *Man's* *Admiration*, due  
 " For *such Delights* ! *Blest Animals* ! too *Wise*  
 " To wonder ; and too *Happy* to complain !

" Our

" Our *Doom decreed* demands a mournful Scene :  
 Why not a Dungeon dark, for the *Condemn'd* ?  
 Why not the Dragon's subterranean Den,  
 For Man to howl in ? Why not his Abode  
 Of the same dismal Colour with his Fate ?  
 A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vast Expence  
 Of Time, Toil, Treasure, Art, for Owls and Adders,  
 As congruous, as, for Man, this lofty Dome,  
 Which prompts proud Thought, and kindles high Desire ;  
 If, from her humble Chamber in the Dust,  
 While proud Thought swells ; and high Desire inflames,  
 The poor *Worm* calls us for her Inmates *there* ;  
 And, round us, *Death's* inexorable Hand  
 Draws the dark Curtain close ; undrawn no more.

" *Undrawn no more !*—Behind the Cloud of *Death*,  
 Once, I beheld a Sun ; a Sun which gilt  
 That sable Cloud, and turn'd it all to Gold :  
 How the *Grave's* alter'd ! Fathomless, as Hell !  
 A *real* Hell to Those who dreamt of Heaven.  
 ANNIHILATION ! How it yawns before me !  
 Next Moment I may drop from *Thought*, from *Sense*,  
 The Privilege of *Angels*, and of *Worms*,  
 An Outcast from Existence ! And this Spirit,  
 This all-pervading, this all-conscious Soul,  
 This Particle of Energy divine,  
 Which travels Nature, flies from Star to Star,  
 And visits Gods, and emulates their Powers,  
 For ever is extinguish'd. Horror ! Death !  
 Death of *the* Death I *fearless*, once survey'd !—  
 When Horror *Universal* shall descend,  
 And Heav'n's dark Concave urn all Human Race,  
 On that enormous, unrefunding Tomb,  
 How just this Verse ! this monumental Sigh !"  
*Beneath the Lumber of demolisht Worlds,*  
*Deep in the Rubbish of the gen'ral Wreck,*  
*Swept ignominious to the common Mass*  
*Of Matter, never dignify'd with Life,*  
*Here lie proud Rationals ; The Sons of Heaven !*



176 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

*The Lords of Earth! The Property of Worms!  
Beings of Yesterday, and no To-morrow!  
Who liv'd in Terror, and in Pangs expir'd!  
All gone to rot in Chaos; or, to make  
Their happy Transit into Blocks or Brutes,  
Nor longer sully their CREATOR's Name.*

LORENZO! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.  
Just is this History? If *such* is Man,  
Mankind's Historian, tho' Divine, might weep.  
And dares LORENZO smile?—I know thee Proud;  
For once let *Pride* befriend thee: *Pride* looks pale  
At such a Scene, and sighs for something more.  
Amid thy Boasts, Presumptions, and Displays,  
And art Thou Then a Shadow? Less than Shade?  
A Nothing? Less than Nothing? To *have* been,  
And *not to be*, is lower than Unborn.  
Art thou *ambitious*? Why then make the Worm-  
Thine Equal? Runs thy Taste of *Pleasure* high?  
Why patronize sure Death of ev'ry Joy?  
Charm *Riches*? Why chuse Begg'ry in the Grave,  
Of ev'ry Hope a Bankrupt! and for ever?  
*Ambition, Pleasure, Avarice*, persuade Thee  
To make that World of Glory, Rapture, Wealth,  
They \* lately *prov'd*, thy Soul's supreme Desire.

What art thou made of? Rather, how Unmade?  
Great *Nature's* Master-appetite destroy'd!  
Is endless Life, and Happiness, despis'd?  
Or Both wisht, *Here*, where Neither can be found?  
Such Man's perverse, eternal War with Heav'n!  
Dar'st Thou persist? And is there nought on Earth,  
But a long Train of transitory Forms,  
Rising, and breaking, Millions in an Hour?  
Bubbles of a fantastic Deity, blown up  
In Sport, and then in Cruelty destroy'd?  
Oh! for what Crime, unmerciful LORENZO!  
Destroys thy Scheme the *Whole* of human Race?  
Kind is sell LUCIFER, compar'd to Thee:

Oh!

\* In the Sixth Night.

Oh! spare this Waste of Being half-divine;  
And vindicate th' Oeconomy of Heaven.

Heav'n is all Love; all Joy in giving Joy:  
It never had created, but to bless:  
And shall It, then, strike off the List of Life,  
A Being blest, or Worthy *so* to be?  
Heav'n starts at an *annihilating* God.

Is That, all *Nature* starts at, thy Desire?  
Art such a Clod to wish thyself *all* Clay?  
What is that dreadful Wish?—The dying Groan  
Of *Nature*, murder'd by the blackest Guilt.  
What deadly Poison has thy Nature drank?  
To Nature undebaucht no Shock so great;  
Nature's *First* Wish is *endless Happiness*;  
*Annihilation* is an After thought,  
A monstrous Wish, unborn till Virtue dies.  
And oh! what Depth of Horror lies inclos'd!  
For Non-existence no Man ever wisht,  
But, first, he wisht the DEITY destroy'd.

If so; what Words are dark enough to draw  
Thy Picture true? The darkest are too fair.  
Beneath what baleful Planet, in what Hour  
Of Desperation, by what Fury's Aid,  
In what infernal Posture of the Soul,  
All Hell invited, and all Hell in Joy,  
At such a Birth, a Birth so near of Kin,  
Did thy foul *Fancy* whelp so black a Scheme  
Of *Hopes* abortive, *Faculties* half-blown,  
And *Deities* begun, reduc'd to Dust?

There's nought (thou sayst) but one eternal Flux  
Of feeble Effences, tumultuous driven  
Thro' *Time's* rough Billows into *Night's* Abyss.  
Say, in this rapid *Tide* of human Ruin,  
Is there no Rock, on which Man's tossing Thought  
Can rest from Terror, dare his Fate survey,  
And boldly think it *Something* to be Born?

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Amid such hourly Wrecks of Being fair,  
 Is there no central, all-sustaining *Base*,  
 All-realizing, all-connecting *Power*,  
 Which, as it call'd forth all Things, can *recall*,  
 And force *Destruction* to refund her Spoil?  
 Command the Grave restore her taken Prey?  
 Bid Death's dark Vale its Human Harvest yield,  
 And *Earth*, and *Ocean*, pay their Debt of Man,  
 True to the grand Deposit trusted There?  
 Is there no Potentate, whose out-stretcht Arm,  
 When rip'ning Time calls forth th' appointed Hour,  
 Pluckt from foul *Devastation's* famisht Maw,  
 Binds *Present*, *Past*, and *Future*, to his Throne?  
 His Throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,  
 By germinating Beings clust'ring round!  
 A Garland worthy the Divinity!  
 A Throne, by Heav'n's Omnipotence in Smiles,  
 Built (like a *Pharos* tow'ring in the Waves)  
 Amidst immense Effusions of his Love!  
 An Ocean of *communicated* Blifs!

An all-prolific, all preserving God!  
*This* were a God indeed.—And such *is* Man,  
 As here presum'd: He rises from his Fall.  
 Thinkst Thou Omnipotence a naked Root,  
 Each Blossom fair of *DEITY* destroy'd?  
 Nothing is dead; nay, Nothing sleeps; each Soul,  
 That ever animated human Clay,  
 Now wakes; is on the Wing: And where, O where,  
 Will the Swarm settle?—When the *Trumpet's* Call,  
 As sounding Brass, collects us, round Heav'n's Throne  
 Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting Day,  
 (Paternal Splendor!) and adhere for ever.  
 Had not the Soul this Outlet to the Skies,  
 In this vast Vessel of the Universe,  
 How should we gasp, as in an empty Void!  
 How in the Pangs of famisht *Hope* expire!

How bright *This* Prospect shines! How gloomy, *Thin*!  
 A trembling World! and a devouring God!

*Earth*

b, but the Shambles of Omnipotence !  
 y'n's Face all stain'd with causless Massacres  
 countless Millions, born to feel the Pang  
 Being *lost*. LORENZO ! can it be ?  
 bids us shudder at the Thoughts of *Life* :  
 would be born to such a Phantom World,  
 re nought Substantial, but our Misery ?  
 re Joy (if Joy) but heightens our Distress,  
 on to perish, and revive no more ?  
 greater *such* a Joy, the *more* It pains.  
 World, where dark, mysterious Vanity  
 Good, and Ill, the distant Colours blends,  
 founds all *Reason*, and all *Hope* destroys ;  
 on, and Hope, our sole Asylum *Here* !  
 World, so far from *Great* (and yet how *Great*  
 ines to Thee !) there's nothing *Real* in it ;  
 g, a Shadow ! *Consciousness*, a Dream !  
 dream, how dreadful ! Universal Blank  
 re it, and Behind ! Poor Man, a Spark  
 n Non-existence struck by Wrath divine,  
 t'ring a Moment, nor that Moment sure,  
 lft Upper, Nether, and Surrounding *Night*,  
 Sad, Sure, Sudden, and Eternal Tomb !

ORENZO ! dost Thou *feel* these Arguments ?  
 s there nought but *Vengeance* can be felt ?  
 v hast Thou dar'd the DEITY dethrone ?  
 v dar'd indict Him of a World like This ?  
 uch the World, Creation was a Crime ;  
 what is Crime, but Cause of Misery ?  
 aet, Blasphemer ! And unriddle *This*,  
 endless Arguments *above*, *below*,  
 bout us, and *within*, the short Result——  
 F Man's Immortal, there's a God in Heaven."

it wherefore such Redundancy ? Such Waste  
 Argument ? One sets *my* Soul at Rest ;  
 obvious, and at Hand, and, Oh !—at Heart.  
 lft the Skies, PHILANDER's Life so pain'd,

180 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

His Heart so pure ; *that*, or *succeeding* Scenes  
Have Palms to give, or ne'er had He been born.

“ *What an old Tale is This!*” LORENZO cries.—  
I grant this Argument is old ; but Truth  
No Years impair ; and had not This been True,  
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its Age.  
*Truth* is Immortal as thy Soul ; and *Fable*  
As fleeting as thy Joys : Be wise, nor make  
Heav'n's highest Blessing, Vengeance ; O be wise !  
Nor make a Curse of *Immortality*.

Say, know'st Thou what *It* is ? Or what *Thou* art ?  
Know'st Thou th' *Importance* of a Soul Immortal ?  
Behold this Midnight Glory ; Worlds on Worlds !  
Amazing Pomp ! Redouble this Amaze ;  
Ten thousand add ; add twice Ten thousand more ;  
Then weigh the Whole ; *One* Soul outweighs them All ;  
And calls th' astonishing Magnificence  
Of *unintelligent* Creation poor.

For This, believe not *me* ; no *Man* believe ;  
Trust not in Words, but Deeds ; and Deeds no less  
Than those of the SUPREME ; nor His, a Few ;  
Consult them All ; consulted, All proclaim  
Thy Soul's Importance : Tremble at Thyself ;  
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd so long :  
Has wak'd, and work'd, for Ages ; from the Birth  
Of Nature to this *Unbelieving* Hour.

In this small Province of His vast Domain  
(All *Nature* bow, while I pronounce his Name !)  
What has God done, and not for *this* sole End,  
To rescue Souls from Death ? The *Soul's high Price*  
Is writ in all the Conduct of the Skies.  
The *Soul's high Price* is the *Creation's Key*,  
Unlocks its Mysteries, and naked lays  
The genuine Cause of ev'ry Deed divine :  
*That*, is the *Chain of Ages*, which maintains  
Their obvious Correspondence, and unites

loft distant Periods in One blest Design :  
*bat*, is the *mighty Hinge*, on which have turn'd  
 All Revolutions, whether we regard  
 'he *Nat'ral*, *Civil*, or *Religious*, World ;  
 'he Former Two, but Servants to the Third :  
 So That their Duty done, they Both expire,  
 Their *Mass* new-cast, forgot their *Deeds renown'd* ;  
 And Angels ask, " *Where once they shone so fair ?* "

To lift us from *this* Abject, to Sublime ;  
 This Flux, to Permanent ; this Dark to Day ;  
 This Foul, to Pure ; this Turbid, to Serene ;  
 This Mean, to Mighty !—for *this* glorious End  
 Th' ALMIGHTY, rising, his long Sabbath broke ;  
 The World was Made ; was Ruin'd ; was Restor'd ;  
 Laws from the *Skies* were Publish'd ; were Repeal'd ;  
 On *Earth* Kings, Kingdoms, rose ; Kings, Kingdoms, fell ;  
 Fam'd Sages lighted up the *Pagan* World ;  
 Prophets from *Sion* darted a keen Glance  
 Thro' distant Age ; Saints travell'd ; Martyrs bled ;  
 By Wonders sacred Nature stood controul'd ;  
 The Living were Translated ; Dead were Rais'd ;  
 Angels, and *more* than Angels, came from Heaven ;  
 And, oh ! for *This*, descended lower still ;  
 Gilt was Hell's Gloom ; astonisht at his Guest,  
 For one short Moment LUCIFER ador'd :  
 LORENZO ! and wilt Thou do less ?—For *This*,  
 That *Hallow'd* Page, Fools scoff at, was inspir'd,  
 Of all these Truths thrice-venerable Code !  
*Deists* ! perform your Quarentine ; and then,  
 Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent *Infernal* Powers  
 To mar, than those of *Light*, *this* End to gain.  
 O what a Scene is Here !—LORENZO ! wake ;  
 Rise to the Thought ; exert, expand, thy Soul  
 To take the vast Idea : It denies  
 All *else* the Name of Great. Two warring Worlds !  
 Not *Europe* against *Afric* ; Warring Worlds,  
 Of *more* than Mortal ! mounted on the Wing !

On

182 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

On ardent Wings of Energy, and Zeal,  
 High-hov'ring o'er this little Brand of Strife!  
 This sublunary Ball—But Strife, for what?  
 In their own Cause conflicting? No; in *Thine*,  
 In *Man's*. His *single* Int'rest blows the Flame;  
 His the sole Stake; His Fate the Trumpet sounds,  
 Which kindles War Immortal. How It burns!  
 Tumultuous Swarms of Deities in Arms!  
 Force Force opposing, till the Waves run high,  
 And tempest Nature's universal Sphere.  
 Such Opposites Eternal, Stedfast, Stern,  
 Such Foes Implacable, are *Good*, and *Ill*;  
 Yet Man, vain Man, would mediate Peace between them.

Think not this Fiction. "*There was War in Heaven.*"  
 From Heav'n's high crystal Mountain were It hung,  
 Th' ALMIGHTY's outstretcht Arm took down his Bow:  
 And shot His Indignation at the *Deep*:  
 Re-thunder'd *Hell*, and darted all her Fires.—  
 And seems the Stake of little Moment still?  
 And slumbers *Man*, who singly caus'd the Storm?  
 He sleeps.—And art Thou shockt at Mysteries?  
 The Greatest, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,  
 What Ardor, Care, and Counsel, *Mortals* cause  
 In Breasts Divine! How little in their own!

Where-e'er I turn, how new *Proofs* pour upon me!  
 How happily This wond'rous View supports  
 My Former Argument! How strongly *strikes*  
*Immortal Life's* full Demonstration, *Here*!  
 Why this Exertion? Why this strange Regard  
 From Heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to Man?—  
 Because, in Man, the glorious, dreadful Power,  
 Extremely to be Pain'd, or Blest, for *Ever*.  
*Duration* gives Importance; swells the Price.  
 An Angel, if a Creature of a Day,  
 What would He be? A Trifle of no Weight;  
 Or Stand, or Fall; no Matter which; He's gone.  
 Because IMMORTAL, therefore is indulg'd  
 This strange Regard of Deities to Dust.

Hence

Hence, Heav'n looks down on Earth with all her Eyes :  
 Hence, the Soul's mighty Moment in her Sight :  
 Hence, ev'ry Soul has Partisans Above,  
 And ev'ry Thought a Critic in the Skies :  
 Hence, Clay, vile Clay ! has Angels for its Guard,  
 And ev'ry Guard a Passion for his Charge :  
 Hence, from all Age, the Cabinet divine  
 Has held high Counsel o'er the Fate of Man.

Nor have the Clouds those gracious Counsels hid.  
 Angels undrew the Curtain of the Throne,  
 And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet Mankind :  
 In various Modes of Emphasis, and Awe,  
 He spoke his Will, and trembling *Nature* heard ;  
 He spoke it loud, in Thunder, and in Storm.  
 Witness, Thou *Sinai* ! whose Cloud-cover'd Height,  
 And shaken Basis, own'd the present God :  
 Witness, ye *Billows* ! whose returning Tide,  
 Breaking the Chain that fasten'd it in Air,  
 Swept *Egypt*, and her Menaces, to Hell :  
 Witness, ye *Flames* ! th' *Affyrian* Tyrant blew  
 To sev'nfold Rage, as Impotent, as Strong :  
 And Thou, *Earth* ! witness, whose expanding Jaws  
 Clos'd o'er † *Presumption's* sacrilegious Sons :  
 Has not each Element, in Turn, subscrib'd  
 The *Soul's* high Price, and sworn it to the Wise ?  
 Has not Flame, Ocean, *Æther*, Earthquake, strove  
 To strike *this Truth*, thro' adamantine Man ?  
 If not All-adamant, LORENZO ! hear ;  
 All is Delusion, *Nature* is wrapt up,  
 In tenfold Night, from *Reason's* keenest Eye ;  
 There's no Consistence, Meaning, Plan, or End,  
 In all beneath the Sun, in all above,  
 (As far as Man can penetrate) or Heaven  
 Is an Immense, Inestimable Prize ;  
 Or All is Nothing, or that Prize is All.—  
 And shall each *Toy* be still a Match for Heaven ?  
 And All Equivalent for Groans Below ?

\* *Karab, &c.*

Who



184 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Who would not give a Trifle to *prevent*  
What He would give a Thousand Worlds to *cure*?

LORENZO! Thou hast seen (if Thine, to see)  
All *Nature*, and her GOD (by Nature's *Course*,  
And Nature's *Course controul'd*) declare for me :  
The Skies Above proclaim "*Immortal Man!*"  
And, "*Man Immortal!*" all Below resounds.  
The World's a System of Theology,  
Read, by the greatest Strangers to the Schools ;  
If *Honest*, Learn'd ; and *Sages* o'er a Plough.  
Is not, LORENZO ! then, impos'd on Thee  
This hard Alternative ; or, to renounce  
Thy *Reason*, and thy *Sense* ; or, to *Believe* ?  
What then is *Unbelief* ? 'Tis an Exploit ;  
A strenuous Enterprize : To gain it, Man  
Must burst thro' ev'ry Bar of common Sense,  
Of common Shame, magnanimously wrong ;  
And what rewards the sturdy Combatant ?  
His Prize, *Repentance* ; *Infamy*, his Crown.

But wherefore, *Infamy* ?—For want of *Worth*  
Down the steep Precipice of *Wrong* He slides ;  
There's nothing to support him in the *Right*.  
*Faith in the Future* wanting, is, at least  
In *Embryo*, ev'ry Weakness, ev'ry Guilt ;  
And strong Temptation ripens it to *Birth*.  
If *this* Life's Gain invites him to the Deed,  
Why not his Country fold, his Father slain ?  
'Tis Virtue to pursue our Good Supreme ;  
And his Supreme, his *Only Good* is *Here*.  
*Ambition*, *Avarice*, by the Wise disdain'd,  
Is perfect *Wisdom*, while Mankind are *Fools*,  
And think a Turf, or Tombstone, covers All ;  
*These* find Employment, and provide for *Sense*  
A richer Pasture, and a larger Range ;  
And *Sense* by Right divine ascends the Throne,  
When *Reason's* Prize and Prospect are no more ;  
*Virtue* no more we think the Will of Heaven.  
Would Heav'n quite *beggar* Virtue, if belov'd ?

"Has *Virtue* Charms?"—I grant Her heavenly Fair;  
 But if un-portion'd, all will *Int'rest* wed;  
 Tho' *That* our Admiration, *This* our Choice.  
 The *Virtues* grow on *Immortality*;  
 That Root destroy'd, they wither and expire.  
 A *DEITY* believ'd, will nought avail;  
*Rewards* and *Punishments* make God ador'd;  
 And *Hopes* and *Fears* give *Conscience* all her Power.  
 As in the dying Parent dies the Child,  
*Virtue*, with *Immortality*, expires.  
 Who tells me He denies his Soul Immortal,  
 Whate'er his Boast, has told me, *He's a Knave*.  
 His *Duty* 'tis, to love Himself *alone*;  
 Nor care tho' Mankind perish, if He smiles.  
 Who thinks ere-long the Man shall *wholly* die,  
 Is dead already; nought but *Brute* survives.

And are there such?—Such Candidates there are  
 For *more* than Death; for utter Loss of Being;  
 Being, the Basis of the *DEITY*!  
 Ask you the *Cause*?—The Cause they will not tell;  
 Nor *need* they: Oh the Sorceries of *Sense*!  
 They work this Transformation on the Soul,  
 Dismount her like the Serpent at the Fall,  
 Dismount her from her native Wing (which soar'd  
 Ere-while ethereal Heights), and throw her down,  
 To lick the Dust, and crawl, in such a Thought.

Is it in Words to paint you? O ye Fall'n!  
 Fall'n from the Wings of *Reason*, and of *Hope*!  
 Erect in Stature, Prone in Appetite!  
 Patrons of Pleasure, posting into Pain!  
 Lovers of Argument, averse to Sense!  
 Boasters of Liberty, fast-bound in Chains!  
 Lords of the wide Creation, and the Shame!  
 More *Senseless* than th' *Irrationals* you scorn!  
 More *Base* than those you rule! Than those you pity,  
 Far more *Undone*! O ye most infamous  
 Of Beings, from Superior Dignity!

Deepest

186 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Deepest in Woe from Means of boundless Bliss !  
 Ye curst by Blessings infinite ! Because  
 Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost !  
 Ye motly Mass of *Contradiction* strong !  
 And are you, too, convinc'd, your Souls fly off  
 In Exhalation soft, and die in Air,  
 From the full Flood of Evidence *against* you ?  
 In the coarse Drudgeries, and Sinks of *Sense*,  
 Your Souls have quite worn out the Make of Heaven,  
 By Vice new-cast, and Creatures of your own :  
 But tho' you can *deform*, you can't *destroy* ;  
 To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your Power.

LORENZO ! this black Brotherhood renounce ;  
 Renounce St. *Euremont*, and read St. *Paul*.  
 Ere rapt by Miracle, by *Reason* wing'd  
 His mounting Mind made long Abode in Heaven.  
*This* is *Freethinking*, unconfin'd to *Parts*,  
 To send the Soul, on curious Travel bent,  
 Thro' all the Provinces of Human Thought,  
 To dart her Flight, thro' the whole Sphere of Man ;  
 Of this vast Universe to make the Tour ;  
 In each Recess of *Space*, and *Time*, at Home ;  
 Familiar with their Wonders ; diving deep ;  
 And, like a Prince of boundless Int'rests *There*,  
 Still most ambitious of the most Remote ;  
 To look on *Truth* unbroken, and intire ;  
 Truth in the *System*, the full Orb ; where Truths  
 By Truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford  
 An arch-like, strong Foundation, to support  
 Th' incumbent Weight of absolute, complete  
*Conviction* ; Here, the more we press, we stand  
 More Firm ; Who most *Examine* most *Believe*.  
*Parts*, like Half-sentences, confound ; the *Whole*  
 Conveys the *Sense*, and God is understood ;  
 Who not in *Fragments* writes to Human Race :  
 Read his *whole* Volume, Sceptic ! then Reply.

*This, This*, is *Thinking-free*, a Thought that grasps  
 Beyond a Grain, and looks beyond an Hour.

Turn up thine Eye, survey this Midnight Scene ;  
 That are Earth's Kingdoms, to yon boundless Orbs,  
 Of human Souls, one Day, the destin'd Range ?  
 And what yon boundless Orbs, to Godlike *Man* ?  
 Those num'rous Worlds that throng the Firmament,  
 And ask more Space in Heav'n, can rowl at large  
 In *Man's* capacious Thought, and still leave Room  
 For ampler Orbs ; for *new* Creations, There.  
 Can *such* a Soul contract itself, to gripe  
 A Point of no Dimension, of no Weight ?  
 It can ; it does : The World is such a Point,  
 And, of *that* Point, how *small* a Part enslaves ?

How small a Part—of *Nothing*, shall I say ?  
 Why not ?—*Friends*, our *chief* Treasure ! How they drop !  
 UCIA, NARCISSA fair, PHILANDER, gone !  
 The *Grave*, like fabled *Cerberus*, has op'd  
 Triple Mouth ; and, in an awful Voice,  
 Loud calls my Soul, and utters All I sing.  
 How the World falls to-pieces round about us,  
 And leaves us in a Ruin of our Joy !  
 That says This *Transportation* of my *Friends* ?  
 Bids me love the Place where *now* they dwell,  
 And scorn this wretched Spot, they leave so Poor.  
 Eternity's vast *Ocean* lies before thee ;  
 Here, There, LORENZO ! thy CLARISSA sails.  
 Give thy Mind Sea-Room ; keep it wide of *Earth*,  
 That Rock of Souls *immortal* ; cut thy Cord ;  
 T'weigh Anchor ; spread thy Sails ; call ev'ry Wind ;  
 Ye thy *Great Pole-star* ; make the Land of Life.

Two Kinds of Life has *double-natur'd* Man,  
 And Two of Death ; the *Last* far more severe.  
 Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the Sun ;  
 Thrives on his Bounties, triumphs in his Beams.  
 Life *rational* subsists on higher Food,  
 Triumphant in *His* Beams, who made the Day.  
 When we leave *that* Sun, and are left by *this*,  
 The Fate of all who die in stubborn Guilt)  
 Is utter Darkness ; strictly *Double* Death.

## 188 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

We sink by no *Judicial* Stroke of Heaven,  
But Nature's *Course*; as sure as Plumbets fall.  
Since GOD, or Man, must alter, ere they meet,  
(For Light and Darkness blend not in one Sphere)  
'Tis manifest, LORENZO! *who* must change.

If, then, that *Double Death* should prove thy Lot,  
Blame not the Bowels of the DEITY;  
Man shall be blest, as far as Man *permits*.  
Not Man alone, all *Rationals*, Heav'n arms  
With an Illustrious, but Tremendous, Power  
To counter-act Its own most gracious Ends;  
And this, of strict Necessity, not Choice;  
*That* Pow'r deny'd, *Men, Angels*, were no more,  
But passive Engines, void of Praise, or Blame.  
A Nature *Rational* implies the Power  
Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;  
Else idle *Reason* would have nought to do;  
And he that would be barr'd Capacity  
Of Pain, courts Incapacity of Bliss.  
Heav'n *wills* our Happiness, *allows* our Doom;  
*Invites* us ardently, but not *compels*;  
Heav'n but *persuades*, almighty Man *decrees*;  
Man is the Maker of Immortal Fates.  
Man falls by Man, if finally He falls;  
And fall He *must*, who learns from *Death* alone,  
The dreadful Secret,—That he *lives* for Ever.

Why *This* to thee? Thee yet, perhaps, in Doubt  
Of Second Life? But wherefore doubtful still?  
Eternal Life is Nature's ardent Wish;  
What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe:  
Thy *tardy* Faith declares that Wish destroy'd:  
What has destroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee, What?  
When *fear'd the Future*, 'tis no longer wish'd;  
And, when Unwisht, we *strive* to Disbelieve.  
“*Thus Infidelity our Guilt betrays.*”  
Nor that the *sole* Detection! Blush, LORENZO!  
Blush for Hypocrisy, if not for Guilt.

the Future fear'd? An Infidel, and fear!  
 or what? a *Dream*? a *Fable*?—How thy Dread,  
 unwilling Evidence, and therefore *Strong*,  
 fords my Cause an undesign'd Support!  
 how *Disbelief* affirms, what It denies!

*It, unawares, asserts Immortal Life.*"—  
 surprising! *Infidelity* turns out

*Creed*, and a *Confession of our Sins*:  
 postates, *thus*, are Orthodox Divines.

LORENZO! with LORENZO clash no more;  
 or longer a *Transparent Vizor* wear.  
 sink'st Thou, RELIGION *only* has her Mask?  
 or Infidels are Satan's Hypocrites,  
 extend the Worst, and, at the Bottom, *fail*.  
 when visited by Thought (Thought *will* intrude),  
 see Him they serve, *They tremble, and believe*.  
 where Hypocrisy so foul as This?  
 fatal to the Welfare of the World?  
 what *Detestation*, what *Contempt*, their Due?  
 d, if unpaid, be thank'd for their Escape  
 at Christian Candor they *strive* hard to scorn.  
 not for that Asylum, they might find  
 Hell on *Earth*; nor 'scape a worse *Below*.

With Insolence, and Impotence of Thought,  
 Read of racking Fancy, to *refute*,  
 reform thy Manners, and the Truth *enjoy*.—  
 what shall I dare confess the dire Result?  
 can thy proud *Reason* brook so black a Brand?  
 from purer Manners, to *sublimar Faith*,  
 Nature's unavoidable Ascent;  
 in *honest* Deist, where the Gospel shines,  
 satur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ends.  
 When that blest Change arrives, e'en cast aside  
 this Song superfluous; *Life immortal* strikes  
 conviction, in a Flood of Light *Divine*.  
 Christian dwells, like † URIEL, in the Sun;  
 Meridian Evidence puts *Doubt* to Flight; •

And

• Milton.

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And ardent *Hope* anticipates the Skies.  
Of *that* bright Sun, LORENZO! scale the Sphere;  
'Tis easy; It invites thee; It descends  
From Heav'n to wooe, and waft thee whence It came  
Read and revere the *Sacred Page*; a Page  
Where triumphs *Immortality*; a Page  
Which not the whole *Creation* could produce;  
Which not the *Conflagration* shall destroy;  
In Nature's Ruins not one Letter lost:  
'Tis printed in the Mind of Gods for ever.

In proud Disdain of what e'en Gods adore,  
Dost smile?—Poor Wretch! thy Guardian Angel weeps  
*Angels*, and *Men*, assent to what I sing;  
*Wits* smile, and thank me for my *Midnight Dream*.  
How vicious Hearts fume Phrensy to the Brain?  
*Parts* push us on to Pride, and Pride to Shame;  
Pert *Infidelity* is *Wit's* Cockade,  
'To grace the brazen Brow that braves the Skies,  
By *Loss of Being*, dreadfully secure.  
LORENZO! if *thy* Doctrine wins the Day,  
And drives my Dreams, defeated, from the Field;  
If *This* is All, if Earth a *final* Scene,  
Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *Knave*;  
A Knave in Grain! ne'er deviate to the *Right*:  
Shouldst Thou be *Good*—How infinite thy *Loss*!  
*Guilt* only makes *Annihilation* Gain.  
Blest Scheme! which Life deprives of *Comfort*, Death  
Of *Hope*; and which *VICE* only recommends.  
If so; *where*, Infidels! your Bait thrown out  
To catch weak Converts? *Where* your lofty Boast  
Of *Zeal for Virtue*, and of *Love to Man*?  
ANNIHILATION! I confess, in *These*.

What can *Reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound  
*Philosophers* the Converts of a *Song*?  
Yet know, *Its* \* *Title* flatters you, not me;  
Yours be the Praise to make *my* Title good;  
Mine, to Bless Heav'n, and triumph in *your* Praise.

But

\* The Infidel Reclaimed.

since so Pestilential your Disease,  
 though sov'reign is the Med'cine I prescribe,  
 yet, I'll neither Triumph, nor Despair :  
 hope, ere-long my *Midnight Dream* will wake  
 your Hearts, and teach your Wisdom—to be wise :  
 why should Souls Immortal, made for Bliss,  
 wish (and wish in vain !) that Souls could die ?  
 at ne'er *can* die, Oh ! grant to *live* ; and crown  
 : Wish, and Aim, and Labour of the Skies ;  
*ease*, and *enter* on the Joys of Heaven :  
 as shall my Title pass a *sacred Seal*,  
 give an *Imprimatur* from Above,  
 the Angels shout—*An Infidel Reclaim'd !*

To close, LORENZO ! Spite of all my Pains,  
 ' seems it strange, that Thou shouldst live *for ever* ?  
 : *less* strange, that Thou shouldst live *at all* ?  
 : is a Miracle ; and *That* no more.  
 o gave Beginning, can exclude an End.  
 y Thou *art* : Then, doubt if Thou *shalt be*.  
 Miracle with Miracles inclos'd,  
 Man : And starts his Faith at what is *Strange* ?  
 at less than Wonders, from the *Wonderful* ;  
 at less than Miracles, from God, can flow ?  
 nit a G O D—that Mystery Supreme !  
 at Cause uncaus'd ! All other Wonders cease ;  
 thing is Marvellous for *Him* to do :  
 y *Him*—all is Mystery besides ;  
 llions of Mysteries ! *Each* Darker far,  
 an *That* thy Wisdom would, unwisely, shun.  
 weak thy Faith, why chuse the Harder Side ?  
 e nothing *know*, but what is Marvellous ;  
 t what is Marvellous, we can't *believe*.  
 Weak our *Reason*, and so Great our God,  
 hat most surprises in the *Sacred Page*,  
 full as Strange, or Stranger, *must be True*.  
 ish is not *Reason's* Labour, but Repose.

To Faith, and Virtue, why so backward Man ?  
 Hence :—The *Present* strongly strikes us All ;

The



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*The Future*, faintly : Can we, then, be *Men* ?  
 If Men, LORENZO ! the *Reverse* is Right.  
*Reason* is Man's Peculiar ; *Sense*, the Brute's.  
*The Present* is the Scanty Realm of *Sense* ;  
*The Future*, *Reason's* Empire unconfin'd ;  
 On *That* expending all her Godlike Power,  
 She Plans, Provides, Expatiates, Triumphs, *there* ;  
 There, builds her *Blessings* ; There, expects her *Praise* ;  
 And nothing asks of *Fortune*, or of *Men*.  
 And what is *Reason* ? Be she, thus, defin'd ;  
*Reason* is *Upright Stature* in the *Soul*.  
 Oh ! be a *Man* ;—and strive to be a *God*.

“ For what ? (Thou sayst) : To damp the Joys of  
 Life ? ”

No ; to give *Heart* and *Substance* to thy Joys.  
 That Tyrant, *Hope* ; mark, how she domineers ;  
 She bids us quit Realities, for Dreams ;  
 Safety, and Peace, for Hazard, and Alarm ;  
 That Tyrant o'er the Tyrants of the Soul,  
 She bids *Ambition* quit its taken Prize,  
 Spurn the luxuriant Branch on which *It* sits,  
 Tho' bearing Crowns, to spring at *distant* Game ;  
 And plunge in Toils, and Dangers—for Repose.  
 If *Hope* precarious, and of Things, when gain'd,  
 Of Little Moment, and as Little Stay,  
 Can sweeten Toils and Dangers into Joys ;  
 What then, *That* Hope, which nothing can defeat,  
 Our Leave unask'd ? Rich Hope of boundless Bliss !  
 Bliss, past *Man's* Pow'r to paint it ; *Time's*, to close !

*This* Hope is Earth's most estimable Prize :  
*This* is Man's Portion, while no more than Man :  
*Hope*, of all Passions, most befriends us *Here* ;  
 Passions of Prouder Name befriend us less.  
*Joy* has her *Tears*, and *Transport* has her *Death* ;  
*Hope*, like a Cordial, innocent, tho' strong,  
 Man's Heart, at once, *inspires*, and *serenes* ;  
 Nor makes him pay his Wisdom for his Joys ;  
 'Tis All, our present State can *safely* bear,

He

to the Frame! and Vigour to the Mind!  
 the modest Eye *chastis'd* Delight!  
 fair Summer-Ev'ning, mild, and sweet!  
 his full Cup; his Paradise Below!

But Hereafter, *then*, or Hop'd, or Gain'd,  
 —our *Whole* of Happiness: Full Proof,  
 no trivial or inglorious *Theme*.  
 Now, ye Foes to Song! (well-meaning Men,  
 quite forgotten \* Half your *Bible's* Praise!)  
 not *Truths*, in spite of *Verses*, may please:  
 Minds you praise; nor can you praise too much;  
 is Weight in an ETERNITY,  
 Grave listen;—and be *graver* still.

\* The Poetical Parts of it.



K

NIGHT



IGHT THE EIGHTH.

RTUE'S APOLOGY:

O R,

AN *of the* WORLD *Answered.*

---

In which are Considered,

*the* LOVE *of* This LIFE;

BITION *and* PLEASURE, *with the*  
*and* WISDOM, *of the* WORLD.





# IGHT the EIGHTH. RTUE'S APOLOGY:

O R,

MAN of the WORLD Answered.

**F**IND has all Nature, then, espous'd my Part ?  
Have I brib'd Heav'n, and Earth, to plead  
against thee ?  
And is thy Soul *Immortal* ?—What remains ?  
All, All, LORENZO !—Make Immortal,  
Blest.

Immortals !—What can shock us more ?  
t, LORENZO still affects *the World* ;  
stows his Treasure ; Thence, his Title draws,  
*the World* ! (for such wouldst thou be call'd)  
thou proud of that inglorious Style ?  
of Reproach ? For a Reproach it *was*,  
ent Days ; and CHRISTIAN,—in an Age,  
Men were Men, and not asham'd of Heaven,  
their Ambition, as it crown'd their Joy.  
ed with Dews from the *Castalian* Font,  
ould I re-baptize thee, and confer  
r Spirit, and a nobler Name.

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Thy fond Attachments fatal, and inflam'd,  
Point out my Path, and dictate to my Song:  
To Thee, *the World how Fair!* How strongly strikes  
*Ambition!* and gay *Pleasure* stronger still!  
Thy Triple Bane! the Triple Bolt, that lays  
Thy Virtue dead! Be *These* my Triple Theme;  
Nor shall thy *Wit*, or *Wisdom*, be forgot.

Common the Theme; not so the Song; if She  
My Song invokes, URANIA, deigns to smile.  
The Charm that chains us to the World, her Foe,  
If she dissolves, the *Man of Earth*, at once,  
Starts from his Trance, and sighs for other Scenes;  
Scenes, where these Sparks of Night, these *Stars*,  
shine

Unnumber'd Suns (for all things, as they *are*,  
The Blest behold); and, in one Glory, pour  
Their blended Blaze on Man's astonish'd Sight;  
A Blaze,—the least illustrious Object There.

LORENZO! since *Eternal* is at hand,  
To swallow *Time's* Ambitions; as the vast  
*Leviathan*, the Bubbles vain, that ride  
High on the foaming Billow; what avail  
High Titles, high Descent, Attainments high,  
If unattain'd our *Highest*? O LORENZO!  
What lofty Thoughts, these Elements above,  
What tow'ring Hopes, what Sallies from the Sun,  
What grand Surveys of Destiny divine,  
And pompous Preſage of unfathom'd Fate,  
Should roll in Bosoms, where a Spirit burns,  
Bound for Eternity! In Bosoms read  
By *Him*, who Foibles in Archangels sees!  
On human Hearts *He* bends a jealous Eye,  
And marks, and in Heav'n's Register inrolls,  
The Rise, and Progress, of each Option there;  
Sacred to Doomsday! *That* the Page unfolds,  
And spreads us to the Gaze of Gods and Men.

And what an Option, O LORENZO ! thine ?  
 This World ! and This, unrivall'd by the Skies !  
 World, where Lust of *Pleasure, Grandeur, Gold,*  
 three *Demons* that divide its Realms between them,  
 their Strokes alternate buffet to and fro  
 on's restless Heart, their Sport, their flying Ball ;  
 I, with the giddy Circle, sick, and tir'd,  
 pants for Peace, and drops into Despair.  
 This is the World LORENZO sets above  
 at glorious *Promise* Angels were esteem'd  
 to *mean* to bring ; a Promise, their *Ador'd*  
 descended to communicate, and press,  
 Counsel, Miracle, Life, Death, on Man.  
 This is the World LORENZO's Wisdom wooes,  
 and on its thorny Pillow seeks Repose ;  
 Pillow, which, like Opiates ill-prepar'd,  
 intoxicates, but not composes ; fills  
 the visionary Mind with gay Chimeras,  
 the wild Trash of Sleep, without the Rest ;  
 at unfeign'd Travel, and what Dreams of Joy !

How frail, Men, Things ! How momentary, Both !  
 the Chace, of Shadows hunting Shades !  
 the *Gay*, the *Busy*, equal, tho' unlike ;  
 equal in Wisdom, differently wise !  
 through flow'ry Meadows, and through dreary Wastes,  
 the Bustling, and One Dancing, into Death.  
 there's not a Day, but, to the Man of Thought,  
 reveals some Secret, that throws new Reproach  
 on Life, and makes him sick of seeing more.  
 the Scenes of *Business* tell us—" What are Men ;"  
 the Scenes of *Pleasure*—" What is All beside ;"  
 the Others we despise ; and *Here*, Ourselves.  
 and *Disgust* eternal, dwells Delight ?  
*Approbation* strikes the String of Joy.

What wondrous Prize has kindled this Career,  
 as with the Din, and choaks us with the Dust,  
 Life's gay Stage, one Inch above the Grave ?



200 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

The *Proud* run up and down in quest of Eyes;  
 The *Sensual* in pursuit of something worse;  
 The *Grave*, of Gold; the *Politick*, of Power;  
 And All, of other Butterflies, as vain!  
 As Eddies draw things frivolous, and light,  
 How is Man's Heart by *Vanity* drawn in;  
 On the swift Circle of returning Toys,  
 Whirl'd, Straw-like, round and round, and then ingulph  
 Where gay Delusion darkens to Despair!

"*This is a beaten Track.*"—Is This a Track  
 Should *not* be beaten? Never beat enough,  
 Till enough learnt the Truths it would inspire.  
 Shall Truth be silent, because Folly *frowns*?  
 Turn the World's History; what find we there,  
 But *Fortune's* Sports, or *Nature's* cruel Claims,  
 Or *Woman's* Artifice, or *Man's* Revenge,  
 And endless Inhumanities on Man?  
 Fame's Trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the Knell,  
 It brings bad Tidings: How it hourly blows  
 Man's Misadventures round the list'ning World!  
 Man is the Tale of narrative old *Time*;  
 Sad Tale! which high as *Paradise* begins;  
 As if, the Toil of Travel to delude,  
 From Stage to Stage, in his eternal Round,  
 The *Days*, his Daughters, as they spin our Hours  
 On *Fortune's* Wheel, where Accident unthought  
 Oft, in a Moment, snaps Life's strongest Thread,  
 Each, in her 'Turn, some tragic Story tells,  
 With, now-and-then, a wretched Farce between;  
 And fills his Chronicle with human Woes.

Time's Daughters, True as those of Men, deceive  
 Not One, but puts some Cheat on all Mankind;  
 While in their *Father's* Bosom, not yet *Ours*,  
 They flatter our fond Hopes; and promise much  
 Of Amiable; but hold him not o'er-wise,  
 Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the Year,  
 At still-confiding, still-confounded, Man,  
 Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,

Unt:

by Trial, unconvinc'd by Proof,  
 : looking for the Never-seen.  
 e last, like harden'd Felons, lyes ;  
 s itself a Cheat, till It expires.  
 Joys go out by One and One,  
 e poor Man, at length, in perfect Night ;  
 rker, than what, *now*, involves the Pole.

IOU, who dost permit these Ills to fall,  
 ous Ends, and wouldst, that Man should mourn !  
 )U, whose Hand this goodly Fabric fram'd,  
 ow'st it best, and wouldst that Man should know !  
 this sublunary World ? A Vapour ;  
 ir all it holds ; itself, a Vapour ;  
 : damp Bed of Chaos, by Thy Beam  
 ordain'd to swim its destin'd Hour  
 nt Air, then melt, and disappear.  
 Days are number'd, nor remote her Doom ;  
 al, tho' less Transient, than her Sons ;  
 doat on her, as the World and They  
 th Eternal, Solid ; THOU, a Dream.

doat, on What ? *Immortal Views* apart,  
 n of Outfides ! a Land of Shadows !  
 d Field of flow'ry Promises !  
 rness for Joys ! perplext with Doubts,  
 p with Thorns ! A troubled *Ocean*, spread  
 ld Adventurers, their *All* on Board ;  
 id Hope, if here, their Fortune frowns ;  
 on it *must*. Of various Rates they sail,  
 gns various ; All alike in This,  
 fs, anxious ; toll with Hopes, and Fears,  
 ft Skies ; obnoxious All to Storm ;  
 my the most gen'ral Blast of Life :  
 id for Happiness ; yet Few provide  
 rt of *Knowledge*, pointing where it lies ;  
 e's Helm, to shape the Course design'd :  
 re or less, capricious Fate lament,  
 ed by the Tide, and now reorb'd,  
 ther from their Wishes, than before :

202 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

*All*, more or less, against each other dash,  
To mutual Hurt, by Gifts of Passion driven,  
And suffer'ing more from Folly, than from Fate.

Ocean ! Thou dreadful, and tumultuous Home  
Of Dangers, at eternal War with Man !  
*Death's* Capital, where most he domineers,  
With all his chosen *Terrors* frowning round,  
(Tho' lately feasted high at \* *Albion's* Cost)  
Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more !  
Too faithful Mirror ! how dost thou reflect  
The melancholy Face of human Life !  
The strong Resemblance tempts me farther still :  
And, haply, *Britain* may be deeper struck  
By *moral Truth*, in such a Mirror seen,  
Which Nature holds for ever at her Eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in Hope,  
When *Young*, with sanguine Chear, and Streamers g  
We cut our Cable, launch into the World,  
And fondly dream each Wind and Star our Friend ;  
All, in some darling Enterprize embarkt :  
But where is he can fathom its Event ?  
Amid a Multitude of artless Hands,  
*Ruin's* sure Perquisite ! her lawful Prize !  
*Some* steer aright ; but the black Blast blows hard,  
And puffs them wide of Hope : With Hearts of Pro  
Full against Wind, and Tide, *some* win their Way ;  
And when strong Effort has deserv'd the Port,  
And tugg'd it into View, 'tis won ! 'tis lost !  
Tho' strong their Oar, still stronger is their Fate :  
They strike ; and while they Triumph, they Expire.  
In Strefs of Weather, *Most* ; *Some* sink outright ;  
O'er them, and o'er their Names, the Billows close ;  
To-morrow knows not they were ever Born.  
*Others* a short Memorial leave behind,  
Like a Flag floating, when the Bark's ingulph'd ;  
It floats a Moment, and is seen no more :  
One CÆSAR lives ; a Thousand are forgot.

\* Admiral *Bakken*, &c.

Few, beneath auspicious Planets born,  
 Kings of Providence ! fond Fate's Elect !  
 swelling Sails make good the promis'd Port,  
 all their Wishes freighted ! Yet ev'n These,  
 hted with all their Wishes, soon complain ;  
 from Misfortune, not from Nature free,  
 still are Men ; and when is Man secure ?  
 tal *Time*, as *Storm* ! the Rush of Years  
 down their Strength ; their numberless Escapes  
 in end : And, now, their proud Success  
 plants *new* Terrors on the Victor's Brow :  
 t Pain to quit the World, just made their own,  
 r Nest so deeply down'd, and built so high !  
 low they build, who build beneath the Stars.

oe then apart (if Woe apart can be  
 mortal Man), and Fortune at our Nod,  
 Gay ! Rich ! Great ! Triumphant ! and August !  
 t are they ?—The *most* happy (strange to say !)  
 ince *me* most of human Misery :  
 t are they ? Smiling Wretches of *To-morrow* !  
 : wretched, *then*, than e'er their Slave *can* be ;  
 : treach'rous Blessings, at the Day of Need,  
 other faithless Friends, unmask, and sting :  
 what provoking Indigence in Wealth !  
 : aggravated Impotence in Power !  
 Titles, *then*, what Insult of their Pain !  
 at sole Anchor, equal to the Waves,  
 rtal *Hope* ! defies not the rude Storm,  
 s Comfort from the foaming Billow's Rage,  
 makes a welcome Harbour of the Tomb.

is is a *Sketch* of what thy Soul admires :  
 t here (thou sayst) the Miseries of Life  
 e huddled in a Group. A more distinct  
 rvey, perhaps, might bring thee better News."  
 on Life's Stages ; they speak plainer still ;  
 plainer They, the deeper wilt Thou sigh.  
 on thy lovely Boy ; in him behold  
 Best that can befall the Best on Earth ;

204 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

The Boy has Virtue by his *Mother's* Side :  
 Yes, on FLORELLO look ; a *Father's* Heart  
 Is tender, tho' the *Man's* is made of Stone ;  
 The Truth, through such a Medium seen, may make  
 Impression deep, and Fondness prove thy Friend.

FLORELLO lately cast on this rude Coast  
 A helpless Infant ; now a heedless Child ;  
 To poor CLARISSA's Throes, thy Care succeeds ;  
 Care full of Love, and yet severe as Hate !  
 O'er thy Soul's Joy how oft thy Fondness frowns !  
 Needful Austerities his Will restrain ;  
 As Thorns fence in the tender Plant from Harm.  
 As yet, his *Reason* cannot go alone ;  
 But asks a sterner Nurse to lead it on.  
 His little Heart is often terrify'd ;  
 The Blush of Morning, in his Cheek, turns pale ;  
 Its pearly Dew-drop trembles in his Eye ;  
 His harmless Eye ! and drowns an Angel there.  
 Ah ! what avails his Innocence ? The Task  
 Injoin'd must discipline his early Powers ;  
 He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin ;  
 Guiltless, and sad ! A Wretch before the Fall !  
 How cruel this ! More cruel to forbear.  
 Our *Nature* such, with *necessary* Pains,  
 We purchase Prospects of *precarious* Peace :  
 Tho' not a *Father*, This might steal a Sigh.

Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,  
 'Twill sink our poor Account to poorer still) ;  
 Ripe from the Tutor, proud of Liberty,  
 He leaps Inclosure, bounds into the World ;  
 The World is taken, after Ten Years Toil,  
 Like antient *Troy* ; and all its Joys his own.  
 Alas ! the World's a Tutor more severe ;  
 Its Lessons hard, and ill deserve his Pains ;  
 Unteaching All his virtuous Nature taught,  
 Or Books (fair Virtue's Advocates !) inspir'd

For who receives him into public Life ?  
*Men of the World*, the Terræ-filial Breed,  
 Welcome the modest Stranger to their Sphere,  
 Which glitter'd long, at Distance, in his Sight)  
 And, in their hospitable Arms, inclose :  
 Men, who think nought so strong of the Romance,  
 So rank Knight-errant, as a Real Friend :  
 Men, that act up to *Reason's* Golden Rule,  
 All Weakness of *Affection* quite subdu'd :  
 Men, that would blush at being *thought* sincere,  
 And feign, for Glory, the *few* Faults they want ;  
 That love a Lye, where Truth would pay as well ;  
 As if, to Them, *Vice* shone her own Reward.

LORENZO ! canst thou bear a shocking Sight ?  
 Such, for FLORELLO's sake, 'twill now appear :  
 See, the steel'd Files of season'd Veterans,  
 Train'd to the World, in burnisht Falshood bright ;  
 Deep in the fatal Stratagems of Peace ;  
 All soft Sensation, in the Throng, rubb'd off ;  
 All their keen Purpose, in Politeness, sheath'd ;  
 His Friends eternal—during Interest ;  
 His Foes implacable—when worth their while ;  
 At War with ev'ry Welfare, but their own ;  
 As wise as LUCIFER ; and half as good ;  
 And by whom, none, but LUCIFER, can gain—  
 Naked, through These (so common Fate ordains),  
 Naked of Heart, his cruel Course he runs,  
 Stung out of All, most amiable in Life,  
 Prompt Truth, and open Thought, and Smiles unfeign'd ;  
 Affection, as his Species, wide-diffus'd ;  
 Noble Presumptions to Mankind's Renown ;  
 Ingenuous Trust, and Confidence of Love.

These Claims to Joy (if Mortals Joy might claim)  
 Will cost him many a Sigh ; till Time, and Pains,  
 From the slow Mistress of this School, *Experience*,  
 And her Assistant, pausing, pale, *Distrust*,  
 Purchase a dear-bought Clue to lead his Youth,

Through

206 *The* COMPLAINT; or,

Through serpentine Obliquities of Life,  
 And the dark Labyrinth of human Hearts:  
 And happy ! if the Clue shall come so cheap ;  
 For, while we learn to fence with Public Guilt,  
 Full oft we feel its foul Contagion too,  
 If less than heav'nly Virtue is our Guard.  
 Thus, a strange Kind of curst Necessity  
 Brings down the sterling Temper of his Soul,  
 By base Alloy, to bear the Current Stamp,  
*Below* call'd Wisdom ; sinks him into Safety ;  
 And brands him into Credit with the *World* ;  
 Where specious Titles dignify Disgrace,  
 And Nature's Injuries are Arts of Life ;  
 Where brighter Reason prompts to bolder Crimes ;  
 And Heav'nly Talents make Infernal Hearts ;  
 That unfurmountable Extreme of Guilt !

Poor MACHIAVEL ! who labour'd hard his Plan,  
 Forgot, that Genius needs not go to School ;  
 Forgot, that Man, without a Tutor wife,  
 His Plan had practis'd, long before 'twas writ.  
 The World's all *Title-page*, there's no *Contents* ;  
 The World's all *Face* ; the Man who shews his *Heart*,  
 Is whooted for his Nudities, and scorn'd.  
 A Man I knew, who liv'd upon a Smile ;  
 And well it fed him ; he look'd plump and fair ;  
 While rankest Venom foam'd through ev'ry Vein.  
 LORENZO ! what I tell thee, take not ill !  
 Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry *Fool* alive ;  
 And, Dying, curs'd the *Friend* on whom he liv'd.  
 'To such Proficients thou art half a Saint.  
 In foreign Realms (for thou hast travell'd far)  
 How curious to contemplate Two State-Rooks,  
 Studious their Nests to feather in a trice,  
 With all the *Necromantics* of their Art,  
 Playing the Game of *Faces* on each other,  
 Making Court Sweet-meats of their latent Gall,  
 In foolish Hope, to steal each other's Trust ;  
 Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd ;  
 And, sometimes, both (let Earth rejoice) undone !

That

Their Parts we doubt not ; but be That their Shame ;  
 Shall Men of Talents, fit to rule Mankind,  
 stoop to mean Wiles, that would disgrace a Fool ?  
 And lose the Thanks of those few Friends they serve ?  
 For who can thank the Man, he cannot see ?

Why, so much Cover ? It defeats itself.  
 Ye, that know all things ! know ye not, Mens Hearts  
 Are therefore known, *because* they are conceal'd ?  
 For why conceal'd ?—The Cause they need not tell.  
 I give Him Joy, that's awkward at a Lye ;  
 Whose feeble Nature *Truth* keeps still in Awe ;  
 His Incapacity is his Renown.  
 'Tis Great, 'tis Manly, to disdain *Disguise* ;  
 It shews our Spirit, or it proves our Strength.  
 Thou sayst, 'Tis *needful* : Is it therefore *right* ?  
 Howe'er, I grant it some small Sign of Grace,  
 To strain at an Excuse : And wouldst thou then  
 Escape that cruel *Need* ? Thou mayst, with Ease ;  
 Think no Post *needful* that demands a Knave.  
 When late our Civil Helm was shifting Hands,  
 So P——thought : Think better, if you can.

But This, how rare ! the public Path of Life  
 Is dirty :—Yet, allow that Dirt its Due,  
 It makes the Noble Mind more noble still :  
 The World's no Neuter ; it will wound or save ;  
 Our Virtue quench, or Indignation fire.  
 You say ; the World, well-known, will make a *Man* :—  
 The World, well-known, will give our Hearts to Heaven,  
 Or make us *Demons*, long before we Die.

To shew how fair the World, *thy* Mistress, shines,  
 Take *either* Part, sure Ills attend the Choice ;  
 Sure, tho' not equal, Detriment ensues.  
 Not *Virtue*-self is Deify'd on Earth ;  
*Virtue* has her Relapses, Conflicts, Foes ;  
 Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their Hate.  
*Virtue* has her peculiar Set of Pains ;  
 True ; Friends to *Virtue*, *last*, and *least*, complain ;

But



## 208 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

But if *They* Sigh, can Others hope to Smile ?  
 If *Wisdom* has her Miseries to mourn,  
 How can poor *Folly* lead a happy Life ?  
 And if *Both* suffer, what has Earth to boast,  
 Where he *most* Happy, who the *least* Laments ?  
 Where *much, much* Patience, the most envy'd State,  
 And *some* Forgiveness, needs, the best of Friends ?  
 For Friend, or happy Life, who looks not higher,  
 Of neither shall he find the Shadow *here*.

The World's sworn Advocate, without a Fee,  
 LORENZO smartly, with a Smile, replies ;  
 " Thus far thy Song is right ; and All must own,  
 " *Virtue has her peculiar Set of Pains*.—  
 " And Joys peculiar who to *Vice* denies ?  
 " If *Vice* it is, with Nature to comply :  
 " If *Pride*, and *Sense*, are so predominant,  
 " To *check*, not *overcome*, them, makes a Saint,  
 " Can Nature in *plainer* Voice proclaim  
 " *Pleasure*, and *Glory*, the Chief Good of Man ?"

Can *Pride*, and *Sensuality*, rejoice ?  
 From Purity of Thought, all *Pleasure* springs ;  
 And, from an humble Spirit, all our *Peace*.  
*Ambition, Pleasure !* let us talk of These :  
 Of These, the PORCH, and ACADEMY, talk'd ;  
 Of These, each following Age had much to say ;  
 Yet unexhausted, still, the needful Theme.  
 Who talks of *These*, to Mankind all at once  
 He talks ; for where the Saint from either free ?  
 Are These thy Refuge ?—No ; These rush upon thee  
 Thy Vitals seize, and *Vultur*-like, devour :  
 I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy Rock,  
 PROMETHEUS ! from this barren Ball of Earth ;  
 If *Reason* can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy *Caucasus*, Ambition calls ;  
 Mountain of Torments ! Eminence of Woes !  
 Of courted Woes ! and courted through Mistake !  
 'Tis not Ambition charms thee ; 'tis a Cheat

Will make thee start, as *H*——at his *Moor*.  
 Do not grasp at Greatness? First, know what it is:  
 Think'st thou thy Greatness in *Distinction* lies?  
 Not in the Feather, wave it e'er so high,  
 By *Fortune* stuck, to mark us from the Throng,  
 As Glory lodg'd: 'Tis lodg'd in the Reverse;  
 In that which joins, in that which equals, All,  
 The Monarch, and his Slave;—"A Deathless Soul,  
 An Unbounded Prospect, and Immortal Kin,  
 A Father God, and Brothers in the Skies;"  
 Elder, indeed, in Time; but less remote  
 In Excellence, perhaps, than thought by Man;  
 Why greater What can Fall, than What can Rise?

If Still delirious, now, LORENZO! go;  
 And with thy full-blown Brothers of the *World*,  
 Throw Scorn around thee; cast it on thy Slaves;  
 Thy Slaves, and Equals: How Scorn cast on Them  
 Rebounds on Thee! If Man is mean, as Man,  
 Art thou a God? If *Fortune* makes him so,  
 Beware the Consequence: A Maxim That,  
 Which draws a monstrous Picture of Mankind,  
 Where, in the Drapery, the *Man* is lost;  
 Externals flutt'ring, and the Soul forgot.  
 Thy greatest Glory when dispos'd to Boast,  
 Boast *That* aloud, in which thy Servants share.

We wisely strip the Steed we mean to buy;  
 And judge we, in their Caparisons, of *Men*?  
 'Tis nought avails thee, *Where*, but *What*, thou art;  
 All the Distinctions of this little Life  
 Are quite Cutaneous, foreign to the Man.  
 When, through Death's Streights, *Earth's* subtil Serpents  
 Creep,  
 Which wriggle into Wealth, or climb Renown,  
 As crooked *Satan* the Forbidden Tree,  
 They leave their party-colour'd Robe behind,  
 All that now glitters, while they rear aloft  
 Their brazen Crests, and hiss at us below.  
 Of *Fortune's Fucus* strip them, yet-alive;

Strip

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Strip them of Body, too ; nay, closer still,  
 Away with all, but *Moral*, in their Minds ;  
 And let, what then remains, impose their Name,  
 Pronounce them Weak, or Worthy ; Great, or Mean.  
 How mean that Snuff of Glory *Fortune* lights,  
 And *Death* puts out ! Dost Thou demand a Test,  
 A Test, at once, infallible, and short,  
 Of *real* Greatness ? That Man Greatly lives,  
 Whate'er his Fate, or Fame, who Greatly dies ;  
 High-flush'd with Hope, where Heroes shall despair.  
 If *This* a true Criterion, Many Courts,  
 Illustrious, might afford but few Grandees.

Th'Almighty, from his Throne, on Earth surveys  
 Nought Greater, than an Honest, Humble Heart ;  
 An Humble Heart, *His* Residence ! pronounc'd  
*His* second Seat ; and Rival to the Skies.  
 The private Path, the secret Acts of Men,  
 If noble, far the noblest of our Lives !  
 How far above LORENZO's Glory fits  
 'Th' illustrious Master of a Name *unknown* ;  
 Whose Worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves  
 Life's sacred Shades, where Gods converse with Men ;  
 And *Peace*, beyond the World's Conception, smiles !  
 As Thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.

But thy Great Soul this *skulking* Glory scorns.  
 LORENZO's sick, but when LORENZO's seen ;  
 And, when he shrugs at public Bus'ness, lyes.  
 Deny'd the public Eye, the public Voice,  
 As if he liv'd on others Breath, he dies.  
 Fain would he make the World his Pedestal ;  
 Mankind the Gazers, the sole Figure, He.  
 Knows he, that Mankind praise against their Will,  
 And mix as much Detraction as they can ?  
 Knows he, that faithless *Fame* her Whisper has,  
 As well as Trumpet ? That his Vanity  
 Is so much tickled from not hearing *All* ?  
 Knows this All-Knower, that from Itch of Praise,  
 Or, from an Itch more sordid, when he shines,

Taking his Country by Five hundred Ears,  
 Senates at once admire him, and despise,  
 With modest Laughter lining loud Applause,  
 Which makes the Smile more mortal to his Fame?  
 His *Fame*, which (like the mighty CÆSAR), crown'd  
 With Laurels, in full Senate, greatly falls,  
 By *seeming* Friends, that honour, and destroy.  
 We rise in Glory, as we sink in Pride:  
 Where Boasting ends, there Dignity begins:  
 And yet, mistaken beyond all Mistake,  
 The Blind LORENZO's proud—of being Proud;  
 And dreams himself Ascending in his Fall.

An Eminence, though fanfy'd, turns the Brain;  
 All Vice wants *Hellebore*; but, of all Vice,  
*Pride* loudest calls, and for the largest Bowl;  
 Because, all other Vice unlike, it flies,  
 In *Fact*, the Point, in *Fancy* most pursu'd.  
 Who court Applause, oblige the World in *this*;  
 They gratify Man's Passion to *refuse*.  
 Superior Honour, when *assum'd*, is *lost*;  
 Ev'n Good Men turn *Banditti*, and rejoice,  
 Like KOULI-KAN, in Plunder of the Proud.

Tho' somewhat disconcerted, steady still  
 To the *World's* Cause, with half a Face of Joy,  
 LORENZO cries—"Be, then, *Ambition* cast;  
 " *Ambition's* Dearer far stands unimpeach'd,  
 " *Gay Pleasure!* Proud *Ambition* is her Slave;  
 " For Her, he soars at *Great*, and hazards *Ill*;  
 " For Her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;  
 " And paves his Way, with Crowns, to reach Her Smile;  
 " Who can resist Her Charms?"—Or, *should?* LORENZO!  
 What Mortal shall resist, where Angels yield?  
*Pleasure's* the Mistress of Ethereal Powers;  
 For Her contend the Rival Gods above;  
*Pleasure's* the Mistress of the World below;  
 And well it is for Man, that *Pleasure* charms;  
 How would All stagnate, but for *Pleasure's* Ray!  
 How would the frozen Stream of Action cease!

What

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What is the Pulse of this so busy World ?  
The Love of *Pleasure* : That, thro' ev'ry Vein,  
Throws Motion, Warmth; and shuts out Death from  
Life.

Tho' various are the Tempers of Mankind,  
*Pleasure's* gay Family holds All in Chains :  
Some most affect the Black ; and some, the Fair ;  
Some honest *Pleasure* court ; and some, obscene.  
*Pleasures obscene* are various, as the Throng  
Of Passions, that can err in human Hearts ;  
Mistake their Objects, or transgress their Bounds.  
Think you there's but *One* Whoredom ? Whoredom, All,  
But when our *Reason* licenses Delight.  
Dost doubt, *LORENZO* ? Thou shalt doubt no more.  
Thy Father chides thy Gallantries ; yet hugs  
An ugly, common Harlot, in the Dark.  
A rank Adulterer with others *Gold* ;  
And that Hag, *Vengeance*, in a Corner, charms.  
*Hatred* her Brothel has, as well as Love,  
Where horrid *Epicures* debauch in Blood.  
Whate'er the Motive, *Pleasure* is the Mark ;  
For Her, the black Assassin draws his Sword ;  
For Her, dark Statesmen trim their Midnight Lamp,  
To which no *single* Sacrifice may fall ;  
For Her, the Saint abstains ; the Miser starves ;  
The *Stoic* proud, for *Pleasure*, *Pleasure* scorn'd ;  
For Her, *Affliction's* Daughters Grief indulge,  
And find, or hope, a Luxury in Tears ;  
For Her, Guilt, Shame, Toil, Danger, we defy ;  
And, with an Aim *voluptuous*, rush on Death.  
Thus universal her despotic Power.

And as her Empire wide, her Praise is just.  
Patron of *Pleasure* ! Doater on Delight !  
I am thy Rival ; *Pleasure* I profess ;  
*Pleasure*, the Purpose of my gloomy Song.  
*Pleasure* is nought but *Virtue's* gayer Name ;  
I wrong her still, I rate her Worth too low ;

*Virtue*

Virtue the Root, and Pleasure is the Flower ;  
And honest EPICURUS' Foes were Fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the *Wife* Offence ;  
If o'erstrain'd Wisdom still retains the *Name*.  
How knits *Austerity* her cloudy Brow,  
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *Praise*  
Of *Pleasure*, to Mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear !  
Ye modern *Steies* ! hear my soft Reply ;  
Their Senses *Men will* trust : We can't impose ;  
Or, if we could, is Imposition right ?  
Own *Honey sweet* ; but, owning, add this *Sting* ;  
“ When mixt with Poison, it is deadly too.”  
Truth never was indebted to a Lye.  
Is nought but *Virtue* to be prais'd, as Good ?  
Why then is Health preferr'd before Disease ?  
What Nature loves is Good, without *our* Leave.  
And where no future Drawback cries, “ *Beware* ;”  
*Pleasure*, though not from *Virtue*, *should* prevail.  
’Tis Balm to Life, and Gratitude to Heaven ;  
How cold our Thanks for Bounties unenjoy'd !  
The *Love of Pleasure* is Man's Eldest-born,  
Born in his Cradle, living to his Tomb ;  
*Wisdom*, her younger Sister, tho' more grave,  
Was meant to *minister*, and not to mar,  
Imperial *Pleasure*, Queen of human Hearts.

LORENZO ! Thou, her Majesty's renown'd,  
Tho' uncoift, Counsel, learned in the *World* !  
Who think'st thyself a MURRAY, with Disdain  
Mayst look on me. Yet, my DEMOSTHENES !  
Canst thou plead *Pleasure's* Cause as well as I ?  
Know'st thou her *Nature, Purpose, Parentage* ?  
Attend my Song, and thou shalt know them all ;  
And know Thyself ; and know thyself to be  
(Strange Truth !) the most abstemious Man alive.  
Tell not CALISTA ; she will laugh thee dead ;  
Or send thee to her Hermitage with L——.  
Absurd Presumption ! Thou, who never knew'st  
A *serious* Thought ! shalt thou dare dream of Joy ?

No

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No Man e'er found a *happy Life* by Chance,  
Or yawn'd it into Being, with a Wish;  
Or, with the Snout of grov'ling *Appetite*,  
E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the Dirt.  
An *Art* it is, and must be learnt; and learnt  
With unremitting Effort, or be lost;  
And leave us perfect Blockheads, in our Bliss.  
The Clouds may drop down Titles and Estates;  
*Wealth* may seek Us; but *Wisdom* must be Sought;  
Sought before All; but (how unlike All else  
We seek on Earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, *Pleasure's* Birth, Rise, Strength, and Grande  
Brought forth by *Wisdom*, nurs'd by *Discipline*,  
By *Patience* taught, by *Perseverance* crown'd,  
She rears her Head majestic; round her Throne  
Erected in the Bosom of the Just,  
Each Virtue, lifted, forms her manly Guard.  
For what are *Virtues*? (Formidable Name!)  
What, but the Fountain, or Defence, of Joy?  
Why, then, commanded? Need Mankind Comma  
At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their Bliss?—  
Great Legislator! Scarce so Great, as Kind!  
If Men are rational, and love Delight,  
Thy gracious Law but flatters human Choice;  
In the Transgression lies the Penalty;  
And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of *Pleasure*, next, the final Cause explore;  
Its mighty *Purpose*, its important *End*.  
Not to turn *Human* brutal, but to build  
*Divine* on Human, *Pleasure* came from Heaven.  
In Aid to *Reason* was the Goddess sent;  
To call up all its Strength by such a Charm.  
*Pleasure*, first, succours *Virtue*; in Return,  
*Virtue* gives *Pleasure* an eternal Reign.  
What, but the Pleasure of Food, Friendship, Faith  
Supports Life *Nat'ral*, *Civil*, and *Divine*?  
'Tis from the Pleasure of Repast, we live;  
'Tis from the Pleasure of Applause, we please;

'Tis from the Pleasure of Belief, we pray  
 All Pray'r would cease, if unbeliev'd the Prize):  
 It serves ourselves, our Species, and our God;  
 And to serve more, is past the Sphere of Man.  
 Slide, then, for ever, Pleasure's sacred Stream!  
 Through *Eden* as *Euphrates* ran, It runs,  
 And fosters ev'ry Growth of Happy Life;  
 Makes a new *Eden* where it flows;—but such  
 As *must* be lost, LORENZO! by thy Fall.

“What mean I by thy Fall?”—Thou'lt shortly see,  
 While Pleasure's *Nature* is at large display'd;  
 Already sang her *Origin*, and *Ends*.  
 Those glorious Ends, by Kind, or by Degree,  
 When *Pleasure* violates, 'tis then a Vice,  
 And Vengeance too; it hastens into Pain.  
 From due Refreshment, Life, Health, Reason, Joy;  
 From wild Excess, Pain, Grief, Distraction, Death;  
 Heav'n's Justice *this* proclaims, and *that* her Love.  
 What greater Evil can I wish my Foe,  
 Than his full Draught of Pleasure, from a Cask  
 Unbroach'd by *just Authority*, ungaug'd  
 By *Temperance*, by *Reason* unrefin'd?  
 A thousand Demons lurk within the Lee.  
 Heav'n, Others, and Ourselves! Uninjur'd *These*,  
 Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more Divine;  
 Angels are Angels from Indulgence *there*;  
 'Tis Unrepenting Pleasure makes a God.

Dost think thyself a God from other Joys?  
 A Victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.  
 The Wrong *must* mourn: Can Heav'n's Appointment fail?  
 Can Man outwit Omnipotence? strike out  
 A Self-wrought Happiness unmeant by *Him*  
 Who made Us, and the World we would enjoy?  
 Who forms an Instrument, ordains from whence  
 Its Dissonance, or Harmony, shall rise.  
 Heav'n bid the Soul this mortal Frame inspire;  
 Did Virtue's Ray divine inspire the Soul  
 With unprecious Flows of vital Joy;

And,



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And, without Breathing, Man as well might hope  
For Life, as, without Piety, for Peace.

"Is *Virtue*, then, and *Piety* the same?"—  
No; *Piety* is more; 'tis *Virtue's* Source;  
Mother of ev'ry Worth, as That of Joy.  
*Men of the World* this Doctrine ill digest;  
They smile at *Piety*; yet boast aloud  
*Good-Will to Men*; nor know, they strive to part  
What *Nature* joins; and thus confute Themselves.  
With *Piety* begins all Good on Earth;  
'Tis the First-born of Rationality.  
*Conscience*, her first Law broken, wounded lies;  
Enfeebled, Lifeless, Impotent to Good;  
A feign'd Affection bounds her utmost Power.  
Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's Sake;  
A Foe to God was ne'er true Friend to Man;  
Some sinister Intent taints all he does,  
And, in his Kindest Actions, he's Unkind.

On *Piety*, Humanity is built;  
And, on Humanity, much Happiness;  
And yet still more on *Piety* itself.  
A Soul in Commerce with her God, is Heaven;  
Feels not the Tumults and the Shocks of Life;  
The Whirls of Passions, and the Strokes of Heart.  
A Deity believ'd, is Joy begun;  
A Deity ador'd, is Joy advanc'd;  
A Deity belov'd, is Joy matur'd.  
Each Branch of *Piety* Delight inspires;  
*Faith* builds a Bridge from This World to the Next,  
O'er Death's dark Gulph, and all its Horror hides;  
*Praise*, the sweet Exhalation of our Joy,  
That Joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;  
*Pray'r* ardent opens Heav'n, lets down a Stream  
Of Glory on the consecrated Hour  
Of Man, in Audience with the Deity.  
Who worships the Great God, that Instant joins  
The First in Heav'n, and sets his Foot on Hell.

120 ! when wast Thou at Church *before* ?  
 nk't the Service Long : But is it Just ?  
 t, Unwelcome : Thou hadst rather tread  
 v'd Ground ; the Muse, to win thine Ear,  
 e an Air less Solemn : She complies.  
*science* ! at the Sound *the World* retires ;  
 affects it, and LORENZO smiles ;  
 he her *Seraglio* full of Charms ;  
 as Age shall Heighten, not Impair.  
 dejected ? Is thy Mind o'ercast ?  
 r Fair Ones, thou the Fairest chuse,  
 thy Gloom.—“ Go, fix some weighty *Truth* ;  
 down some *Passion* ; do some *gen'rous Good* ;  
 Ignorance to see, or Grief to smile ;  
 t thy *Friend* ; befriend thy greatest *Foe* ;  
 ith warm Heart, and Confidence divine,  
 up, and lay strong Hold on *Him* who made  
 'hee.”—  
 om is scatter'd, sprightly Spirits flow ;  
 her'd is thy Vine, and Harp unstrung.

all the Bowl, the Viol, and the Dance,  
 irth, mad Laughter ? Wretched Comforters !  
 is ! more than Half of thy Disease.  
 , tho' never censur'd yet as Sin  
 a Thought that only *seems* severe),  
 mmoral : Is it much indulg'd ?  
 ng Spleen, or dissipating Thought,  
 a *Scorner*, or it makes a *Fool* ;  
 , as hurting Others, or Ourselves.  
 te, or *Emptiness*, applies the Straw,  
 kles Little Minds to Mirth effuse ;  
 f as impotent, portentous Sign !  
 use of Laughter makes a House of Woe.  
 triumphant is a Monstrous Sight ;  
 dejected is a Sight as Mean.  
 ause for *Triumph*, where such Ills abound ?  
 e *Dejection*, where presides a Power,  
 d us into Being to be Blest ?

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So grieve, as conscious Grief may rise to Joy;  
 So joy, as conscious Joy to Grief may fall.  
 Most true, a wise Man never will be sad;  
 But neither will sonorous, bubbling Mirth,  
 A shallow Stream of Happiness betray:  
 Too Happy to be Sportive, He's Serene.

Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own Expence),  
 This Counsel strange should I presume to give—  
 “Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be Gay.”  
*There* Truths abound of sov'reign Aid to Peace;  
 Ah! do not prize them less, because Inspir'd,  
 As Thou, and Thine, are apt and proud to do.  
 If *not* inspir'd, that pregnant Page had stood,  
*Time's* Treasure! and the Wonder of the Wise!  
 Thou think'st, perhaps, Thy *Soul* alone at Stake;  
 Alas!—Should Men mistake thee for a *Fool*;—  
 What Man of Taste for Genius, Wisdom, Truth,  
 Tho' tender of thy Fame, could interpose?  
 Believe me, Sense, *here*, acts a double Part,  
 And the true Critic is a *Christian* too.

But *These*, thou think'st, are gloomy Paths to Joy.—  
 True Joy in Sunshine ne'er was found at first;  
 They, first, Themselves offend, who greatly please;  
 And Travel only gives us sound Repose.  
 Heav'n *sells* all Pleasure; Effort is the Price;  
 The Joys of Conquest, are the Joys of Man;  
 And *Glory* the victorious *Laurel* spreads  
 O'er *Pleasure's* pure, perpetual, placid Stream.

There is a Time, when Toil must be preferr'd,  
 Or Joy, by mis-tim'd Fondness, is undone.  
 A Man of *Pleasure* is a Man of *Pains*.  
 Thou wilt not take the Trouble to be Blest.  
 False Joys, indeed, are born from Want of Thought  
 From Thought's full Bent, and Energy, the *True*;  
 And that demands a Mind in equal Poize,  
 Remote from gloomy Grief, and glaring Joy.  
 Much Joy not only speaks small Happiness,

Happiness, that shortly must expire.  
 n Joy, unbottom'd in Reflection, stand ?  
 d, in a Tempest, can Reflection live ?  
 n Joy, like Thine, secure itself an Hour ?  
 n Joy, like Thine, meet Accident unhock'd ?  
 ope the Door to honest Poverty ?  
 talk with threat'ning Death, and not turn pale ?  
 such a World, and such a Nature, *These*  
 e needful Fundamentals of Delight :  
 hese Fundamentals, give Delight *indeed* ;  
 ight, pure, delicate, and durable ;  
 ight, unshaken, masculine, divine ;  
 constant, and a sound, but *serious* Joy.

Is Joy the Daughter of Severity ?  
 is :—Yet far my Doctrine from Severe.  
 Rejoice for ever :” It becomes a Man ;  
 xalts, and sets him nearer to the Gods.  
 Rejoice for ever,” *Nature* cries, “ Rejoice ;”  
 and drinks to Man, in her nectareous Cup,  
 Mixt up of Delicates for ev’ry Sense ;  
 To the great Founder of the bounteous Feast,  
 Drinks Glory, Gratitude, eternal Praise ;  
 And he that will not *pledge her*, is a Churl.  
 ll firmly to support, *Good* fully taste,  
 is the whole Science of Felicity :  
 Yet *sparing pledge* : *Her* Bowl is not the Best  
 Mankind can boast.—“ A rational Repast ;  
 Exertion, Vigilance, a Mind in Arms,  
 A military Discipline of Thought,  
 To foil *Temptation* in the doubtful Field ;  
 And ever-waking Ardor for *the Right*.”  
 tis *These*, first, give, then guard, a chearful Heart.  
 ought that is *Right*, think Little ; well aware,  
 What Reason bids, God bids ; by *His* Command  
 low aggrandiz’d, the Smallest Thing we do !  
 hus, *Nothing* is Insipid to the Wise ;  
 o Thee, Insipid All, but what is *Mad* ;  
 oys season’d high, and tasting strong of Guilt.

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“ *Mad!* (thou reply’st, with Indignation fir’d)  
 “ Of antient Sages proud to tread the Steps,  
 “ I follow *Nature*.”—Follow *Nature* still,  
 But look it be thine *own*: Is *Conscience*, then,  
 No Part of *Nature*? Is she not *Supreme*?  
 Thou Regicide! O raise her from the Dead!  
 Then, follow *Nature*; and resemble God.

“ When, spite of *Conscience*, Pleasure is pursu’d,  
*Man’s Nature* is *unnaturally* pleas’d:  
 And what’s Unnatural, is Painful too  
 At Intervals, and must disgust ev’n Thee!  
 The *Fact* thou know’st; but not, perhaps, the *Cause*.  
*Virtue’s* Foundations with the World’s were laid;  
 Heav’n mixt her with our Make, and twisted close  
 Her sacred Int’rests with the Strings of Life.  
 Who breaks Her awful Mandate, shocks Himself,  
 His Better Self: And is it greater Pain,  
 Our *Soul* should murmur, or our *Dust* repine?  
 And One, in their eternal War, *must* bleed.

If One *must* suffer, which should least be spar’d?  
 The Pains of Mind surpass the Pains of Sense:  
 Ask, then, the Gout, What Torment is in Guilt.  
 The Joys of *Sense* to *Mental* Joys are mean:  
 Sense on the Present only feeds; the Soul  
 On Past, and Future, forages for Joy.  
 ’Tis Hers, by Retrospect, thro’ *Time* to range;  
 And forward *Time’s* great Sequel to survey.  
 Could human Courts take Vengeance on the *Mind*,  
 Axes might rust, and Racks, and Gibbets, fall:  
 Guard, then, thy Mind, and leave the rest to Fate.

LORENZO! wilt thou never be a Man?  
 The Man is dead, who for the Body lives,  
 Lur’d, by the Beating of his Pulse, to list  
 With ev’ry Lust, that wars against his Peace;  
 And sets him quite at Variance with Himself.  
 Thyself, first, Know; then Love: A *Self* there

e fond, that kindles at her Charms.  
 ere is, as fond of ev'ry Vice,  
 ry Virtue wounds it to the Heart ;  
 legrades it, *Justice* robs,  
 ty beggars it, fair *Truth* betrays,  
 ke *Magnanimity* destroys.  
 when Rival to the Former, scorn ;  
 in Competition, kindly treat,  
 Feed it :—But when Virtue bids,  
 r to the Fowls, or to the Flames.  
 ? 'Tis Love of *Pleasure* bids thee bleed ;  
 or own Self-Love *extinct*, or *blind*.

at is *Vice* ? Self-Love in a Mistake ;  
 ind Merchant buying Joys too dear.  
 e, what ? 'Tis Self-Love in her Wits,  
 ful in the Market of Delight.  
 's good Sense is Love of that dread Power,  
 om Herself, and All she can enjoy.  
 -Love is but disguis'd Self-Hate ;  
 tal than the Malice of our Foes ;  
 te, *now*, scarce felt ; *then* felt full-fore,  
 ng, curst ; Extinction, loud-implor'd ;  
 Thing preferr'd to what we *are*.

Self-Love LORENZO makes his Choice ;  
 his Choice triumphant, boasts of Joy.  
 s Want of Happiness betray'd,  
 ction to the present Hour !  
 on wanders far afield :  
 re pleases : Why ? The Present pains.—  
 t's a *Secret*.—Yes, which all Men know ;  
 r from Thee, discover'd unawares.  
 less Agitation, restless Roll  
 at to Cheat, impatient of a Pause ;  
 ?—'Tis the Cradle of the Soul,  
 nt sent, to rock her in Disease,  
 r Physician, *Reason*, will not cure.  
 pedient ! yet thy Best ; and while  
 s thy Pain, it *owns* it too.

## 222 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Such are LORENZO's wretched Remedies !  
 The Weak have Remedies ; the Wife have Joys.  
 Superior Wisdom is superior Bliss.  
 And what sure Mark distinguishes the Wife ?  
 Consistent Wisdom ever wills the Same ;  
 Thy fickle Wish is ever on the Wing.  
 Sick of Herself, is *Folly's* Character ;  
 As *Wisdom's* is, a modest Self-Appause.  
 A Change of Evils is thy Good supreme ;  
 Nor, but in Motion, canst thou find thy Rest.  
 Man's greatest Strength is shewn in standing still.  
 The first sure Symptom of a Mind in Health,  
 Is Rest of Heart, and Pleasure felt at Home.  
*False* Pleasure from Abroad her Joys imports ;  
 Rich from within, and Self-sustain'd, the *True*.  
 The *True* is fixt, and solid as a Rock ;  
 Slipp'ry the *False*, and tossing, as the Wave.  
*This*, a wild Wanderer on Earth, like CAIN ;  
*That*, like the fabled, Self-enamour'd Boy,  
 Home-Contemplation her supreme Delight ;  
 She dreads an Interruption from without,  
 Smit with her own Condition ; and the more  
 Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No Man is happy, till he thinks, on Earth  
 There breathes not a more happy than Himself :  
 Then Envy dies, and Love o'erflows on All ;  
 And Love o'erflowing makes an Angel Here.  
 Such Angels All, intitled to repose  
 On *Him* who governs Fate : Tho' Tempest frowns,  
 Tho' Nature shakes, how Soft to lean on Heaven !  
 To lean on *Him*, on whom Arch-angels lean !  
 With inward Eyes, and silent as the Grave,  
 They stand collecting ev'ry Beam of Thought,  
 Till their Hearts kindle with Divine Delight ;  
 For all their Thoughts, like Angels, seen of old  
 In ISRAEL's Dream, come from, and go to, Heaven ;  
 Hence, are *they* studious of sequestred Scenes ;  
 While Noise, and Dissipation, comfort *Thee*.

Were all Men happy, Revellings would cease,  
That Opiate for Inquietude within.

JORENZO ! never Man was truly Blest,  
But it compos'd, and gave him such a Cast,  
As *Folly* might mistake for Want of Joy.  
A Cast, unlike the Triumph of the Proud ;  
A modest Aspect, and a Smile at Heart.  
O for a Joy from thy PHILANDER'S Spring !  
A Spring perennial, rising in the Breast,  
And Permanent, as Pure ! no turbid Stream  
Of rapt'rous Exultation swelling high ;  
Which, like Land-floods, impetuous pour awhile,  
Then sink at once, and leave us in the Mire.  
What does the Man, who transient Joy prefers ?  
What, but prefer the Bubbles to the Stream ?

Vain are all sudden Sallies of Delight ;  
Convulsions of a weak distemper'd Joy.  
Joy's a fixt State ; a Tenor, not a Start.  
Bliss there is none, but *unprecarious* Bliss :  
That is the Gem : Sell All, and purchase That.  
Why go a begging to Contingencies,  
Not gain'd with Ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd ?  
At Good Fortuitous, draw back, and pause ;  
Suspect it ; what thou canst ensure, 'enjoy ;  
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is Sure.  
*Reason* perpetuates Joy that Reason gives,  
And makes it as Immortal as herself :  
To Mortals, nought Immortal, but their Worth.

Worth, conscious Worth ! should *absolutely* reign ;  
And other Joys ask Leave for their Approach ;  
Nor, unexamined, ever Leave obtain.  
Thou art all Anarchy ; a Mob of Joys,  
Wage War, and perish in intestine Broils ;  
Not the least Promise of internal Peace !  
No Bosom-Comfort ! or unborrow'd Bliss !  
Thy Thoughts are Vagabonds ; All Outward-bound,  
Mid Sands, and Rocks, and Storms, to cruise for Pleasure ;



224. *The COMPLAINT; or,*

If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miss'd than gain'd.  
 Much Pain must expiate, what much Pain procur'd.  
*Fancy*, and *Sense*, from an infected Shore,  
 Thy Cargo bring; and Pestilence the Prize,  
 Then, Such thy Thirst (insatiable Thirst!  
 By fond Indulgence but inflam'd the more!)  
*Fancy* still cruises, when poor *Sense* is tir'd.

Imagination is the *Paphian* Shop,  
 Where feeble Happiness, like *VULCAN*, *Lame*,  
 Bids foul *Ideas*, in their dark *Recess*,  
 And hot as *Hell* (which kindled the black *Fires*),  
 With wanton Art, those fatal Arrows form,  
 Which murder all thy Time, Health, Wealth, and Fame.  
 Wouldst thou receive them, Other Thoughts there are,  
 On Angel-Wing, descending from Above,  
 Which These, with Art divine, would counterwork,  
 And form Celestial Armour for thy Peace.

In *This* is seen Imagination's *Guilt*;  
 But who can count her *Follies*? She betrays thee,  
 'To think in *Grandeur* there is something Great.  
 For Works of curious Art, and antient Fame,  
 Thy Genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;  
 And foreign *Climës* must cater for thy Taste.  
 Hence, What Disaster!—Tho' the Price was paid,  
 That persecuting Priest, the *Turk* of *Rome*,  
 Whose Foot (ye Gods!), tho' cloven, must be kiss'd,  
 Detain'd thy Dinner on the *Latian* Shore;  
 (Such is the Fate of honest Protestants!)  
 And poor *Magnificence* is starv'd to Death.  
 Hence just Resentment, Indignation, Ire!—  
 Be pacify'd; if *outward* Things are Great,  
 'Tis Magnanimity Great Things to scorn;  
 Pompous Expences, and Parades august,  
 And Courts; that insalubrious Soil to Peace.  
 True Happiness ne'er enter'd at an Eye;  
 True Happiness resides in Things unseen.  
 No Smiles of *Fortune* ever blest the Bad,  
 Nor can her Frowns rob *Innocence* of Joys;

*That*

but Jewel wanting, Triple Crowns are poor :  
 tell his *Holiness*, and be Reveng'd.

Pleasure, we both agree, is Man's chief Good ;  
 our only Contest, What deserves the Name.  
 Give *Pleasure's* Name to nought, but what has pass'd  
 h' authentic Seal of *Reason* (which, like *YORKE*,  
 murmurs on what it passes), and defies  
 the Tooth of Time ; when past, a Pleasure still ;  
 dearer on Trial, Lovelier for its Age,  
 and doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes  
 our Future, while it forms our Present, Joy.  
 Some Joys the Future overcast ; and some  
 throw all their Beams that Way, and gild the Tomb.  
 Some Joys endear Eternity ; some give  
 shorr'd Annihilation dreadful Charms.  
 Are rival Joys contending for thy Choice ?  
 Consult thy *whole Existence*, and be safe ;  
 That Oracle will put all Doubt to Flight.  
 Short is the Lesson, tho' my Lecture long,  
 Good——and let Heav'n answer for the rest.

Yet, with a Sigh o'er all Mankind, I grant,  
 this our Day of Proof, our Land of Hope,  
 the Good Man has his Clouds that intervene ;  
 Clouds, that *obscure* his sublunary Day,  
 that never conquer : Ev'n the *Best* must own,  
*Patience*, and *Resignation*, are the Pillars  
 of human Peace on Earth. The Pillars, These ;  
 not those of *SETH* not more remote from Thee,  
 than this Heroic Lesson thou hast learnt ;  
 to frown at *Pleasure*, and to smile in *Pain*.  
 'd at the Prospect of unclouded Bliss,  
 ev'n in Reversion, like the Sun, as yet  
 beneath th' Horizon, cheers us in this World ;  
 sheds, on Souls susceptible of Light,  
 the glorious Dawn of our Eternal Day.

" This (says *LORENZO*) is a fair Harangue :  
 But can Harangues blow back strong Nature's Stream ;

## 226 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

“ Or stem the Tide Heav’n pushes thro’ our Veins,  
 “ Which sweeps away Man’s impotent Resolves,  
 “ And lays his Labour level with the *World* ? ”

Themselves Men make their Comment on Mankind ;  
 And think nought *is*, but what they find at Home :  
 Thus, Weakness to Chimera turns the Truth.  
 Nothing romantic has the Muse prescrib’d.

• Above, LORENZO saw the Man of Earth,  
 The *Mortal Man* ; and wretched was the Sight.  
 To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,  
 Now see the *Man Immortal* : Him, I mean,  
 Who lives as Such ; whose Heart, full bent on Heaven  
 Leans all that Way, his Bias to the Stars.  
 The *World*’s dark Shades, in Contrast set, shall raise  
 His Lustre more ; tho’ bright, without a Foil :  
 Observe his awful Portrait, and admire ;  
 Nor stop at Wonder ; Imitate, and live.

Some Angel guide my Pencil, while I draw,  
 What nothing less than Angel can exceed,  
 A Man on Earth devoted to the Skies,  
 Like Ships in Seas, while *in, above*, the World.

With Aspect mild, and elevated Eye,  
 Behold him seated on a Mount serene,  
 Above the Fogs of *Sense*, and *Passion*’s Storm ;  
 All the black Cares, and Tumults, of This Life,  
 Like harmless Thunders, breaking at his Feet,  
 Excite his Pity, not impair his Peace.  
*Earth*’s genuine Sons, the Sceptred, and the Slave,  
 A mingled Mob ! a wand’ring Herd ! he sees  
 Bewilder’d in the Vale ; in All unlike !  
 His full Reverse in All ! What higher Praise ?  
 What stronger Demonstration of the Right ?

The Present all *Their* Care ; the Future, *His*.  
 When Public Welfare calls, or Private Want,  
*They* give to Fame ; His Bounty *He* conceals.

• In a former Night.

*Their* Virtues varnish *Nature*; *His*, exalt.  
Mankind's Esteem *They* court; and *He*, his Own.  
*Theirs*, the wild Chace of *false* Felicities;  
*His*, the compos'd Possession of the *true*.  
Alike throughout is *His* consistent Peace,  
All of one Colour, and an even Thread;  
While party-colour'd Shreds of Happiness,  
With hideous Gaps between, patch up for *Them*  
A Madman's Robe; each Puff of *Fortune* blows  
The Tatters by, and shews their Nakedness.

*He* sees with other Eyes than *Theirs*: Where *They*  
Behold a Sun, *He* spies a *Deity*;  
What makes *Them* only Smile, makes *Him* Adore.  
Where *They* see Mountains, *He* but Atoms sees;  
An Empire, in *His* Balance, weighs a Grain.  
*They* Things Terrestrial worship, as Divine;  
*His* Hopes Immortal blow them by, as Dust,  
That dims his Sight, and shortens his Survey,  
Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all Bound.  
Titles and Honours (if they prove his Fate)  
*He* lays aside to find his Dignity;  
No Dignity *They* find in ought besides.  
*They* triumph in Externals (which conceal  
Man's real Glory), proud of an Eclipse:  
Himself too much *He* prizes to be Proud,  
And nothing thinks so great in Man, as *Man*.  
Too dear *He* holds his Int'rest, to neglect  
Another's Welfare, or his Right invade;  
*Their* Int'rest, like a Lion, lives on Prey.  
*They* kindle at the Shadow of a Wrong;  
Wrong *He* sustains with Temper, looks on Heaven,  
Nor stoops to think his Injurer, his Foe;  
Nought, but what wounds his Virtue, wounds his Peace;  
A cover'd Heart *Their* Character defends;  
A cover'd Heart denies *Him* half his Praise.  
With Nakedness *His* Innocence agrees;  
While *Their* broad Foliage testifies their Fall.  
*Their* No-Joys end, where *His* full Feast begins;  
*His* Joys create, *Theirs* murder, future Bliss.

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To triumph in Existence, *His* alone ;  
 And *His* alone, triumphantly to think  
 His *true* Existence is not yet begun.  
 His glorious Course was, Yesterday, complete ;  
 Death, then, was welcome ; yet Life still is Sweet.

But nothing charms LORENZO, like the firm,  
 Undaunted Breast——And whose is that high Praise ?  
*They* yield to Pleasure, tho' they Danger brave,  
 And shew no Fortitude, but in the Field ;  
 If there they shew it, 'tis for Glory shewn ;  
 Nor will that Cordial always Man *Their* Hearts.  
 A Cordial *His* sustains, that cannot fail ;  
 By Pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by Pain,  
*He* shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.  
 All-bearing, All-attempting, till he falls ;  
 And when he falls, writes VICI on his Shield.  
 From Magnanimity, all *Fear* above ;  
 From nobler Recompence, above *Applause* ;  
 Which owes to Man's *short* Out-look all its Charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,  
 LORENZO cries,—“ Where shines this Miracle ?  
 “ From what Root rises this *Immortal Man* ? ”  
 A Root that grows not in LORENZO's Ground ;  
 The *Root* disfect, nor wonder at the *Flower*.

*He* follows Nature (not like \* *Thee*) ; and shews us  
 An uninverted System of a Man.  
 His *Appetite* wears *Reason*'s golden Chain,  
 And finds, in due Restraint, its Luxury.  
 His *Passion*, like an Eagle well-reclaim'd,  
 Is taught to fly at nought, but Infinite.  
 Patient his *Hope*, un-anxious is his *Care*,  
 His *Caution* fearless, and his *Grief* (if *Grief*  
 The Gods ordain) a Stranger to Despair.  
 And why ?—Because Affection, more than meet,  
 His Wisdom leaves not disengag'd from Heaven.  
 Those secondary Goods that smile on Earth,

\* See Page 220. Line 3.

He, loving, in *Proportion*, loves in *Peace*.  
 They most the World enjoy, who least admire.  
 His *Understanding* 'scapes the common Cloud  
 Of Fumes, arising from a boiling Breast.  
 His Head is clear, because his Heart is cool,  
 By worldly Competitions uninflam'd.  
 The mod'rate Movements of his Soul admit  
 Distinct Ideas, and matur'd Debate,  
 An Eye impartial, and an even Scale ;  
 Whence Judgment sound, and unrepenting Choice.  
 Thus, in a double Sense, the *Good* are wise ;  
 On its own Dunghil, wiser than the *World*.  
 What, then, the World ? It *must* be doubly weak ;  
 Strange Truth ! as soon would they believe the *Creed*.

Yet thus it is ; nor otherwise *can* be ;  
 So far from aught Romantic, what I sing.  
 Bliss has no Being, Virtue has no Strength,  
 But from the Prospect of immortal Life.  
 Who think Earth all, or (what weighs just the same)  
 Who care no farther, *must* prize what it yields ;  
 Fond of its Fancies, proud of its Parades.  
 Who thinks Earth nothing, *can't* its Charms admire ;  
 He can't a Foe, tho' most malignant, hate,  
 Because that Hate would prove his greater Foe.  
 'Tis hard for *Them* (yet who so loudly boast  
 Good-will to Men ?) to love their dearest Friend ;  
 For may he not invade their *Good Supreme*,  
 Where the least Jealousy turns Love to Gall ?  
 All shines to *Them*, that for a Season shines.  
 Each Act, each Thought, *He* questions, "What its Weight,  
 " Its Colour what, a Thousand Ages hence ?"—  
 And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.  
 Hence, pure are the Recesses of his Soul.  
 The God-like Man has nothing to conceal.  
 His Virtue, constitutionally deep,  
 Has *Habit's* Firmness, and *Affection's* Flame ;  
 Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the Fire ;  
 And *Death*, which Others slays, makes him a God.

And

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And now, LORENZO! Bigot of this World!  
Wont to disdain poor Bigots caught by Heaven!  
Stand by thy *Scorn*, and be reduc'd to *Nought*:  
For what art Thou?—Thou *Boaster*! While thy *Gl*  
Thy gaudy Grandeur, and mere worldly Worth,  
Like a broad Mist, at Distance, strikes us most;  
And, like a Mist, is Nothing when at hand;  
*His* Merit, like a Mountain, on Approach,  
Swells more, and rises nearer to the Skies,  
By Promise, *now*, and, by Possession, *soon*,  
(Too *soon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his Own.

From this thy just *Annihilation* rise,  
LORENZO! rise to *Something*, by Reply.  
The World, thy Client, listens, and expects;  
And longs to crown thee with immortal Praise.  
Canst thou be silent? No; for *Wit* is Thine;  
And *Wit* talks *most*, when *least* she has to say,  
And *Reason* interrupts not her Career.  
She'll say—*That Mists above the Mountains rise*;  
And, with a thousand Pleasantries, amuse;  
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a Dust,  
And fly Conviction, in the Dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to Man's dainty Taste!—  
'Tis precious, as the Vehicle of *Sense*;  
But, as its Substitute, a dire Disease.  
Pernicious Talent! Flatter'd by the World,  
By the blind World, which thinks the Talent rare.  
Wisdom is rare, LORENZO! Wit abounds;  
*Passion* can give it; sometimes *Wine* inspires  
The lucky Flash; and *Madness* rarely fails.  
Whatever Cause the Spirit strongly stirs,  
Confers the Bays, and rivals thy Renown.  
For thy Renown, 'twere well, was This the world,  
*Chance* often hits it; and, to pique thee more,  
See *Dulness*, blund'ring on Vivacities,  
Shakes her Sage Head at the Calamity,  
Which has expos'd, and let her down to Thee.

but *Wisdom*, awful *Wisdom*! which inspects,  
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,  
 Seizes the Right, and holds it to the last;  
 How rare! In *Senates*, *Synods*, fought in vain;  
 Or if there found, 'tis sacred to the *Few*;  
 While a lewd *Prostitute* to *Multitudes*,  
 Frequent, as *Fatal*, *Wit*: In *Civil Life*,  
*Wit* makes an *Enterprizer*; *Sense*, a *Man*.  
*Wit* hates *Authority*; *Commotion* loves,  
 And thinks herself the *Lightning* of the *Storm*.  
 In *States*, 'tis dangerous; in *Religion*, *Death*:  
 Shall *Wit* turn *Christian*, when the *Dull* believe?  
*Sense* is our *Helmet*, *Wit* is but the *Plume*;  
 The *Plume* exposes, 'tis our *Helmet* saves.  
*Sense* is the *Di'mond*, weighty, solid, sound;  
 When cut by *Wit*, it casts a brighter *Beam*;  
 Yet, *Wit* apart, it is a *Di'mond* still.  
*Wit*, widow'd of *Good-Sense*, is worse than *Nought*;  
 It hoists more *Sail* to run against a *Rock*.  
 Thus, a *Half-CHESTERFIELD* is quite a *Fool*;  
 Whom *dull* *Fools* scorn, and bless their *Want* of *Wit*,

How ruinous the *Rock* I warn thee shun,  
 Where *Sirens* sit, to sing thee to thy *Fate*!  
 A *Joy*, in which our *Reason* bears no *Part*,  
 Is but a *Sorrow* tickling, ere it stings.  
 Let not the *Cooings* of the *World* allure thee;  
 Which of her *Lovers* ever found her *True*?  
*Happy*! of this bad *World* who little know;—  
 And yet, we much must know her, to be *Safe*.  
 To *know* the *World*, not love her, is thy *Point*;  
 She gives but *Little*, nor that *Little*, long.  
 There is, I grant, a *Triumph* of the *Pulse*;  
 A *Dance* of *Spirits*, a mere *Froth* of *Joy*,  
 Our *thoughtless Agitation's* idle *Child*,  
 That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,  
 Leaving the *Soul* more *vapid* than before.  
 An *animal* *Ovation*! such as holds  
 No *Commerce* with our *Reason*, but subsists  
 On *Juices*, thro' the well-ton'd *Tubes*, well-strain'd;



## 232 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

A nice Machine ! scarce ever tun'd aright ;  
And when it jars——thy *Sirens* sing no more,  
Thy Dance is done ; the *Demi-god* is thrown  
(Short Apotheosis !) beneath the *Man*,  
In coward Gloom immers'd, or fell Despair.

Art thou yet *Dull enough* Despair to dread,  
And startle at Destruction ? If thou art,  
Accept a Buckler, take it to the Field ;  
(A Field of Battle is this mortal Life !)  
When Danger threatens, lay it on thy Heart ;  
A single Sentence Proof against the *World*.  
“ *Soul, Body, Fortune !* Ev'ry Good pertains  
“ To One of these ; but prize not All alike ;  
“ The Goods of Fortune to thy Body's Health,  
“ Body to Soul, and Soul submit to God.”  
Wouldst thou build lasting Happiness ? Do This ;  
Th' inverted *Pyramid* can never stand.

Is this Truth doubtful ? It outshines the Sun ;  
Nay, the Sun shines not, but to shew us This,  
The single Lesson of Mankind on Earth.  
And yet—Yet, what ? No News ! Mankind is mad ;  
Such mighty Numbers list against the Right,  
(And what can't Numbers, when bewitch'd, atchieve ?)  
They talk themselves to Something like Belief,  
That all Earth's Joys are Theirs : As *Athens'* Fool  
Grinn'd from the Port, on ev'ry Sail his Own.

They grin ; but wherefore ? And how long the Laugh ?  
Half Ignorance, their Mirth ; and Half, a Lye ;  
To cheat the World, and cheat Themselves, they smile.  
Hard either Task ! The most Abandon'd own,  
That *Others*, if Abandon'd, are undone :  
Then, for Themselves, the Moment *Reason* wakes,  
(And Providence denies it long Repose)  
O how laborious is their Gaiety !  
They scarce can swallow their ebullient Spleen,  
Scarce muster Patience to support the Farce,  
And pump sad Laughter, till the Curtain falls,

*Scarce,*

Scarce, did I say? Some cannot fit it out;  
Oft their own daring Hands the Curtain draw,  
And shew us *what* their Joy, by their Despair.

The clotted Hair! gor'd Breast! blaspheming Eye!  
Its impious Fury still alive in Death!—  
Shut, shut the shocking Scene.—But Heav'n denies  
A Cover to such Guilt; and so should Man.  
Look round, LORENZO! see the reeking Blade;  
Th' invenom'd Phial, and the fatal Ball;  
The strangling Cord, and suffocating Stream;  
The loathsome Rottenness, and foul Decays  
From raging Riot (flower Suicides!);  
And *Pride* in these, more execrable still!—  
How horrid All to Thought!—But Horrors, these,  
That vouch the Truth; and aid my feeble Song.

From *Vice, Sense, Fancy*, no Man can be blest:  
Bliss is too great, to lodge within an Hour:  
When an Immortal Being aims at Bliss,  
Duration is essential to the Name.  
Joy for a Joy from *Reason*! Joy from That,  
Which makes Man, *Man*; and exercis'd aright,  
Will make him *more*: A Bounteous Joy! that gives,  
And promises; that weaves, with Art divine,  
The richest Prospect into present Peace:  
Joy *Ambitious*! Joy in common held  
With Thrones ethereal, and their Greater far:  
Joy high-privileg'd from Chance, Time, Death!  
Joy, which *Death* shall double! *Judgment*, crown!  
Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each Stage,  
Thro' blest Eternity's long Day; yet still,  
Not more remote from *Sorrow*, than from *Him*,  
Whose lavish Hand, whose Love stupendous, pours  
So much of Deity on guilty Dust.  
*Here*, O my LUCIA! may I meet thee There,  
Where not Thy Presence can improve my Bliss!

Affects not This the Sages of the World?  
Can nought affect them, but what *fools* them too?  
Eternity,

## 234 *The COMPLAINT; or,*

Eternity, depending on an Hour,  
 Makes *serious Thought* Man's Wisdom, Joy, and Praise.  
 Nor need you blush (tho' sometimes your Designs  
 May shun the Light) at your Designs on Heaven;  
 Sole Point! where *over-bashful* is your Blame.  
 Are you not *Wise*?—You know you are: Yet hear  
 One Truth, amid your num'rous Schemes, mislaid,  
 Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if Seen;  
 "Our Schemes to plan by *This* World, or the *Next*,  
 "Is the sole Diff'rence between *Wise*, and Fool."  
 All *worthy Men* will weigh you in *this* Scale;  
 What Wonder, then, if *They* pronounce you *light*?  
 Is *their* Esteem alone not worth your Care?  
 Accept my simple Scheme of *Common-Sense*;  
 Thus, save your Fame, and make *Two* Worlds your Own.

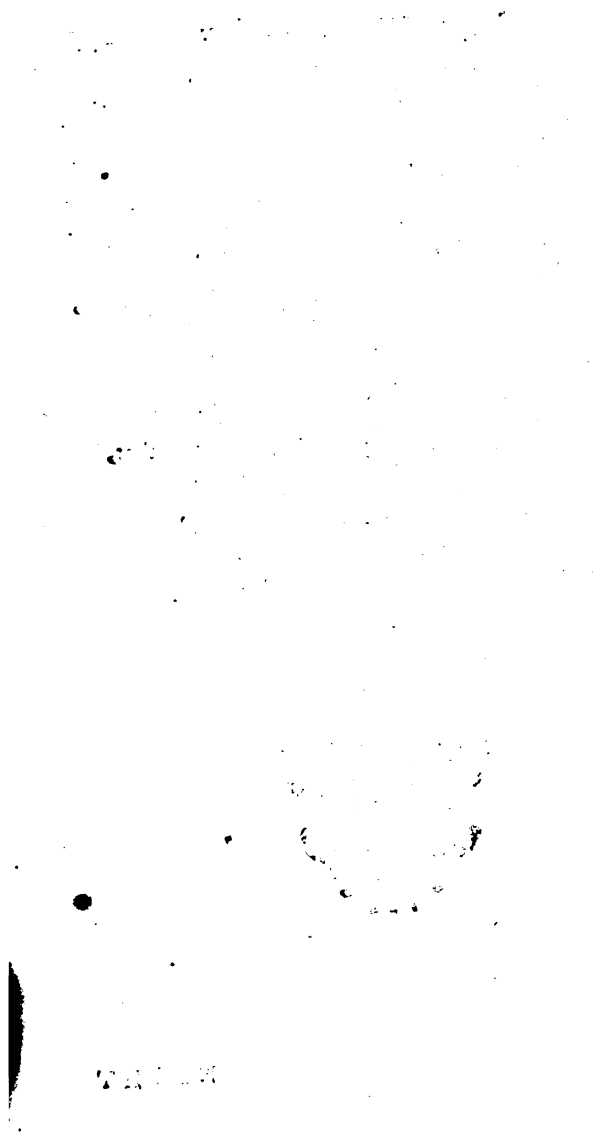
The World *replies* not;—but the World *persists*;  
 And puts the *Cause* off to the longest Day,  
 Planning Evasions for the Day of Doom.  
 So far, at that *Re-hearing*, from Redress,  
 They then turn *Witnesses* against Themselves.  
 Hear That, LORENZO! nor be *Wise* To-morrow.  
 Haste, Haste! A Man, by Nature, is in Haste;  
 For who shall answer for another Hour?  
 'Tis highly prudent, to make *One* sure Friend;  
 And That thou canst not do, this Side the Skies.

Ye Sons of Earth! (nor *willing* to be more!)  
 Since *Verse* you think from Priestcraft somewhat free,  
 Thus, in an Age so gay, the Muse plain Truths  
 (Truths, which, at Church, you *might* have heard in *Prose*)  
 Has ventur'd into Light; well-pleas'd the Verse  
 Should be forgot, if you the Truths retain;  
 And crown her with your Welfare, not your Praise.  
 But *Praise* she need not fear: I see my Fate;  
 And headlong leap, like CURTIUS, down the Gulp.  
 Since many an ample *Volume*, mighty *Tome*,  
 Must die; and die Unwept; O Thou minute,  
 Devoted *Page*! go forth among thy Foes;  
 Go, nobly proud of Martyrdom for Truth.

And die a double Death : Mankind, incens'd,  
Deniës thee long to live : Nor shalt thou rest,  
When thou art dead ; in *Stygian* Shades arraign'd  
By *LUCIFER*, as Traitor to his Throne ;  
And bold Blasphemer of his Friend,—*THE WORLD* ;  
The *WORLD*, whose Legions cost Him slender Pay,  
And *Volunteers*, around his Banner swarm ;  
Prudent, as *PRUSSIA*, in her Zeal for *GAUL*.

“ Are All, then, Fools ? ” *LORENZO* cries—Yes, All,  
But such as hold *this* Doctrine (new to Thee) ;  
“ The Mother of true Wisdom is the *Will* ; ”  
The noblest *Intellect*, a Fool without it.  
*World-Wisdom* Much has done, and More may do,  
In Arts and Sciences, in Wars, and Peace ;  
But Art and Science, like thy Wealth, will leave thee,  
And make thee Twice a Beggar at thy Death.  
*This* is the *most* Indulgence can afford ;—  
“ *Thy Wisdom All can do, but—make thee Wise.* ”  
Nor think this Censure is severe on Thee ;  
*Satan*, thy Master, I dare call a Dunce.





NIGHT the NINTH and LAST.

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THE  
CONSOLATION.

Containing, among other Things,

*Moral Survey of the* || II. *A Night-ADDRESS*  
*Nocturnal Heavens.* || to the DEITY.

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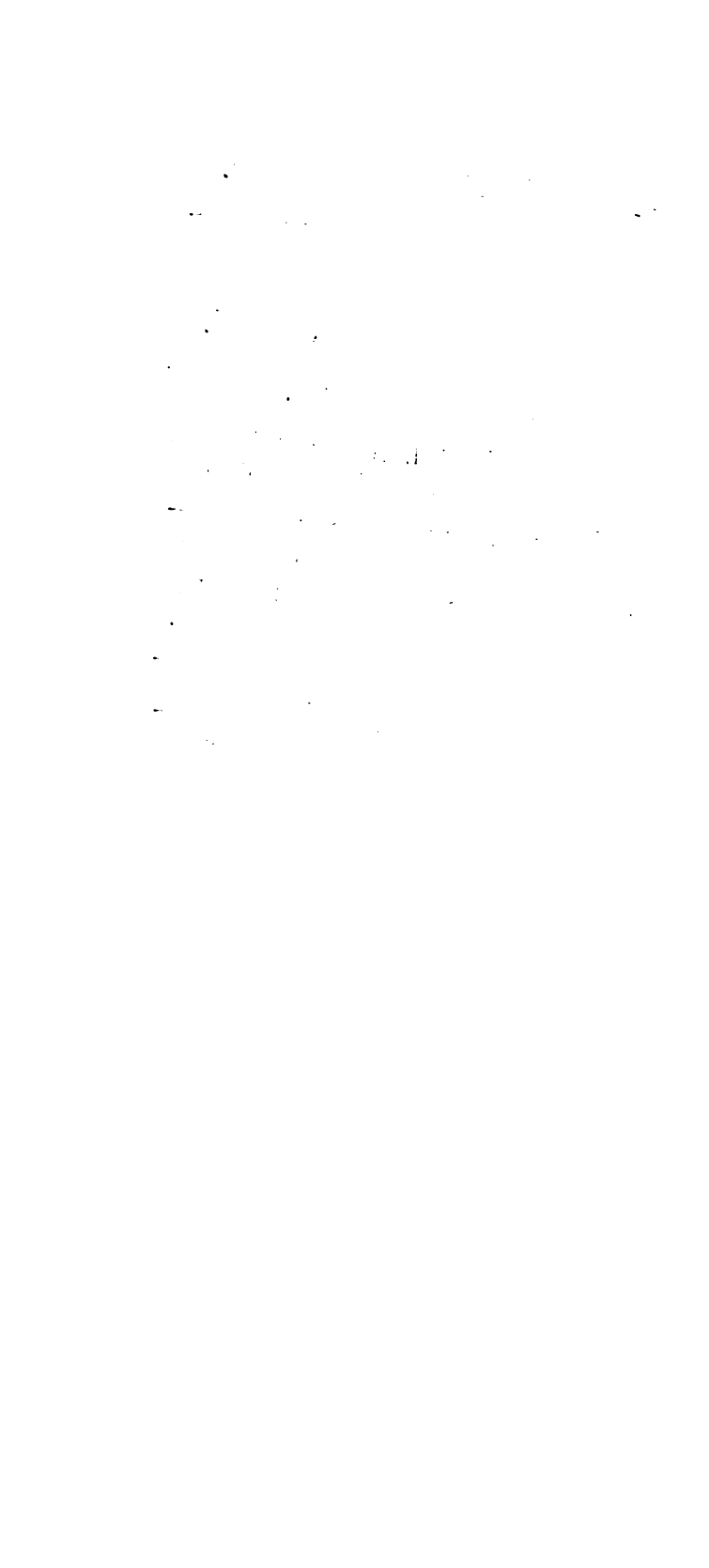
HUMBLY INSCRIBED

HIS GRACE the DUKE of NEWCASTLE,  
one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

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—*Fatis Contraria Fata rependens.* VIRG.

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# NIGHT the NINTH, and LAST.

T H E

## C O N S O L A T I O N.

**A**S when a Traveller, a long Day past  
 In painful Search of what he cannot find,  
 At Night's Approach, content with the next  
 Cot,  
 There ruminates, awhile, his Labour lost ;  
 Then cheers his Heart with what his Fate affords,  
 And chants his Sonnet to deceive the Time,  
 Till the due Season calls him to Repose :  
 Thus I, long-travell'd in the Ways of Men,  
 And dancing, with the rest, the giddy Maze,  
 Where *Disappointment* smiles at *Hope's* Career ;  
 Worn'd by the Languor of Life's Ev'ning Ray,  
 At length, have hous'd me in an humble Shed ;  
 Where, future Wand'ring banish'd from my Thought,  
 And waiting, patient, the sweet Hour of Rest ;  
 Chase the Moments with a serious Song.  
 And sooths our Pains ; and Age has Pains to sooth.

When



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When Age, Care, Crime, and Friends embrac'd  
 Heart,  
 Torn from my bleeding Breast, and *Death's* dark Shade  
 Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal Fire;  
 Canst thou, O *Night*! indulge One Labour more?  
 One Labour more indulge: Then sleep, my Strain!  
 Till, haply, wak'd by *RAPHAEL's* golden Lyre,  
 Where Night, Death, Age, Care, Crime, and Sorrow  
 cease;  
 To bear a Part in everlasting Lays;  
 Tho' far, far higher set, in Aim, I trust,  
 Symphonious to this humble Prelude *here*.

Has not the Muse asserted *Pleasures pure*,  
 Like those Above; exploding other Joys?  
 Weigh what was urg'd, *LORENZO*! Fairly weigh;  
 And tell me, hast thou Cause to triumph still?  
 I think, thou wilt forbear a Boast so bold.  
 But if, beneath the Favour of Mistake,  
 Thy Smile's sincere; not more sincere can be  
*LORENZO's* Smile, than my Compassion for him.  
 The Sick in *Body* call for Aid; the Sick  
 In *Mind* are covetous of more Disease;  
 And when at *worst*, they dream themselves quite *well*.  
 To *know* ourselves diseas'd, is Half our Cure.  
 When *Nature's* Blush by *Custom* is wip'd off,  
 And Conscience, deaden'd by repeated Strokes,  
 Has into *Manners* naturaliz'd our *Crimes*;  
 The Curse of Curfes is, our Curse to love;  
 To triumph in the Blackness of our Guilt,  
 (As *Indians* glory in the deepest Jet);  
 And throw aside our *Senses*, with our *Peace*.

But, grant no Guilt, no Shame, no least Alloy;  
 Grant Joy and Glory, quite unsully'd, shone;  
 Yet, still, it ill deserves *LORENZO's* Heart.  
 No *Joy*, no *Glory*, glitters in thy Sight,  
 But, thro' the thin Partition of an Hour,  
 I see its Sables wove by *Destiny*,

And *that* in Sorrow bury'd; *this*, in Shame;  
While howling *Furies* ring the doleful Knell;  
And *Conscience*, now so soft thou scarce canst hear  
Her Whisper, echoes their eternal Peal.

Where, the prime Actors of the *last Year's* Scene;  
Their Port so proud, their Buskin, and their Plume?  
How many *sleep*, who kept the World *awake*  
With Lustre, and with Noise! Has *Death* proclaim'd  
A Truce, and hung his fated Lance on high?  
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the *present Year*  
Be more tenacious of her human Leaf,  
Or spread of feeble Life a thinner Fall.

But needless *Monuments* to wake the Thought;  
Life's *gayest* Scenes speak Man's Mortality;  
Tho' in a Style more florid, full as plain,  
As *Mausoleums*, *Pyramids*, and *Tombs*.  
What are our noblest Ornaments, but *Deaths*  
Turn'd Flatterers of Life, in Paint, or Marble,  
The well-stain'd Canvas, or the featur'd Stone?  
Our Fathers grace, or rather haunt, the Scene;  
*Joy* peoples her Pavilion from the Dead.

"*Protest Diversions!* cannot These escape?"—  
Far from it: These present us with a Shroud;  
And talk of *Death*, like Garlands o'er a Grave.  
As some bold Plunderers, for bury'd *Wealth*,  
We ransack Tombs for *Passime*; from the Dust  
Call up the sleeping Hero; bid him tread  
The Scene for our Amusement: Howlike Gods  
We sit; and, wrapt in Immortality,  
Shed gen'rous Tears on Wretches born to die;  
*Their* Fate deploring, to forget *our Own!*

What, all the Pumps, and Triumphs of our Lives,  
But Legacies in Blossom? Our lean Soil,  
Luxuriant grown, and rank in Vanities,  
From Friends interr'd beneath; a rich Manure!  
Like other Worms, we banquet on the Dead;

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Like

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Like other Worms, shall we crawl on, nor know  
Our present Frailties, or approaching Fate?

LORENZO! such the Glories of the World!  
What is the World itself? *Thy* World?—A Grave.  
Where is the Dust that has not been alive?  
The Spade, the Plough, disturb our Ancestors;  
From human Mould we reap our daily Bread.  
The Globe around Earth's hollow Surface shakes,  
And is the Ceiling of her sleeping Sons.  
O'er Devastation we blind Revels keep;  
Whole bury'd Towns support the Dancer's Heel.  
The *Moist* of human Frame the Sun exhales;  
Winds scatter, thro' the mighty Void, the *Dry*;  
Earth repossesses Part of what she gave,  
And the freed Spirit mounts on Wings of Fire;  
Each Element partakes our scatter'd Spoils;  
As Nature, wide, our Ruins spread; Man's *Death*  
Inhabits all Things, but the Thought of Man.

Nor Man alone; his breathing Bust expires,  
His Tomb is mortal; Empires die: Where, now,  
The *Roman*? *Greek*? They stalk, an empty Name!  
Yet Few regard them in this useful Light;  
Tho' half our Learning is *their* Epitaph.  
When down thy Vale, unlock'd by Midnight Thought,  
That loves to wander in thy Sunless *Dooms*,  
O *Death*! I stretch my View; ~~what~~ *visions* rise!  
What Triumphs! Toils imperial! Arts divine!  
In wither'd Laurels glide before my Sight?  
What Lengths of far-fam'd Ages, billow'd-high  
With human Agitation, roll along  
In unsubstantial Images of Air!  
The melancholy Ghosts of dead Renown,  
Whisp'ring faint Echoes of the World's Applause,  
With penitential Aspect, as they pass,  
All point at Earth, and hiss at human Pride,  
The Wisdom of the *Wise*, and Prancings of the *Great*.

But, O LORENZO ! far the rest above  
Of ghastly Nature, and enormous Size,  
One Form assaults my Sight, and chills my Blood,  
And shakes my Frame. Of *One* departed World  
I see the mighty Shadow; oozy Wreath  
And dismal Sea-weed crown her; o'er her Urn  
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated Realms,  
And bloated Sons; and, weeping, prophesies  
*Another's* Dissolution, soon, in Flames.  
But, like CASSANDRA, prophesies in vain;  
In vain, to Many; not, I trust, to Thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,  
The great Decree, the Counsel of the Skies?  
*Deluge and Conflagration*, dreadful Powers!  
Prime Ministers of Vengeance! Chain'd in Caves  
Distinct, apart the Giant Furies roar;  
Apart; or (such their horrid Rage for Ruin,  
In mutual Conflict would they rise, and wage  
Eternal War, till One was quite devour'd.  
But not for *This*, ordain'd their boundless Rage;  
When Heav'n's inferior Instruments of Wrath,  
*War, Famine, Pestilence*, are found too weak  
To scourge a World for her enormous Crimes,  
*These* are let loose, alternate: Down they rush,  
Swift and Tempestuous, from th' eternal Throne,  
With irresistible Commission arm'd,  
The World, in vain corrected, to destroy,  
And ease Creation of the shocking Scene.

Seest thou, LORENZO! what depends on Man?  
The Fate of Nature; as for Man, her Birth.  
*Earth's* Actors change Earth's transitory Scenes,  
And make Creation groan with human-Guilt.  
How must it groan, in a new Deluge whelm'd,  
But not of Waters! At the destin'd Hour,  
By the loud Trumpet summon'd to the Charge,  
See, all the formidable Sons of Fire,  
Eruptions, Earthquakes, Comets, Lightnings, play  
M 2 Their

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Their various Engines ; All at once disgorge  
Their blazing Magazines ; and take, by Storm,  
This poor terrestrial Citadel of Man.

Amazing Period ! when each Mountain-Height  
Out-burns *Vesuvius* ; Rocks eternal pour  
Their melted Mass, as Rivers once they pour'd ;  
Stars rush ; and final *Ruin* fiercely drives  
Her Ploughshare o'er Creation !—While aloft,  
More than Astonishment ! if more *can* be !  
Far other *Firmament* than e'er was seen,  
Than e'er was thought by Man ! Far other *Stars* !  
Stars animate, that govern these of Fire ;  
Far other *Sun* !—A Sun, O how unlike  
The Babe at *Bethle'm* ! How unlike the Man  
That groan'd on *Calvary* !—Yet *He* it is ;  
That Man of Sorrows ! O how chang'd ! What Pomp  
In Grandeur terrible, All Heav'n descends !  
And Gods, ambitious, triumph in His Train.  
A swift Archangel, with his golden Wing,  
As Blots and Clouds, that darken and disgrace  
The Scene divine, sweeps Stars and Suns aside.  
And now, all Drops remov'd, Heav'n's own pure Day,  
Full on the Confines of our *Æther*, flames.  
While (dreadful Contrast !) far, how far beneath !  
Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing Seas,  
And Storms sulphureous ; her voracious Jaws  
Expanding wide, and roaring for her Prey.

LORENZO ! welcome to this Scene ; the Last  
In Nature's Course ; the First in Wisdom's Thought.  
*This* strikes, if aught can strike thee ; *This* awakes  
The most Supine ; *This* snatches Man from Death.  
Rouse, rouse, LORENZO, then, and follow me,  
Where Truth, the most momentous Man can hear,  
Loud calls my Soul, and Ardor wings her Flight.  
I find my Inspiration in my Theme ;  
The Grandeur of my Subject is my Muse.

*night*, when Mankind is wrapt in *Peace*,  
 dly *Fancy* feeds on golden Dreams ;  
 more Dread to Man's most dreadful Hour,  
 ight, 'tis presum'd, this Pomp will burst  
 fold Darknefs ; sudden, as the Spark  
 tten Steel ; from nitrous Grain, the Blaze.  
 ting from his Couch, shall sleep no more !  
 is broke, which never more shall close !  
 round, beneath, Amazement All !  
 id Glory join'd in their Extremes !  
 D in Grandeur, and our *World* on Fire !  
 re struggling in the Pangs of Death !  
 not hear her ? Dost thou not deplore  
 g Convulsions, and her final Groan ?  
 e we *now* ? Ah me ! The Ground is gone,  
 we stood, LORENZO ! While thou may'ft,  
 more firm Support, or sink for Ever !  
 How ? From whence ? Vain Hope ! It is too late !  
 where, for Shelter, shall the Guilty fly,  
 infarnation turns the *Good Man* pale ?

Day ! for which all other Days were made ;  
 h *Earth* rose from *Chaos* ; *Man* from *Earth* ;  
 ternity, the Date of Gods,  
 d on poor Earth-created Man !  
 y of Dread, Decision, and Despair !  
 ight of Thee, each sublunary Wish  
 s eager Grasp, and drops the World ;  
 nes at each Reed of Hope in Heaven.  
 bt of Thee !——And art thou *absent* then ?  
 ! No ; 'tis Here ;——it is begun ;——  
 s begun the Grand Affize,  
 in All : Deputed Conscience scales  
 d Tribunal, and forestalls our Doom ;  
 ; and, by forestalling, proves it *Sure*.  
 Himself should Man *void* Judgment pass ?  
 ature laughing at her Sons ?  
 Science sent, her Sentence will support,  
 D Above assert That God in Man.

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Thrice happy They ! that enter *now* the Court  
 Heav'n opens in their Bosoms : But, how rare,  
 Ah me ! That Magnanimity, how rare !  
 What Hero, like the Man who stands Himself;  
 Who dares to meet his naked Heart alone ;  
 Who hears, intrepid, the full Charge it brings,  
 Resolv'd to silence future Murmurs There ?  
 The Coward flies ; and, flying, is undone.  
 (Art thou a Coward ? No) : The Coward flies ;  
 Thinks, but thinks slightly ; asks, but fears to *know* ;  
 Asks, "*What is Truth ?*" with PILATE ; and retires ;  
 Dissolves the Court, and mingles with the Throng ;  
 Asylum sad ! from Reason, Hope, and Heav'n !

Shall All, but Man, look out with ardent Eye,  
 For that great Day, which was ordain'd *for* Man ?  
 O Day of Consummation ! Mark supreme  
 (If Men are wise) of human Thought ! nor least,  
 Or in the Sight of Angels, or their KING !  
*Angels*, whose radiant Circles, Height o'er Height,  
 Order o'er Order, rising, Blaze o'er Blaze,  
 As in a Theatre, surround This Scene,  
 Intent on Man, and anxious for his Fate,  
*Angels* look out for Thee, for Thee, their LORD,  
 To vindicate His Glory ; and for Thee,  
*Creation* universal calls aloud,  
 To dis-involve the *moral* World, and give  
 To *Nature's* Renovation brighter Charms.

Shall Man alone, whose Fate, whose *final* Fate,  
 Hangs on that Hour, exclude it from his Thought ?  
 I think of nothing else ; I see ! I feel it !  
 All *Nature*, like an Earthquake, trembling round !  
 All *Deities*, like Summer's Swarms, on Wing !  
 All basking in the full Meridian Blaze !  
 I see the JUDGE inthron'd ! The flaming Guard !  
 The Volume open'd ! Open'd every Heart !  
 A Sun-beam pointing out each secret Thought !  
 No Patron ! Intercessor none ! Now past

The sweet, the clement, Mediatorial Hour !  
For Guilt no Plea ! To Pain, no Pause ! no Bound !  
Inexorable, All ! and All, Extreme !

Nor Man alone ; the Foe of God and Man,  
From his dark Den, blaspheming, drags his Chain,  
And rears his brazen Front, with Thunder scarr'd ;  
Receives his Sentence, and *begins* his Hell.  
All Vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant Grace :  
Like Meteors in a stormy Sky, how roll  
His baleful Eyes ! He curses whom he dreads ;  
And deems it the First Moment of his Fall.

'Tis *present* to my Thought !—And, yet, where is it ?  
*Angels* can't tell me ; *Angels* cannot *guess*  
The *Period* ; from *created* Beings lock'd  
In Darkness. But the *Process*, and the *Place*,  
Are less obscure ; for These may *Man* inquire.  
Say, Thou great Close of human Hopes and Fears !  
Great Key of Hearts ! Great Finisher of Fates !  
Great End ! and Great Beginning ! Say, Where art Thou ?  
Art thou in *Time*, or in *Eternity* ?  
Nor in *Eternity*, nor *Time*, I find Thee.  
These, as Two Monarchs, on their Borders meet,  
(Monarchs of All elaps'd, or unarriv'd !)  
As in Debate, how best their Pow'rs ally'd  
May swell the Grandeur, or discharge the Wrath,  
Of H I M, whom both their Monarchies obey.

Time, this vast Fabric for him built (and doom'd  
With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his Head ;  
His Lamp, the Sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath  
The Frown of hideous Darkness, calls his Sons  
From their long Slumber ; from Earth's heaving Womb  
To second Birth ; contemporary Throng !  
Rous'd at One Call, upstarting from One Bed,  
Prest in One Croud, appal'd with One Amaze,  
He turns them o'er, *Eternity* ! to *thee*.  
Then (as a King depos'd disdains to live)  
He falls on his own Scythe ; nor falls *alone* ;



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His greatest Foe falls with him ; *Time*, and He  
Who murder'd all *Time's* Offspring, *Death*, expire.

TIME was ! ETERNITY now reigns alone !  
Awful Eternity ! offended Queen !  
And her Resentment to Mankind, how just !  
With kind Intent soliciting Access,  
How often has she knock'd at human Hearts !  
Rich to repay their Hospitality,  
How often call'd ! and with the Voice of God !  
Yet bore Repulse, excluded as a Cheat !  
A Dream ! while foulest Foes found Welcome *there* !  
A Dream, a Cheat, *now*, all Things, but *her* Smile.

For, lo ! her twice Ten thousand Gates thrown wide,  
As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen Pole,  
With Banners, streaming as the *Comet's* Blaze,  
And Clarions, louder than the *Deep* in Storms,  
Sonorous, as immortal Breath can blow,  
Pour forth their Myriads, Potentates, and Powers,  
Of Light, of Darkness ; in a middle Field,  
Wide, as *Creation* ! populous, as wide !  
A neutral Region ! there to mark th' Event  
Of that great Drama, whose preceding Scenes  
Detain'd them close Spectators, thro' a Length  
Of Ages, rip'ning to this grand Result ;  
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;  
Who now, pronouncing Sentence, vindicates  
The Rights of, Virtue, and His own Renown.

ETERNITY, the various Sentence past,  
Assigns the sever'd Throng distinct Abodes,  
Sulphureous, or Ambrosial : What ensues ?  
The Deed predominant ! the Deed of Deeds !  
Which makes a Hell of Hell, a Heav'n of Heav'n.  
The *Goddeſs*, with determin'd Aspect, turns  
Her adamant Key's enormous Size  
Thro' Destiny's inextricable Wards,  
Deep-driving ev'ry Bolt, on Both their Fates.  
Then, from the Crystal Battlements of Heaven,

Down, down, she hurls it thro' the dark Profound,  
Ten thousand thousand Fathom ; there to rust,  
And ne'er unlock her Resolution more.  
The Deep resounds, and Hell, thro' all her Gloom,  
Returns, in Groans, the melancholy Roar.

O how unlike the Chorus of the Skies !  
O how unlike those Shouts of Joy, that shake  
The whole *Ethereal* ! How the Concave rings !  
Nor strange ! when Deities their Voice exalt ;  
And louder far, than when *Creation* rose,  
To see *Creation's* godlike Aim, and End,  
So well accomplish'd ! so divinely clos'd !  
To see the mighty *Dramatist's* last Act  
(As meet) in Glory rising o'er the rest.  
No fancy'd GOD, a GOD *indeed*, descends,  
To solve all *Knots* ; to strike the *Moral* home ;  
To throw full Day on darkest Scenes of *Time* ;  
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown, the Whole.  
Hence, in one Peal of loud, eternal Praise,  
The charm'd Spectators thunder their Applause ;  
And the vast Void beyond, Applause resounds..

WHAT THEN AM I ?——

Amidst applauding Worlds,  
And Worlds celestial, is there found on Earth,  
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious String,  
Which jars in the grand Chorus, and *Complains* ?  
*Censure on Thee*, LORENZO ! I suspend,  
And turn it on *Myself* ; how greatly due !  
All, All is *Right*, by GOD ordain'd, or done ;  
And who, but GOD, resum'd the Friends *He* gave ?  
And have I been *Complaining*, then, so long ?  
*Complaining* of His Favours ; Pain, and Death ?  
Who, without *Pain's* Advice, would e'er be Good ?  
Who, without *Death*, but would be Good in vain ?  
Pain is to save from Pain ; All Punishment,  
To make for *Peace* ; and Death to save from *Death* ;  
And Second Death, to guard immortal Life ;  
To rouse the Careless, the Presumptuous awe,

## 250 *The* CONSOLATION; *or,*

And turn the Tide of Souls another Way ;  
By the same Tendernefs Divine ordain'd,  
That planted *Eden*, and high-bloom'd for Man,  
A fairer *Eden*, endless, in the Skies.

Heav'n gives us Friends to bless the *present* Scene ;  
Resumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.  
All Evils *Natural* are *Moral* Goods ;  
All Discipline, *Indulgence*, on the Whole.  
*None* are unhappy ; *All* have Cause to smile,  
But such as to Themselves That Cause deny.  
Our *Faults* are at the Bottom of our *Pains* ;  
Error, in *AA*, or *Judgment*, is the Source  
Of endless Sighs : We *fin*, or we *mistake*,  
And *Nature* tax, when false *Opinion* stings.  
Let impious Grief be banish'd, Joy indulg'd ;  
But chiefly *then*, when Grief puts in her Claim.  
Joy from the *Joyous*, frequently betrays,  
Oft lives in Vanity, and dies in Woe.  
Joy, *amidst Ills*, corroborates, exalts ;  
'Tis Joy, and Conquest ; Joy, and Virtue too.  
A noble Fortitude in *Ills* delights  
Heav'n, Earth, Ourselves ; 'tis Duty, Glory, Peace.  
*Affliction* is the Good Man's shining Scene ;  
*Prosperity* conceals his brightest Ray ;  
As *Night* to Stars, *Woe* Lustre gives to Man.  
Heroes in Battle, Pilots in the Storm,  
And Virtue in Calamities, admire.  
The Crown of Manhood is a Winter-Joy ;  
An Evergreen, that stands the *Northern* Blast,  
And blossoms in the Rigour of our Fate.

'Tis a prime Part of Happiness, to know  
How much Unhappiness *must* prove our Lot ;  
A Part which few possess ! I'll pay Life's Tax,  
Without one rebel Murmur, from this Hour,  
Nor think it Misery to be a *Man* ;  
Who thinks *it is*, shall never be a *God*.  
Some *Ills* we wish for, when we wish to live.

What spoke *proud Passion*?—" \* With my Being lost!"  
Presumptuous! Blasphemous! Absurd! and False!  
The Triumph of my Soul is,—That I *am* ;  
And therefore that I *may* be—*What*? LORENZO!  
Look Inward, and look Deep; and deeper still;  
Unfathomably deep our Treasure runs  
In golden Veins, thro' all Eternity!  
Ages, and Ages, and succeeding still  
New Ages, *where* this Phantom of an Hour,  
Which courts, each Night, dull Slumber for Repair,  
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,  
And fly thro' Infinite, and All unlock;  
And (if deserv'd) by Heav'n's redundant Love,  
Made half-adorable itself, adore;  
And find, in Adoration, endless Joy!  
Where Thou, not Master of a Moment *here*,  
Frail as the Flow'r, and fleeting as the Gale,  
May'st boast a *whole Eternity*, enrich'd  
With All a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.  
Since ADAM fell, no Mortal, un-inspir'd,  
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,  
How Kind is GOD, how Great (if Good) is MAN.  
No Man too largely from Heav'n's Love can hope,  
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *secure*.

Ills?—There are none: *All-Gracious!* none from *Thee*;  
From *Man* full Many! Num'rous is the Race  
Of blackest Ills, and those Immortal too,  
Begot by *Madness* on fair *Liberty*;  
Heav'n's Daughter, Hell-debauch'd! *Her* Hand alone  
Unlocks Destruction to the Sons of Men,  
Fast barr'd by *Thine*; high-wall'd with Adamant,  
Guarded with Terrors reaching to this World,  
And cover'd with the Thunders of Thy Law;  
Whose Threats are *Mercies*, whose Injunctions, *Guides*,  
Assisting, not restraining, *Reason's* Choice;

\* Referring to the First Night.

M 6

Whose

## 252 *The* CONSOLATION; or,

Whose Sanctions, *unavoidable Results*  
 From Nature's Course, indulgently reveal'd ;  
 If unreveal'd, more Dang'rous, nor less Sure.  
 Thus, an indulgent Father warns his Sons,  
 " Do This ; Fly That "—nor always tells the Cause ;  
 Pleas'd to reward, as Duty to his Will,  
 A Conduct needful to their own Repose.

Great God of Wonders ! (if, Thy *Love* survey'd,  
 Aught else the Name of wonderful retains)  
 What *Rocks* are *These*, on which to build our Trust ?  
 Thy Ways admit no Blemish ; none I find ;  
 Or This alone—" *That none is to be found.*"  
 Not One, to soften *Censure's* hardy Crimes ;  
 Not One, to palliate peevish *Grief's* COMPLAINT,  
 Who, like a *Demon*, murm'ring from the Dust,  
 Dares into Judgment call her Judge.—SUPREME !  
 For *All* I bless Thee ; Most, for the *Severe* ;  
 \* *Her* Death—*my own* at Hand—the fiery Gulph,  
 That flaming Bound of Wrath Omnipotent !  
 It thunders ;—but it thunders to preserve ;  
 It strengthens what it strikes ; its wholesome Dread  
 Averts the dreaded Pain ; its hideous Groans  
 Join Heav'n's sweet Hallelujahs in *Thy* Praise,  
 Great Source of Good *alone* ! How Kind in All !  
 In Vengeance, Kind ! *Pain, Death, Gehenna, SAVE.*

Thus, in Thy World material, *Mighty Mind* !  
 Not that alone which *solaces*, and *shines*,  
 The *Rough* and *Gloomy*, challenges our Praise.  
 The *Winter* is as needful as the *Spring* ;  
 The *Thunder*, as the *Sun* ; a stagnate Mass  
 Of Vapours breeds a pestilential Air ;  
 Nor more propitious the *Favonian* Breeze  
 To Nature's Health, than purifying Storms ;  
 The dread *Volcano* ministers to Good.  
 Its smother'd Flames might undermine the World.  
 Loud *Ætna's* fulminate in Love to Man ;

\* L U C I A.

Comets good Omens are, when duly scann'd ;  
And, in their Use, Eclipses learn to shine.

Man is responsible for *Ills* receiv'd ;  
Those we call *wretched* are a chosen Band,  
Compell'd to refuge in the *Right*, for Peace.  
Amid my List of Blessings infinite,  
Stand This the foremost, " *That my Heart has bled.*"  
'Tis Heav'n's last Effort of Good-will to Man ;  
When *Pain* can't bless, Heav'n quits us in Despair.  
Who fails to grieve, when just Occasion calls,  
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest ;  
Inhuman, or Effeminate, his Heart ;  
*Reason* absolves the Grief, which *Reason* ends.  
May Heav'n ne'er trust my Friend with Happiness,  
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,  
By previous Pain ; and made it *safe to smile* !  
*Such* Smiles are mine, and *such* may they remain ;  
Nor hazard their Extinction, from Excess.  
My Change of *Heart* a Change of *Style* demands ;  
The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT,  
And makes a Convert of my guilty Song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,  
A panting Traveller, some rising Ground,  
Some small Ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,  
And measures with his Eye the various Vale,  
The Fields, Woods, Meads, and Rivers he has past ;  
And, satiate of his Journey, thinks of Home  
Endear'd by Distance, nor affects more Toil ;  
Thus I, though small, indeed, is that Ascent  
The Muse has gain'd, review the Paths she trod ;  
Various, extensive, beaten but by Few ;  
And, conscious of her Prudence in Repose,  
Pause ; and with Pleasure meditate an End,  
Though still remote ; so fruitful is my Theme.  
Thro' many a Field of *Moral*, and *Divine*,  
The Muse has stray'd ; and much of Sorrow seen  
In human Ways ; and much of *False* and *Vain* ;  
Which none, who travel this bad Road, can miss.

O'er

## 254 *The CONSOLATION; or,*

O'er *Friends deceas'd* full heartily she wept ;  
 Of *Love Divine* the Wonders she display'd ;  
 Prov'd Man *immortal* ; shew'd the *Source of Joy* ;  
 The *grand Tribunal* rais'd ; assign'd the Bounds  
 Of *human Grief* : In *few*, to close the Whole,  
 The moral Muse has shadow'd out a Sketch,  
 Though not in Form, nor with a RAPHAEL-Stroke,  
 Of *Most* our Weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,  
 In this our Land of Travel, and of Hope,  
 For Peace on *Earth*, or Prospect of the *Skies*.

What then remains ?—Much ! much ! a mighty Debt  
 To be discharg'd : These Thoughts, O NIGHT ! are  
 Thine ;

From Thee they came, like Lovers secret Sighs,  
 While Others slept. So, CYNTHIA (Poets feign)  
 In Shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her Sphere,  
 Her Shepherd chear'd ; of Her enamour'd less,  
 Than I of Thee.—And art Thou still unsung,  
 Beneath whose Brow, and by whose Aid, I sing ?  
 Immortal Silence !——Where shall I begin ?  
 Where end ? Or how steal Music from the Spheres,  
 To sooth their Goddesses ?

O majestic NIGHT !

*Nature's* great Ancestor ! *Day's* Elder-born !  
 And fated to survive the transient Sun !  
 By Mortals, and Immortals, seen with Awe !  
 A starry Crown thy Raven-Brow adorns,  
 An azure Zone, thy Waist ; Clouds, in Heav'n's Loom  
 Wrought thro' Varieties of Shape and Shade,  
 In ample Folds of Drapery divine,  
 Thy flowing Mantle form, and, Heav'n throughout,  
 Voluminously pour thy pompous Train.  
 Thy gloomy Grandeurs (*Nature's* most august,  
 Inspiring Aspect !) claim a grateful Verse ;  
 And, like a fable Curtain starr'd with Gold,  
 Drawn o'er my Labours past, shall close the Scene.

And what, O Man ! so *worthy* to be sung ?  
 What more prepares us for the Songs of Heaven !

Creation of Archangels is the Theme !  
 What, to be sung, so *needful* ? What so well  
 Celestial Joys prepares us to sustain ?  
 The Soul of Man, HIS Face design'd to see,  
*Who* gave these Wonders to be seen by Man,  
 Has *here* a previous Scene of Objects *great*,  
 On which to dwell ; to stretch to that Expanse  
 Of Thought, to rise to that exalted Height  
 Of Admiration, to contract that Awe,  
 And give her whole Capacities that Strength,  
 Which best may qualify for *final* Joy.  
 The more our Spirits are enlarg'd on *Earth*,  
 The deeper Draught shall they receive of *Heaven*.

Heav'n's KING ! whose Face unveil'd consummates  
 Bliss ;

Redundant Bliss ! which fills that mighty Void,  
 The whole Creation leaves in human Hearts !  
 THOU, who didst touch the Lip of JESSE's Son,  
 Wrapt in sweet Contemplation of these Fires,  
 And set his Harp in Concert with the Spheres !  
 While of Thy Works *Material* the Supreme  
 I dare attempt, assist my daring Song.  
 Loose me from *Earth's* Inclosure, from the *Sun's*  
*Contracted* Circle set my Heart at large ;  
 Eliminate my Spirit, give it Range  
 Through Provinces of Thought yet unexplor'd ;  
 Teach me, by this stupendous Scaffolding,  
 Creation's golden Steps, to climb to THEE.  
 Teach me with *Art* great *Nature* to controul,  
 And spread a Lustre-o'er the Shades of *Night*.  
 Feel I Thy kind Assent ? And shall the *Sun*  
 Be seen at *Midnight*, rising in my Song ?

LORENZO ! come, and warm thee : Thou, whose Heart,  
 Whose *little* Heart, is moor'd within a Nook  
 Of this obscure Terrestrial, Anchor weigh.  
 Another Ocean calls, a *nobler* Port ;  
 I am thy Pilot, I thy prosp'rous Gale.  
 Painful thy Voyage through yon azure Main ;

Main,



## 256 *The* CONSOLATION; or,

Main, without Tempest, Pirate, Rock, or Shore;  
And whence thou may'st import *eternal* Wealth;  
And leave to *beggar'd* Minds the *Pearl* and *Gold*.  
Thy Travels dost thou boast o'er foreign Realms?  
Thou *Stranger* to the *World*! thy Tour *begin*;  
Thy Tour through *Nature's* universal Orb.  
*Nature* delineates her whole Chart at large,  
On soaring Souls, that sail among the Spheres;  
And *Man* how purblind, if unknown the Whole!  
Who circles spacious *Earth*, Then travels *here*,  
Shall own, He never was from *Home* before!  
Come, my \* PROMETHEUS, from thy pointed Rock  
Of *false* Ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;  
We'll, *innocently*, steal celestial Fire,  
And kindle our Devotion at the *Stars*;  
A Theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our Atmosphere's intestine Wars,  
Rain's Fountain-Head, the Magazine of Hail,  
Above the Northern Nests of feather'd Snows,  
The Brew of Thunders, and the flaming Forge  
That forms the crooked Lightning; 'bove the Caves  
Where infant Tempests wait their growing Wings,  
And tune their tender Voices to That Roar,  
Which, soon perhaps, shall shake a Gusty World;  
Above misconstru'd Omens of the Sky,  
Far-travell'd Comets calculated Blaze,  
E lance thy Thought, and think of *more* than *Man*.  
Thy Soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,  
Blighted by Blasts of *Earth's* unwholsome Air,  
Will blossom *here*; spread all her Faculties  
To these bright Ardors; ev'ry Pow'r unfold,  
And rise into Sublimities of Thought;  
Stars *teach*, as well as *shine*. At *Nature's* Birth,  
*Thus*, their Commission ran—"Be kind to *Man*."  
Where art thou, poor benighted Traveller!  
The *Stars* will light thee; tho' the *Moon* should fail.  
Where art Thou, more benighted! more astray!

\* Night the Eighth.

In Ways immoral ! The *Stars* call thee back ;  
And, if obey'd their Counsel, set thee right.

This Prospect vast, what is it ?—Weigh'd aright,  
'Tis Nature's System of Divinity,  
And ev'ry Student of the *Night* inspires.  
'Tis *elder* Scripture, writ by GOD's own Hand ;  
Scripture authentic ! uncorrupt by Man.  
LORENZO ! with my *Radius* (the rich Gift  
Of Thought nocturnal !) I'll point out to thee  
Its various Lessons ; some that may surprise  
An Un-adept in Mysteries of NIGHT ;  
Little, perhaps, expected in *her* School,  
Nor thought to grow on Planet, or on Star.  
Bulls, Lions, Scorpions, Monsters here we feign ;  
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here  
Exists *indeed* ;—a Lecture to Mankind.

What read we *here* ?—Th' Existence of a GOD ?—  
Yes ; and of other Beings, Man above ;  
Natives of *Æther* ! Sons of higher Climes !  
And, what may move LORENZO's Wonder more,  
ETERNITY is written in the Skies.  
And whose Eternity ?—LORENZO ! *Thine* ;  
*Mankind's* Eternity. Nor FAITH alone,  
VIRTUE grows here ; *here* springs the sov'reign Cure  
Of almost ev'ry Vice ; but chiefly *Thine* ;  
*Wrath, Pride, Ambition, and impure Desire.*

LORENZO ! Thou canst wake at Midnight too,  
Tho' not on *Morals* bent : *Ambition, Pleasure* !  
Those Tyrants I for Thee so \* lately fought,  
Afford their harass'd Slaves but slender Rest.  
*Thou*, to whom Midnight is *immoral* Noon,  
And the Sun's noon-tide Blaze, prime Dawn of Day ;  
Not by thy Climate, but capricious Crime,  
Commencing one of our *Antipodes* !  
In thy nocturnal Rove, one Moment halt,  
Twixt Stage and Stage, of Riot, and Cabal ;

And

\* Night the Eighth.

## 258 *The CONSOLATION; or,*

And lift thine Eye (if bold an Eye to lift,  
If bold to meet the Face of injur'd Heaven)  
To yonder Stars: For other Ends they shine,  
Than to light Revellers from Shame to Shame,  
And, thus, be made Accomplices in Guilt,

Why from yon Arch, that Infinite of Space,  
With Infinite of lucid Orbs replete,  
Which set the living Firmament on Fire,  
At the first Glance, in such an Overwhelm  
Of Wonderful, on Man's astonish'd Sight,  
Rushes OMNIPOTENCE?—To curb our *Pride*;  
Our *Reason* rouse, and lead it to that Power,  
Whose Love lets down these Silver Chains of Light;  
To draw up Man's *Ambition* to Himself,  
And bind our *chaste Affections* to His Throne.  
Thus the Three Virtues, least alive on Earth,  
And welcom'd on Heav'n's Coast with most Applause,  
An *Humble*, *Pure*, and *Heav'nly-minded* Heart,  
Are *here* inspir'd:—And canst thou gaze too long?

Nor stands thy *Wrath* depriv'd of its Reproof,  
Or un-upbraided by this radiant Choir.  
The Planets of each System represent  
Kind Neighbours; mutual Amity prevails;  
Sweet Interchange of Rays, receiv'd, return'd;  
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd! All, at once,  
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,  
None sins against the Welfare of the Whole;  
But their reciprocal, unselfish Aid,  
Affords an Emblem of *Millennial* Love.  
Nothing in Nature, much less *conscious* Being,  
Was e'er created solely for Itself:  
Thus Man his *sov'reign* Duty learns in this  
*Material* Picture of Benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious Race,  
Thou most inflammable! Thou Wasp of Men!  
Man's angry Heart, *inspected*, would be found  
As rightly set, as are the starry Spheres;

## Night-Thoughts, &c.

25

*Nature's* Structure, broke by stubborn *Will*,  
all that un-celestial Discord *there*,  
thou not feel the Bias *Nature* gave ?  
thou descend from Converse with the Skies,  
seize thy Brother's Throat ?—For what—a *Clod*,  
rich of *Earth* ? The *Planets* cry, “ Forbear.”  
chase our double Darknefs ; *Nature's* Gloom,  
kinder still ! ) our *intellectual* Night.

d see, *Day's* amiable Sister sends  
invitation, in the softest Rays  
mitigated Lustre ; courts thy Sight,  
h suffers from her Tyrant-Brother's Blaze.  
grants thee the full Freedom of the Skies,  
rudely reprimands thy lifted Eye ;  
*Gain*, and *Joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.  
opes the noblest Scenes, and sheds an *Awe*,  
h gives those venerable Scenes full Weight,  
deep Reception, in th' intender'd Heart ;  
e Light peeps thro' the Darkness, like a Spy ;  
Darkness shews its Grandeur by the Light.  
s the *Profit* greater than the *Joy*,  
man Hearts at glorious Objects glow,  
Admiration can inspire Delight.

hat speak I more, than I, This Moment, feel ?  
pleasing Stupor first the Soul is struck  
or ordain'd to make her truly Wife ! ) :  
into Transport starting from her Trance,  
Love, and Admiration, how she glows !  
gorgeous Apparatus ! This Display !  
Ostentation of creative Power !  
Theatre !——what Eye can take it in ?  
hat divine Inchantment was it rais'd,  
Minds of the first Magnitude to launch  
dless Speculation, and adore ?  
un by Day, by Night *Ten thousand* shine ;  
ight us deep into the DEITY,  
boundless in Magnificence and Might ?  
at a Confluence of ethereal Fires,

From

260 *The* CONSOLATION; or,

From Urns un-number'd, down the Steep of Heaven,  
Streams to a Point, and centres in my Sight !  
Nor tarries *there* ; I feel it at my *Heart*.  
My Heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts ;  
Lays it in Dust, and calls it to the Skies.  
Who sees it, unexalted, and unaw'd ?  
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen ?  
Material Offspring of OMNIPOTENCE !  
Inanimate, All-animating Birth !  
Work worthy *Him* who made it ! Worthy Praise !  
All Praise ! Praise *more* than human ! nor deny'd  
Thy Praise *Divine* !——But tho' Man, drown'd in Sleep,  
With-holds his Homage, not *alone* I wake ;  
Bright Legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard  
By mortal Ear, the glorious Architect,  
In This His universal Temple, hung  
With Lustres, with innumerable Lights,  
That shed Religion on the Soul ; at once,  
The *Temple*, and the *Preacher* ! O how loud  
It calls Devotion ! genuine Growth of *Night* !

Devotion ! Daughter of Astronomy !  
An *undevout* Astronomer is *mad*.  
True ; All Things speak a GOD ; but in the *Small*,  
Men trace out *Him* ; in Great, *He* seizes Man.  
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills  
With new Inquiries, 'mid Associates new.  
Tell me, ye Stars ! ye Planets ! tell me, all  
Ye Starr'd, and Planeted, Inhabitants ! What is it ?  
What are these Sons of Wonder ? Say, proud Arch !  
(Within whose azure Palaces they dwell)  
Built with Divine Ambition ! in Disdain  
Of Limit built ! built in the Taste of Heaven !  
Vast Concave ! Ample Dome ! Wast thou design'd  
A meet Apartment for the DEITY ?—  
Not so ; That Thought alone thy State impairs,  
Thy *Lofty* sinks, and shallows thy *Profound*,  
And streightens thy *Diffusive* ; dwarfs the Whole,  
And makes an Universe an *Orrery*.

en I drop mine Eye, and look on Man,  
 t regain'd, thy Grandeur is restor'd,  
 ! wide flies off th' expanding Round.  
 whole Magazines, at once, are fir'd  
 en Air is hollow'd by the Blow ;  
 Displotion dissipates the Clouds ;  
 Ether's Billows dash the distant Skies ;  
 : far more) th' expanding Round flies off,  
 s a mighty Void, a spacious Womb,  
 m with new Creation ; re-inflam'd  
 inaries triumph, and assume  
 themselves. Nor was it strange,  
 gh-wrought to such surprising Pomp,  
 like Glory, stole the Style of Gods,  
 es dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *Sense* ;  
 , to *Sense*, they truly are divine,  
 absolv'd Idolatry from Guilt ;  
 n'd it into Virtue. Such it *was*  
 who put forth all they had of *Man*  
 o lift their Thought, nor mounted higher ;  
 k of Wing, on Planets perch'd ; and thought  
 s their Highest, must be their Ador'd.

ey how *weak*, who could no higher mount ?  
 there, then, LORENZO ! Those, to whom  
 and Unexistent, are the Same ?  
 ncomprehensible is join'd,  
 e pronounce it Madness, to *believe* ?  
 the Mighty BUILDER thrown aside  
 ure in His Work ; stretch'd out his Line  
 nd spread Amazement o'er the Whole ?  
 He took Delight in wide Extremes),  
 the Bosom of his Universe,  
 own that *reasoning* Mite, that Insest, *Man*,  
 l, and gaze, and wonder at the Scene ?—  
 n might ne'er presume to plead Amazement  
 elief of Wonders in *Himself*.  
 o be less miraculous, than what  
 d has form'd ? Shall *Mysteries* descend

From

262 *The* CONSOLATION; *or,*

From *Un-mysterious* ? Things more Elevate,  
 Be more familiar ? Uncreated lie  
 More obvious than Created, to the Grasp  
 Of human Thought ? The *more* of Wonderful  
 Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we should assent.  
 Could we conceive *Him*, GOD He could not be ;  
 Or *He* not GOD, or *we* could not be *Men*.  
 A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD ;  
*Man's* Distance how immense ! On *such* a Theme,  
 Know This, LORENZO ! (seem it ne'er so strange)  
 Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds* ;  
 Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is *true*.  
 The Scene thou seest attests the Truth I sing,  
 And ev'ry Star sheds Light upon thy Creed.  
 These Stars, this Furniture, this Coast of Heaven,  
 If but *reported*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd ;  
 But thine *Eye* tells thee, the *Romance* is true.  
 The Grand of Nature is th' Almighty's Oath,  
 In *Reason's* Court, to silence *Unbelief*.

How my Mind, op'ning at this Scene, imbibes  
 The moral Emanations of the Skies,  
 While nought, perhaps, LORENZO less admires !  
 Has the Great Sov'reign sent Ten thousand Worlds  
 To tell us, *He* resides above them All,  
 In Glory's unapproachable Recess ?  
 And dare *Earth's* bold Inhabitants deny  
 The sumptuous, the magnific Embassy  
 A Moment's Audience ? Turn we, nor will hear  
 From whom they come, or what they would impart  
 For Man's Emolument ; sole Cause that stoops  
 Their Grandeur to Man's Eye ? LORENZO ! rouse ;  
 Let Thought, awaken'd, take the Lightning's Wing,  
 And glance from East to West, from Pole to Pole.  
 Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd ?  
 Renounces *Reason*, or a GOD adores ?  
 Mankind was sent into the World to *see* :  
 Sight gives the Science needful to their Peace ;  
 That obvious Science asks *small* Learning's Aid.  
 Wouldst thou on Metaphysic Pinions soar ?

't wound thy Patience amid Logic Thorns ?  
 't travel History's enormous Round ?  
*Nature* no such hard Task enjoins : She gave  
 A Make to Man directive of his Thought ;  
 A Make set upright, pointing to the Stars,  
 As who should say, " Read thy chief Lesson there."  
 Too late to read this Manuscript of Heaven,  
 When, like a Parchment-Scroll, shrunk up by Flames,  
 It folds LORENZO's Lesson from his Sight.

Lesson how various ! Not the God alone,  
 I see His *Ministers* ; I see, diffus'd  
 In radiant Orders, Essences sublime,  
 Of various Offices, of various Plume,  
 In heav'nly Liveries, distinctly, clad,  
 Azure, Green, Purple, Pearl, or downy Gold,  
 Or all commix'd ; they stand, with Wings outspread,  
 Lift'ning to catch the Master's least Command,  
 And fly thro' *Nature*, ere the Moment ends ;  
 Numbers innumerable !—Well conceiv'd  
 By *Pagan*, and by *Christian* ! O'er each Sphere  
 Presides an Angel, to direct its Course,  
 And feed, or fan, its Flames ; or to discharge  
 Other high Trust unknown. For who can see  
 Such Pomp of Matter, and imagine, *Mind*,  
 For which *alone* Inanimate was made,  
 More sparingly dispens'd ? That nobler Son,  
 Far liker the great SIRE !—'Tis thus the Skies  
 Inform us of Superiors numberless,  
 As much, in *Excellence*, above Mankind,  
 As above *Earth*, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*.  
*These*, as a Cloud of Witnesses, hang o'er us ;  
 In a throng'd Theatre are all our Deeds ;  
 Perhaps, a Thousand Demigods descend  
 On ev'ry Beam we see, to walk with Men.  
 Awful Reflection ! Strong Restraint from Ill !

Yet, *here*, our Virtue finds still stronger Aid  
 From these ethereal Glories *Sense* surveys.  
 Something, like Magic, strikes from this blue Vault ;

With



## 264 *The* CONSOLATION ; or,

With just Attention is it view'd ? We feel  
 A sudden Succour, un-implor'd, un-thought ;  
*Nature* herself does Half the Work of *Man*.  
 Seas, Rivers, Mountains, Forests, Deserts, Rocks,  
 The Promontory's Height, the Depth profound  
 Of subterranean, excavated Grotts,  
 Black-brow'd, and vaulted-high, and yawning wide  
 From *Nature's* Structure, or the Scoop of *Time* ;  
 If ample of Dimension, vast of Size,  
 Ev'n *These* an aggrandizing Impulse give ;  
 Of solemn Thought enthusiastic Heights  
 Ev'n *These* infuse.—But what of Vast in *These* ?  
 Nothing ;—or we must own the Skies forgot.  
 Much less in *Art*.—Vain *Art* ! Thou Pygmy-Power !  
 How dost thou swell, and strut, with human Pride,  
 To shew thy Littleness ! What childish Toys,  
 Thy watry Columns squirted to the Clouds !  
 Thy bason'd Rivers, and imprison'd Seas !  
 Thy Mountains molded into Forms of Men !  
 Thy Hundred-gated *Capitals* ! Or Those  
 Where Three Days Travel left us much to ride ;  
 Gazing on Miracles by Mortals wrought,  
 Arches triumphal, Theatres immense,  
 Or nodding *Gardens* pendent in Mid-Air !  
 Or *Temples* proud to meet their Gods Half-way !  
 Yet *These* affect us in no common Kind.  
 What then the Force of such superior Scenes ?  
 Enter a Temple, it will strike an Awe :  
 What Awe from This the DEITY has built ?  
 A Good Man seën, tho' silent, Counsel gives :  
 The touch'd Spectator wishes to be Wise :  
 In a bright Mirror His own Hands have made,  
*Here* we see Something like the Face of GOD.  
 Seems it not then enough, to say, LORENZO !  
 To Man abandon'd, “ *Hast thou seen the Skies ?* ”

And yet, so thwarted Nature's kind Design  
 By daring Man, he makes her sacred Awe.  
 (That Guard from Ill) his Shelter, his Temptation  
 To more than common Guilt, and quite inverts

Celest

Art's Intent. The trembling Stars  
 ies gigantic, stalking thro' the Gloom  
 ont erect, that hide their Head by Day,  
 sing Night still *darker* by their Deeds.  
 ng in Covert, till the Shades descend,  
 and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for Prey.  
 er earths his Treasure; and the Thief,  
 g the Mole, half-beggars him ere Morn.  
 ts, and foul *Conspiracies*, awake;  
 uffling up their Horrors from the Moon,  
 and Devastation they prepare,  
 gdoms tott'ring in the Field of Blood.  
 ns of Riot in Mid-Revel rage.  
 all I do?—suppress it? or proclaim?—  
 ps the Thunder? Now, LORENZO! now,  
 Friend's Couch the rank Adulterer  
 secure; and laughs at Gods and Men.  
 ous Madmen, void of Fear or Shame,  
 r Crimes bare to these chaste Eyes of Heaven;  
 k, and shudder, at a Mortal's Sight.  
 oon, and Stars, for Villains *only* made?  
 , yet *screen* them, with tenebrious Light?  
 y were made to fashion the Sublime  
 an Hearts, and *wiser* make the *Wife*.

Ends were answer'd once; when Mortals liv'd  
 ger Wing, of Aquiline Ascent  
 y Sublime. O how unlike  
 ermin of the Night, this Moment sung,  
 wl on *Earth*, and on her Venom feed!  
 ntient Sages, *Human Stars*! They met  
 others of the *Skies*, at Midnight-Hour;  
 ounsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd*.  
 yrite, and PLATO, He who drank  
 on'd Bowl, and He of *Tusculum*,  
 m of *Corduba*, (immortal Names!)  
 Unbounded, and *Elysian*, Walks,  
 fit for Gods, and Godlike Men,  
 k their nightly Round, thro' radiant Paths  
 bs trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,

N

To

## 266 *The* CONSOLATION; or,

To tread in Their bright Footsteps here Below;  
 To walk in Worth still brighter than the Skies.  
*There*, they contracted their Contempt of *Earth*;  
 Of Hopes eternal kindled, *There*, the Fire;  
*There*, as in near Approach, they glow'd, and grew  
 (Great Visitants!) more intimate with GOD,  
 More worth to *Men*, more joyous to *Themselves*.  
 Thro' various *Virtues*, they, with Ardor, ran  
 The *Zodiac* of their learn'd, illustrious Lives.

In *Christian* Hearts, O for a *Pagan* Zeal!  
 A needful, but opprobrious Pray'r! As much  
 Our *Ardor* Less, as Greater is our *Light*.  
 How monstrous This in *Morals*! Scarce more strange  
 Would this *Phænomenon* in Nature strike,  
 A *Sun*, that froze us, or a *Star*, that warm'd.

What taught these Heroes of the Moral World?  
 To These thou giv'st thy *Praise*, give *Credit* too.  
 These Doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee;  
 And *Pagan* Tutors are thy Taste.—They taught,  
*That*, Narrow Views betray to Misery:  
*That*, Wise it is to comprehend the Whole:  
*That*, *Virtue* rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well,  
 The single Base of *Virtue* built to Heaven:  
*That*, GOD, and *Nature*, our Attention claim:  
*That*, *Nature* is the Glass reflecting GOD,  
 As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,  
 Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his Sphere:  
*That*, *Mind* immortal, loves immortal Aims:  
*That*, boundless *Mind* affects a boundless Space:  
*That*, Vast Surveys, and the Sublime of Things,  
 The Soul assimilate, and make her Great:  
*That*, therefore, Heav'n her Glories, as a Fund  
 Of Inspiration, thus spreads out to Man.  
*Such* are their Doctrines; *Such* the *Night* inspir'd.

And what more true? What Truth of greater Worth  
 The Soul of Man was made to walk the Skies;  
 Delightful Outlet of her Prison Here!

*There*, disincumber'd from her Chains, the Ties  
Of Toys terrestrial, she can rove at large ;  
*There*, freely can respire, dilate, extend,  
In full Proportion let loose all her Powers ;  
And, *undeluded*, grasp at something Great.  
Nor, as a Stranger, does she wander *There* ;  
But, wonderful Herself, thro' Wonder strays ;  
Contemplating *their* Grandeur, finds *her own* ;  
Dives deep in their Oeconomy divine,  
Sits high in Judgment on their various Laws,  
And, like a Master, judges not amiss.  
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the Soul  
Grows conscious of her Birth celestial ; breathes  
More Life, more Vigour, in her native Air ;  
And feels herself *at home* among the Stars ;  
And, feeling, emulates her Country's Praise.

What call we, then, the Firmament, LORENZO !  
As *Earth* the Body, since, the *Skies* sustain  
The Soul with Food, that gives immortal Life,  
Call it, The noble Pasture of the *Mind* ;  
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,  
And riots thro' the Luxuries of Thought.  
Call it, The Garden of the DEITY,  
Blossom'd with Stars, redundant in the Growth  
Of Fruit ambrosial ; *moral* Fruit to Man.  
Call it, The Breast-plate of the true High-Priest,  
Ardent with Gems oracular, that give,  
In Points of highest Moment, right Response ;  
And ill-neglected, if we prize our Peace.

Thus, have we found a *true* Astrology ;  
Thus, have we found a new, and noble Sense,  
In which *alone* Stars govern human Fates.  
O that the *Stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall  
Bloodshed, and Havock, on embattled Realms,  
And rescu'd *Monarchs* from so black a Guilt !  
BOURBON ! this Wish how gen'rous in a Foe !  
Wouldst thou be Great, wouldst thou become a God,  
Thy deathless Name among the Stars,

## 268 *The* CONSOLATION; or,

For mighty Conquests on a Needle's Point?  
 Instead of forging Chains for *Foreigners*;  
*Bastile* thy Tutor: Grandeur All thy Aim?  
 As yet thou know'st not what it is: How Great,  
 How Glorious, *then*, appears the *Mind* of Man,  
 When in it All the Stars, and Planets, roll!  
 And what it *seems*, it is: Great Objects make  
 Great Minds, enlarging as their Views enlarge;  
*Those* still more Godlike, as *These* more Divine.

And more divine than *These*, thou canst not see.  
 Dazled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious Draught  
 Of miscellaneous Splendors, how I reel  
 From Thought to Thought, inebriate, without End!  
 An *Eden*, This! a PARADISE *unlost*!  
 I meet the DEITY in ev'ry View,  
 And tremble at my Nakedness before Him!  
 O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life*!  
 For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our Taste;  
 No *Flaming-Sword* denies our Entrance *Here*;  
 Would Man but gather, he might *live for ever*.

LORENZO! much of *Moral* hast thou seen.  
 Of curious Arts art thou more fond? Then mark  
 The *Mathematic* Glories of the Skies,  
 In Number, Weight, and Measure, All ordain'd.  
 LORENZO's boasted Builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,  
 Are left to finish his aerial Towers;  
*Wisdom*, and *Choice*, their well-known Characters  
*Here* deep-impres; and claim it for their Own.  
 Tho' splendid All, no Splendor void of Use;  
*Use* rivals *Beauty*; *Art* contends with *Power*;  
 No wanton Waste, amid effuse Expence;  
 The Great OECONOMIST adjusting All  
 To prudent Pomp, magnificently Wise.  
 How rich the Prospect! and for ever new!  
 And *newest* to the Man that views it *most*;  
 For Newer still in Infinite succeeds.  
 Then, *These* aerial Racers, O how swift!  
 How the Shaft *leeters* from the strongest String!

*Spirit*

*Spirit* Alone can distance the Career.  
 Orb above Orb ascending without End !  
 Circle in Circle, without End, inclos'd !  
 Wheel within Wheel ; *EZEKIEL* ! like to Thine !  
 Like Thine, it seems a Vision, or a Dream ;  
 Tho' *seen*, we labour to believe it *true* !  
 What Involution ! What Extent ! What Swarms  
 Of Worlds, that laugh at *Earth* ! immensely Great !  
 Immensely distant from each other's Spheres !  
 What then, the wond'rous *Space* thro' which they roll ?  
 At once it quite ingulphs all human Thought ;  
 'Tis Comprehension's absolute Defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild Disorder here ;  
 Thro' this illustrious Chaos to the Sight,  
 Arrangement neat, and chastest Order, reign.  
 The Path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,  
 Upbraids the lawless Sallies of Mankind.  
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere ;  
 What Knots are ty'd ! How soon are they dissolv'd,  
 And set the seeming marry'd Planets free !  
 They rove for ever, without Error rove ;  
 Confusion unconfus'd ! Nor less admire  
 This Tumult untumultuous ; All on Wing !  
 In Motion, All ! yet what profound Repose !  
 What fervid Action, yet no Noise ! as aw'd  
 To Silence, by the Presence of their LORD ;  
 Or hush'd, by *His* Command, in Love to Man,  
 And bid let fall soft Beams on human Rest,  
 Restless themselves. On yon cœrulean Plain,  
 In Exultation to *Their* GOD, and *Thine*,  
 They dance, they sing eternal Jubilee,  
 Eternal Celebration of *His* Praise.  
 But, since their *Song* arrives not at our Ear,  
 Their *Dance* perplex'd exhibits to the Sight  
 Fair *Hieroglyphic* of *His* peerless Power.  
 Mark, how the *Labyrinthian* Turns they take,  
 The Circles intricate, and mystic Maze,  
 Weave the grand Cypher of *Omnipotence* ;  
 To *Gods*, how Great ! how Legible to *Man* !

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Leaves so much Wonder greater Wonder still?  
Where are the Pillars that support the Skies?  
What More than *Atlantean* Shoulder props  
Th' incumbent Load? What Magic, what strange Art,  
In fluid Air these pond'rous Orbs sustains?  
Who would not think them hung in golden Chains?—  
And so they are; in the high Will of Heaven,  
Which fixes All; makes Adamant of Air,  
Or Air of Adamant; makes All of Nought,  
Or Nought of All; if *such* the dread Decree.

Imagine from their deep Foundations torn  
The most gigantic Sons of Earth, the broad  
And tow'ring *Alps*, all tost into the Sea;  
And, light as Down, or volatile as Air,  
Their Bulks enormous dancing on the Waves,  
In Time, and Measure, exquisite; while all  
The Winds, in Emulation of the Spheres,  
Tune their sonorous Instruments aloft;  
The Concert swell, and animate the Ball.  
Would this appear amazing? What, then, Worlds,  
In a far thinner Element sustain'd,  
And acting the same Part, with greater Skill,  
More rapid Movement, and for noblest *Ends*?

More *obvious* *Ends* to pass, are not these Stars  
The Seats Majestic, proud imperial Thrones,  
On which angelic Delegates of Heaven;  
At certain Periods, as the SOV'REIGN nods,  
Discharge high Trusts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love*;  
To breathe, in outward Grandeur, Grand Design,  
And Acts most Solemn still more solemnize?

Ye Citizens of Air! what ardent Thanks,  
What full Effusion of the grateful Heart,  
Is due from Man indulg'd in such a Sight!  
A Sight so noble! and a Sight so kind!  
It drops *new* Truths at ev'ry *new* Survey!  
Feels not Lorenzo Something stir within,

That

That sweeps away all Period ? As These Spheres  
*Measure* Duration, they no less inspire  
 The Godlike Hope of Ages without End.  
 The boundless *Space*, thro' which these Rovers take  
 Their restless Roam, suggests the Sister-Thought  
 Of boundless *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* Skill,  
 To Man un-labour'd, that important Guest,  
 ETERNITY, finds Entrance at the *Sight* :  
 And an *Eternity*, for Man ordain'd,  
 Or These his destin'd Midnight Counsellors,  
 The *Stars*, had never whisper'd it to Man.  
 NATURE *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her Sons.  
 Could she then kindle the most ardent Wish  
 To *disappoint* it ?—That is Blasphemy.  
 Thus, of thy Creed a Second Article,  
 Momentous, as th' Existence of a GOD,  
 Is found (as I conceive) where rarely fought ;  
 And thou may'st read thy *Soul immortal*, Here.

Here, then, LORENZO ! on these Glories dwell ;  
 Nor want the gilt, illuminated, Roof,  
 That calls the wretched Gay to dark Delights.  
*Assemblées* ?—This is one divinely bright ;  
 Here, un-endanger'd in Health, Wealth, or Fame,  
 Range thro' the fairest, and the SULTAN scorn.  
 He, wise as *Thou*, no *Crescent* holds so fair,  
 As That, which on his Turbant awes a World ;  
 And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy Him.  
 Look on her, and gain more than Worlds can give,  
 A Mind superior to the Charms of *Power*.  
 Thou muffled in Delusions of this Life,  
 Can yonder *Moon* turn Ocean in his Bed,  
 From Side to Side, in constant Ebb, and Flow,  
 And purify from Stench his watry Realms ?  
 And fails her *moral* Influence ? Wants she Power  
 To turn LORENZO's stubborn Tide, of Thoughts  
 From stagnating on *Earth's* infected Shore,  
 And purge from Nuisance his corrupted Heart ?  
 Fails her Attraction when it draws to Heaven ?  
 Nay, and to what thou valu'st more, *Earth's* Joy ?



## 472 The CONSOLATION; or,

Minds elevate, and panting for *Unseen*,  
And defecate from *Sense*, alone obtain  
Full Relish of Existence un-deflower'd,  
The *Life* of Life, the *Zest* of worldly Bliss.  
All else on Earth amounts—to what? To *This*:  
“BAD to be *Suffer'd*; BLESSINGS to be *Left*:”  
Earth's richest Inventory boasts no more.

Of higher Scenes be, then, the Call obey'd.  
O let me gaze!—Of Gazing there's no End.  
O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here*;  
In Mid-way Flight Imagination tires,  
Yet soon re-prunes her Wing to soar anew,  
Her Point unable to forbear, or gain;  
So great the Pleasure, so profound the Plan!  
A Banquet, This, where Men, and Angels, meet,  
Eat the same *Manna*, mingle Earth, and Heaven.  
How distant some of these nocturnal Suns!  
So distant (says the Sage), 'twere not absurd  
To doubt, if Beams, set out at *Nature's* Birth,  
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign World;  
Tho' nothing half so rapid as their Flight.  
An Eye of Awe and Wonder let me roll,  
And roll for ever: Who can satiate Sight  
In such a Scene? in such an Ocean wide  
Of deep Astonishment? Where Depth, Height, Breadth,  
Are lost in their Extremes; and where to count  
The thick-sown Glories in this Field of Fire,  
Perhaps a *Seraph's* Computation fails.  
Now, go, *Ambition*! boast thy boundless Might  
In Conquest, o'er the Tenth Part of a Grain.

And yet LORENZO calls for Miracles,  
To give his tott'ring Faith a solid Base.  
Why call for Less than is *already* thine?  
Thou art no Novice in Theology;  
What is a *Miracle*?—'Tis a Reproach,  
'Tis an implicit Satire, on Mankind;  
And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.  
To Common-Sense, Great *Nature's* Course proclaims

DEITY: When Mankind falls asleep,  
*Miracle* is sent, as an Alarm,  
 wake the World, and prove *Him* o'er again,  
 recent Argument, but not more strong.  
 Which imports more Plenitude of Power,  
 Nature's Laws to *fix*, or to *repeal*?  
*make* a Sun, or *stop* his Mid-Career?  
 countermand his Orders, and send back  
 flaming Courier to the frightened *East*,  
 sm'd, and astonish'd, at his Ev'ning Ray?  
 bid the *Moon*, as with her Journey tir'd,  
*Isidore's* soft, flow'ry Vale repose?  
 at Things are These; still Greater, to *create*.  
 In ADAM's Bow'r look down thro' the whole Train  
 Miracles;—Resistless is their Power?  
 y do not, *can* not, more amaze the Mind,  
 In This, *call'd* un-miraculous Survey,  
*fully* weigh'd, if *rationaly* seen,  
 seen with *human* Eyes. The Brute, indeed,  
 nought but *Spangles* here; the Fool, no more.  
 It thou, "The Course of *Nature* governs All?"  
*Course of Nature* is the *Art* of GOD.  
 Miracles thou call'st for, *This* attest;  
 say; Could *Nature* *Nature's* Course controul?

ut, Miracles apart, who sees HIM not,  
*Nature's* CONTROULER, AUTHOR, GUIDE, and END?  
 o turns his Eye on *Nature's* Midnight-Face,  
 must inquire—"What Hand behind the Scene,  
 That Arm Almighty, put these wheeling Globes  
 in Motion, and wound up the vast Machine?  
 Who round'd in his Palm these spacious Orbs?  
 Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark Profound,  
 num'rous as glitt'ring Gems of Morning-Dew,  
 or Sparks from populous Cities in a Blaze,  
 and set the Bosom of *Old Night* on Fire?  
 peopled her Desert, and made Horror *smile*?"  
 if the Military Stile delights thee,  
 Stars have fought their Battles, leagu'd with Man;  
 Who marshals this bright Host? Enrolls their Names?  
 N 5 "Appoints

## 274 *The* CONSOLATION; or,

" Appoints their Posts, their Marches, and Returns,  
 " Punctual, at stated Periods ? Who disbands  
 " These Vet'ran Troops, their final Duty done,  
 " If e'er disbanded ?"—HE, whose potent Word,  
 Like the loud Trumpet, levy'd first their Powers  
 In *Night's* inglorious Empire, where they slept  
 In Beds of Darkness ; arm'd them with fierce Flanter,  
 Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloath'd in Gold ;  
 And call'd them out of *Chaos* to the Field,  
 Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.  
 O let us join This Army ! Joining These,  
 Will give us Hearts intrepid, at That Hour,  
 When *brighter* Flames shall cut a *darker* Night ;  
 When these strong Demonstrations of a GOD  
 Shall hide their Heads, or tumble from their Spheres,  
 And One *eternal* Curtain cover All !

Struck at *that* Thought, as new-awak'd, I lift  
 A more enlighten'd Eye, and read the Stars  
 To Man still more propitious ; and their Aid  
 (Tho' guiltless of Idolatry) implore ;  
 Nor longer rob them of their noblest Name.  
 O ye *Dividers of my Time* ! Ye bright  
 Accomptants of my Days, and Months, and Years,  
 In your fair Kalendar distinctly mark'd !  
 Since that authentic, radiant Register,  
 Tho' Man inspects it not, stands good against him ;  
 Since *You*, and Years, roll on, tho' Man stands still ;  
 Teach me my Days to number, and apply  
 My trembling Heart to *Wisdom* ; now beyond  
 All Shadows of Excuse for fooling on.  
*Age* smooths our Path to Prudence ; sweeps aside  
 The Snares, keen *Appetite*, and *Passion*, spread  
 To catch stray Souls ; and, Woe to That grey Head,  
 Whose *Folly* would undo, what *Age* has done !  
 Aid, then, aid, All ye Stars !—Much rather, **THOU**,  
 Great ARTIST ! THOU, whose Finger set aright  
 This exquisite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,  
 Tho' intervolv'd, exact ; and pointing out  
 Life's rapid, and irrevocable Flight,

With such an *Index* fair, as none can miss,  
 Who lifts an Eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.  
 Open *mine* Eye, Dread DEITY! to read  
 The tacit Doctrine of thy Works; to see  
 Things as they *are*, un-alter'd thro' the Glass  
 Of worldly Wishes. *Time, Eternity!*  
 ('Tis These, mis-measur'd, ruin all Mankind)  
 Set them before me; let me lay them Both  
 In equal Scale, and learn their various Weight.  
 Let *Time* appear a *Moment*, as it is;  
 And let *Eternity's* full Orb, at once,  
 Turn on my Soul, and strike it into Heaven.  
 When shall I see far more than charms me Now?  
 Gaze on Creation's Model in *Thy* Breast  
 Unveil'd, nor wonder at the Transcript more?  
 When, This vile, foreign, Dust; which smothers All  
 That travel *Earth's* deep Vale, shall I shake off?  
 When shall my Soul her Incarnation quit,  
 And, re-adopted to Thy blest Embrace,  
 Obtain her *Apotheosis* in THEE?

Dost think, LORENZO! this is wand'ring wide?  
 No, 'tis directly striking at the Mark;  
 To wake thy *dead Devotion* \* was my Point;  
 And how I bless *Night's* consecrating Shades,  
 Which to a *Temple* turn an *Universe*;  
 Fill us with great Ideas, full of Heaven,  
 And antidote the pestilential Earth!  
 In ev'ry Storm, that either frowns, or falls,  
 What an Asylum has the Soul in Prayer!  
 And what a Fane is *This*, in which to pray!  
 And what a GOD must dwell in such a Fane!  
 O what a *Genius* must inform the Skies!  
 And is LORENZO's Salamander-Heart  
 Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred Fires?  
 O ye nocturnal Sparks! Ye glowing Embers,  
 On Heav'n's broad Hearth! Who burn, or burn no more,  
 Who blaze, or die, as Great J E H O V A H's Breath

## 276 *The* CONSOLATION; *or,*

Or blows you, or forbears ; assist my Song ;  
 Pour your whole Influence ; exorcize his Heart,  
 So long posselt ; and bring him back to *Man*.

And is LORENZO a Demurrer *still* ?  
*Pride* in thy Parts provokes thee to contest  
*Truths*, which, contested, put thy *Parts* to Shame.  
 Nor shame they more LORENZO's *Head*, than *Heart* ;  
 A *faithless* Heart, how despicably Small !  
 Too Streight, aught Great, or Gen'rous, to receive !  
 Fill'd with an Atom ! fill'd, and foul'd, with *Self* !  
 And *Self* mistaken ! *Self*, that lasts an Hour !  
*Instincts* and *Passions*, of the nobler Kind,  
 Lie suffocated There ; or *They* alone,  
*Reason* apart, would wake high Hope ; and open,  
 To ravish'd Thought, that *Intellectual* Sphere,  
 Where *Order*, *Wisdom*, *Goodness*, *Providence*,  
 Their endless Miracles of Love display,  
 And promise All the truly Great desire.  
 The Mind that would be *happy*, must be *great* ;  
 Great, in its *Wishes* ; Great, in its *Sarvings*.  
 Extended Views a narrow Mind extend ;  
 Push out its corrugate, expansive Make,  
 Which, ere-long, *more* than Planets shall embrace.  
 A Man of *Compass* makes a Man of *Worth* ;  
*Divine* contemplate, and become *Divine*.

As Man was made for Glory, and for Bliss,  
 All Littleness is in Approach to Woe ;  
 Open thy Bosom, set thy Wishes wide,  
 And let in *Manhood* ; let in *Happiness* ;  
 Admit the boundless Theatre of Thought  
 From Nothing, up to GOD ; which makes a *Man*.  
 Take GOD from *Nature*, nothing Great is left ;  
 Man's Mind is in a Pit, and nothing sees ;  
 Man's Heart is in a Jakes, and loves the Mire.  
 Emerge from thy Profound ; erect thine Eye ;  
 See thy Distress ! How close art thou besieg'd !  
 Besieg'd by *Nature*, the proud Sceptic's Foe !  
 Inclos'd by these innumerable Worlds,

Sparkling

parkling Conviction on the darkeſt Mind,  
 is in a golden Net of PROVIDENCE,  
 how art thou caught, ſure Captive of Belief!  
 From this thy bleſt Captivity, what Art,  
 What Blaſphemy to Reason, ſets thee free!  
 This Scene is Heav'n's indulgent Violence:  
 Canſt thou bear up againſt this Tide of Glory?  
 What is Earth boſom'd in theſe ambient Orbs,  
 But, Faith in GOD impos'd, and preſs'd on Man?  
 Canſt thou ſtill litigate thy deſp'rate *Cauſe*,  
 In ſpite of theſe num'rous, awful, *Witnesses*,  
 And doubt the *Depoſition* of the Skies?  
 How laborious is thy Way to Ruin!

Laborious? 'Tis *impracticable* quite;  
 To ſink beyond a *Doubt*, in this Debate,  
 With all his Weight of Wiſdom, and of Will,  
 And Crime flagitious, I defy a Fool.  
*me with they did*; but *no Man diſbelieves*.  
 GOD is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot ſtrike  
 theſe groſs, material Organs; GOD by Man  
 as much is ſeen, as *Man* a GOD can ſee,  
 theſe aſtoniſhing Exploits of Power.  
 That Order, Beauty, Motion, Diſtance, Size!  
 Inſertion of Deſign, how exquisite!  
 How complicate, in their divine Police!  
 Not Means! Great Ends! Conſent to gen'ral Good!—  
 Each Attribute of theſe *material* Gods,  
 How long (and that with ſpecious Pleas) ador'd,  
 Sep'rate Conqueſt gains o'er Rebel Thought;  
 And leads in Triumph the whole Mind of Man.

LORENZO! This may ſeem *Harangue* to Thee;  
 Which All is apt to ſeem, that thwarts our Will.  
 And doſt thou, then, demand a *ſimple* Proof  
 Of this great Maſter-Moral of the Skies,  
 Unſkill'd, or diſ-inclin'd, to read it *there*?  
 Since 'tis the Baſis, and All drops without it,  
 Like it, in One compact, unbroken Chain.  
 A Proof inſiſts on an attentive Ear;

'Twill

## 278 *The* CONSOLATION; or,

'Twill not make One amid a Mob of Thoughts,  
And, for thy Notice, struggle with the World.  
*Retire*;—The *World* shut out;—Thy Thoughts call  
Home;—

*Imagination's* airy Wing repress;—  
Lock up thy *Senses*;—Let no *Passion* stir;—  
Wake all to *Reason*;—Let *her* reign alone;—  
Then, in thy *Soul's* deep Silence, and the Depth  
Of *Nature's* Silence, Midnight, thus inquire,  
As *I* have done; and shall inquire no more.  
In *Nature's* Chapel, thus the Questions run.

“ What am I? and from *Whence*?—I nothing know,  
“ But that *I am*; and, since *I am*, conclude  
“ Something *Eternal*: Had there e'er been *Nought*,  
“ *Nought* still had been: *Eternal* there *must* be.—  
“ But *What* *Eternal*?—Why not *Human Race*?  
“ And *ADAM's* Ancestors without an End?—  
“ That's hard to be conceiv'd; since ev'ry Link  
“ Of that long chain'd Succession is so frail;  
“ Can ev'ry *Part* depend, and not the *Whole*?  
“ Yet grant it True; *new* Difficulties rise;  
“ I'm still quite out at Sea; nor see the Shore.  
“ *Whence* *Earth*, and these bright *Orbs*?—*Eternal* too?—  
“ Grant *Matter* was *Eternal*; still these *Orbs*  
“ Would want some Other Father;—Much Design  
“ Is seen in all their *Motions*, all their *Makes*;  
“ *Design* implies *Intelligence*, and *Art*:  
“ *That* can't be from *Themselves*—or *Man*; *That* *Art*  
“ *Man* scarce can comprehend; could *Man* bestow?  
“ And nothing Greater, yet allow'd, than *Man*.—  
“ Who, *Motion*, foreign to the smallest Grain,  
“ Shot thro' vast Masses of enormous Weight?  
“ Who bid brute *Matter's* restive Lump assume  
“ Such various Forms, and gave it Wings to fly?  
“ Has *Matter* *innate* Motion? Then each Atom,  
“ Asserting its indisputable Right  
“ To dance, would form an Universe of Dust:  
“ Has *Matter* *none*? Then whence these glorious Forms,  
“ And boundless Flights, from *Shapeless*, and *Repos'd*?  
“ Has

Has Matter *more* than Motion? Has it Thought,  
 Judgment, and Genius? Is it deeply learn'd  
 In *Mathematics*? Has it fram'd *such* Laws,  
 Which, but to *guess*, a NEWTON made immortal?—  
 If so, how each *sage* Atom laughs at *me*,  
 Who think a *Clod* inferior to a *Mand*!  
 If Art, to form; and Counsel, to conduct;  
 And That with greater far, than Human Skill,  
 Resides not in each Block;—a GODHEAD reigns.—  
 Grant, then, Invisible, Eternal, MIND;  
 That granted, All is solv'd.—But, granting That,  
 Draw I not o'er me a still darker Cloud?  
 Grant I not That which I can ne'er conceive?  
 A Being without Origin, or End!—  
 Hail, Human Liberty! There is no GOD—  
 Yet, Why? On either Scheme that Knot subsists;  
 Subsist it *must*, in GOD, or *Human Race*;  
 If in the Last, how many Knots beside,  
 Indissoluble All?—Why chuse it *There*,  
 Where, chosen, still subsist Ten thousand more?  
 Reject it, where, *That* chosen, all the Rest  
 Dispers'd, leave *Reason's* whole Horizon clear?  
 This is not Reason's Dictate; *Reason* says,  
 Close with the Side where *One* Grain turns the Scale;  
 What vast Preponderance is Here! Can Reason  
 With louder Voice exclaim—*Believe a GOD*?  
 And *Reason* heard, is the sole Mark of Man.  
 What Things Impossible must Man think True,  
 On any other System! And how strange  
 To *Disbelieve*, through mere Credulity!”

If, in this Chain, LORENZO finds no Flaw,  
 Let it for ever bind him to *Belief*.  
 And where the Link, in which a Flaw he finds?—  
 And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how Great!  
 How Great that Pow'r, whose providential Care  
 Thro' these bright Orbs dark Centres darts a Ray!  
 Of *Nature* universal threads the Whole!  
 And hangs *Creation*, like a precious Gem,  
 Tho' Little, on the Footstool of His Throne!

That



280 *The* CONSOLATION; or,

That Little Gem, how Large ! A Weight let fall  
From a fixt Star, in Ages can it reach  
This distant *Earth* ? Say, then, LORENZO ! where,  
Where, ends this mighty Building ? Where, begin  
The Suburbs of Creation ? Where, the Wall  
Whose Battlements look o'er into the Vale  
Of Non-Existence ? NOTHING's strange Abode !  
Say, at what Point of Space JEHOVAH dropp'd  
His slacken'd *Line*, and laid His *Balance* by ;  
Weigh'd *Worlds*, and measur'd *Infinite*, no more ?  
Where, rears His *terminating Pillar* high  
Its extra-mundane Head ? and says, to Gods,  
In Characters illustrious as the Sun,

*I stand, the Plan's proud Period ; I pronounce  
The Work accomplish'd ; the Creation clos'd :  
Shout, all ye Gods ! nor shout, ye Gods alone ;  
Of all that lives, or, if devoid of Life,  
That rests, or rolls, ye Heights, and Depths, resound !  
Resound ! resound ! ye Depths, and Heights, resound !*

Hard are those Questions ?—Answer harder still.  
Is *This* the Sole Exploit, the Single Birth,  
The Solitary Son, of Pow'r Divine ?  
Or has th' Almighty FATHER, with a Breath,  
Impregnated the Womb of distant *Space* ?  
Has He not bid, in various Provinces,  
Brother-Creations the dark Bowels burst  
Of *Night* primæval ; barren, now, no more ?  
And He the central Sun, transpiercing all  
Those *Giant-Generations*, which disport,  
And dance, as *Motes* ; in His Meridian Ray ;  
That Ray withdrawn, Benighted, or Absorb'd,  
In that *Abyss* of Horror, whence they sprung ;  
While *Chaos* triumphs, repossess'd of All  
Rival *Création* ravish'd from his Throne ?  
CHAOS ! of *Nature* both the Womb, and Grave !

Think'st thou, my Scheme, LORENZO, spreads too wide  
Is *This* extravagant ?—No ; *This* is just ;

Just, in *Conjecture*, tho' 'twere false in *Fact*.  
 If 'tis an Error, 'tis an Error sprung  
 From noble Root, High Thought of the MOST-HIGH.  
 But wherefore Error? Who can prove it Such?—  
 He that can set OMNIPOTENCE a Bound.  
 Can Man *conceive* beyond what God can *do*?  
 Nothing, but *Quite-Impossible*, is *Hard*.  
 He summons into Being, with like Ease,  
 A Whole *Creation*, and a single *Grain*.  
 Speaks He the Word? a Thousand Worlds are born!—  
 A Thousand Worlds? There's Space for Millions more;  
 And in what Space can his great *Fiat* fail?  
 Condemn me not, cold Critic! but indulge  
 The warm *Imagination*: Why condemn?  
 Why not indulge Such Thoughts; as swell our Hearts  
 With fuller Admiration of *That Power*;  
 Who gives our Hearts with such high Thoughts to swell?  
 Why not indulge in *His* augmented Praise?  
 Darts not *His* Glory a still brighter Ray,  
 The less is left to *Chaos*, and the Realms  
 Of hideous *Night*, where *Fancy* strays aghast;  
 And, tho' most *talkative*, makes no *Report*?

Still seems my Thought enormous? Think again;—  
 Experience 'Self shall aid thy lame Belief.  
*Lassus* (that Revelation to the Sight!)  
 Have they not led us deep in the Disclosure  
 Of fine-spun *Nature*, exquisitely *Small*;  
 And, tho' *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd*?  
 If, then, on the Reverse, the Mind would mount  
 In *Magnitude*, what Mind can mount too far,  
 To keep the Balance, and Creation *poise*?  
 Defect alone can err on such a Theme;  
 What is too Great, if we the *Cause* survey?  
 stupendous ARCHITECT! THOU, THOU art All!  
 Thy Soul flies up and down in Thoughts of THEE,  
 And finds herself but at the Centre still!  
 A M, Thy Name! *Existence*, all *Thine own*!  
 Creation's Nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd  
 "The thin, the *flecting Atmosphere* of G O D."

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O for the Voice—of What ? of Whom ?—What Vo  
Can answer to my Wants, in *such* Ascent,  
As dares to deem One Universe too small ?  
Tell me, LORENZO ! (for now *Fancy* glows,  
Fir'd in the Vortex of Almighty Power)  
Is not this Home-Creation, in the Map  
Of universal *Nature*, as a Speck,  
Like fair BRITANNIA in our little Ball ;  
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its Size,  
But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far outshone ?  
In *Fancy* (for the *Fact* beyond us lies)  
Canst thou not figure it, an *Isle*, almost  
Too small for Notice, in the *Vast* of Being ;  
Sever'd by mighty Seas of *un-built* Space,  
From other *Realms* ; from ample *Continents*  
Of higher Life, where nobler Natives dwell ;  
Less *Northern*, less remote from DEITY,  
Glowing beneath the *Line* of the SUPREME ;  
Where Souls in Excellence make Haste, put forth  
Luxuriant Growths ; nor the late Autumn wait  
Of *Human* Worth, but ripen soon to Gods ?

Yet why drown *Fancy* in such Depths as these ?  
Return, presumptuous Rover ! and confess  
The Bounds of Man ; nor blame them, as too small.  
Enjoy we not full Scope in what is *seen* ?  
Full ample the Dominions of the Sun !  
Full glorious to behold ! How far, how wide,  
The matchless Monarch, from his flaming Throne,  
Lavish of Lustre, throws his Beams about him,  
Farther, and faster, than a Thought can fly,  
And feeds his Planets with eternal Fires !  
This *Heliopolis*, by Greater far,  
Than the proud Tyrant of the *Nile*, was built ;  
And *He* alone, who built it, can destroy.  
Beyond *this City*, why strays human Thought ?  
*One* Wonderful, enough for Man to know !  
*One* Infinite, enough for Man to range !  
*One* Firmament, enough for Man to read !

O what voluminous Instruction Here !  
 What Page of Wisdom is deny'd him ? None ;  
 If learning his chief Lesson makes him Wise.  
 Nor is *Instruction*, Here, our only Gain ;  
 There dwells a noble *Pathos* in the Skies,  
 Which warms our Passions, proselytes our Hearts.  
 How eloquently shines the glowing Pole !  
 With what Authority it gives its Charge,  
 Remonstrating great Truths in Style sublime,  
 Tho' Silent, Loud ! heard Earth around ; above  
 The Planets heard ; and not unheard in Hell ;  
 Hell has her Wonder, tho' too proud to praise.  
 Is *Earth*, then, more Infernal ? Has she Those,  
 Who neither *praise* (LORENZO !) nor *admire* ?

LORENZO's Admiration, pre-engag'd,  
 Ne'er ask the *Moon* One Question ; never held  
 Least Correspondence with a single Star ;  
 Ne'er rear'd an Altar to the *Queen of Heaven*  
 Walking in Brightness ; or her Train ador'd,  
 Their *sublunary* Rivals have long since  
 Engross'd his whole Devotion ; *Stars* malign,  
 Which made their fond *Astronomer* run mad ;  
 Darken his *Intellect*, corrupt his *Heart* ;  
 Cause him to sacrifice his Fame and Peace  
 To momentary Madness, call'd Delight.  
 Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd  
 The lifted Hand to LUNA, or pour'd out  
 The Blood to Jove ! — O THOU, to whom belongs  
 All Sacrifice ! O Thou Great JOVE Unfeign'd !  
 DIVINE INSTRUCTOR ! Thy first Volume, *This*,  
 For Man's Perusal ; All in CAPITALS !  
 In *Moon*, and *Stars* (Heav'n's golden Alphabet !)  
 Emblaz'd to seize the Sight ; who *runs*, may *read* ;  
 Who *reads*, can *understand*. 'Tis Unconfm'd  
 To *Christian* Land, or *Jewry* ; fairly writ,  
 In Language universal, to MANKIND :  
 A Language, Lofty to the Learn'd ; yet Plain,  
 To Those that feed the Flock, or guide the Plough,  
 Or, from its Husk, strike out the bounding Grain.

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A Language, worthy the GREAT MIND, that speaks!  
*Preface*, and *Comment*, to the *Sacred Page*!  
 Which oft refers its Reader to the Skies,  
 As pre-supposing his First Lesson *there*,  
 And Scripture-self a *Fragment*, *That* unread.  
 Stupendous Book of Wisdom, to the Wise!  
 Stupendous Book! and open'd, NIGHT! by Thee.

By Thee *much* open'd, I confess, O *Night*!  
 Yet *more* I wish; but *how* shall I prevail?  
 Say, gentle *Night*! whose modest, maiden Beams  
 Give us a *new* Creation, and present  
 The World's great Picture soften'd to the Sight;  
 Nay, Kinder far, far more Indulgent still,  
 Say, Thou, whose mild Dominion's Silver Key  
 Unlocks our Hemisphere, and sets to View  
 Worlds beyond Number; Worlds conceal'd by Day  
 Behind the proud, and envious Star of Noon!  
 Canst thou not draw a deeper Scene?—And shew  
 The Mighty POTENTATE, to whom belong  
 These rich *Regalia* pompously display'd  
 To kindle that high Hope? Like Him of *Uz*,  
 I gaze around; I search on ev'ry Side—  
 O for a Glimpse of HIM my Soul adores!  
 As the chas'd Hart, amid the desert Waste,  
 Pants for the living Stream; for HIM who made her,  
 So pants the thirsty Soul, amid the Blank  
 Of sublunary Joys. Say, Goddess! Where?  
 Where, blazes *His* bright Court? Where burns *His*  
     Throne?  
 Thou know'st; for Thou art near Him; by Thee, round  
*His* grand Pavilion, sacred Fame reports  
 The sable Curtains drawn. If not, can none  
 Of thy fair Daughter-Train, so swift of Wing,  
 Who travel far, discover where *He* dwells?  
 A Star His Dwelling pointed out *below*.  
 Ye *Pleiades*! *Arcturus*! *Mazeroth*!  
 And thou, *Orion*! of still keener Eye!  
 Say, ye, who guide the Wilder'd in the Waves,  
 And bring them out of Tempest into Port!

On which Hand must I bend my Course to find *Him* ?  
These Courtiers keep the Secret of their KING ;  
I wake whole Nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake ; and, waking, climb *Night's* radiant Scale,  
From Sphere to Sphere ; the Steps by Nature set  
For Man's Ascent ; at once to *tempt*, and *aid* ;  
To *tempt* his Eye, and *aid* his tow'ring Thought ;  
Till it arrives at the *Great Goal* of all.

In ardent *Contemplation's* rapid Car,  
From *Earth*, as from my Barrier, I set out.  
How swift I mount ! Diminish'd *Earth* recedes ;  
I pass the *Moon* ; and, from her further Side,  
Pierce Heav'n's blue Curtain ; strike into *Remote* ;  
Where, with his lifted Tube, the subtil Sage  
His artificial, airy Journey takes,  
And to *Celestial* lengthens *Human* Sight.  
I pause at ev'ry *Planet* on my Road,  
And ask for H I M, who gives their Orbs to roll,  
Their Foreheads fair to shine. From SATURN'S Ring,  
In which, of *Earths* an Army might be lost,  
With the bold *Comet*, take my bolder Flight,  
Amid those *sov'reign* Glories of the Skies,  
Of independent, native Lustre, proud ;  
The Souls of Systems ! and the Lords of Life,  
Thro' their wide Empires !—What behold I *new* ?  
A Wilderness of Wonders burning round ;  
Where *larger* Suns inhabit *higher* Spheres ;  
Perhaps the *Villas* of descending Gods !  
Nor halt I here ; my Toil is but begun ;  
'Tis but the Threshold of the DEITY ;  
Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still.  
Nor is it strange ; I built on a Mistake ;  
The Grandeur of His Works, whence *Folly* fought  
For Aid, to *Reason* sets his Glory higher ;  
Who built thus high for Worms (mere Worms to *Him*) ;  
O where, LORENZO ! must the BUILDER dwell ?

Pause.

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Pause, then ; and, for a Moment, here respire.—  
 If human Thought can keep its Station Here.  
 Where am I?—Where is *Earth*?—Nay, where art Thou,  
 O *Sun*?—Is the Sun turn'd Recluse?—And are  
*His* boasted Expeditions short to *Mine*?—  
 To *mine*, how short! On Nature's *Alps* I stand,  
 And see a Thousand Firmaments beneath!  
 A Thousand Systems! as a Thousand Grains!  
 So *much* a Stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,  
 How can Man's curious Spirit not inquire,  
 What are the Natives of this World sublime,  
 Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial Sphere,  
 Where Mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd?

“ O Ye, as distant from my little Home,  
 “ As swiftest Sun-beams in an Age can fly!  
 “ Far from my native Element I roam,  
 “ In Quest of New, and Wonderful, to Man.  
 “ What Province This, of *His* immense Domain,  
 “ Whom All obeys? Or Mortals here, or Gods?  
 “ Ye Bord'ers on the Coasts of Bliss! What are you?  
 “ A Colony from Heav'n? Or, only rais'd,  
 “ By frequent Visit from Heav'n's neighbouring Realm,  
 “ To secondary Gods, and half-divine?—  
 “ What'er your Nature, *This* is past Dispute,  
 “ Far other Life you live, far other Tongue  
 “ You talk, far other Thought, perhaps, you think,  
 “ Than Man. How various are the Works of God!  
 “ But say, *What* Thought? Is *Reason* here inthron'd,  
 “ And absolute? Or *Sense* in Arms against her?  
 “ Have you *Two* Lights? Or need you no *revel*?  
 “ Enjoy your happy Realms their golden Age?  
 “ And had Your EDEN an abstemious EVE?  
 “ Our EVE's fair Daughters prove their Pedigree,  
 “ And ask their ADAMS—‘ *Who would not be Wife?*’  
 “ Or, if your Mother *fill*, are you *Redeem'd*?  
 “ And if *redeem'd*—is your Redeemer *scorn'd*?  
 “ Is This your final Residence? If not,  
 “ Change you your Scene, *Translated*? Or by *Death*

by *Death*; *What Death*?—Know you *Disease*?  
rid *War*?—With *War*, This fatal Hour,  
A groans (so call we a small Field,  
Kings run mad). In *Our World*, *DEATH*  
deputes

rance to do the Work of *Age*;  
anging up the Quiver *Nature* gave him,  
v of Execution, for Dispatch  
forth *Imperial* Butchers; bids them slay  
Sheep (the silly Sheep they fleec'd before),  
ofs him twice Ten thousand at a Meal.  
your Executioners on Thrones?  
ou, can Rage for Plunder make a God?  
loodshed wash out ev'ry other Stain?—  
ou, perhaps, can't bleed: From Matter gross  
*Spirits* clean, are delicately clad  
e-spun *Æther*; Privileg'd to soar,  
ded, uninfected; How unlike  
ot of Man! How few of human Race  
eir own *Mud* unmurder'd! How we wage  
Var-eternal!—Is your painful Day  
rddy Conflict o'er? Or, are you still  
Candidates at School? And have you Those  
disaffect *Reversions*, as with *Us*?—  
hat are *We*? You never heard of *Man*,  
rth; the *Bedlam* of the Universe!  
e *Reason* (un-diseas'd with You) runs mad,  
nurses *Folly's* Children as *her own*;  
of the Foulest. In the sacred Mount  
linefs, where Reason is pronounc'd  
ible; and *thunders*, like a God;  
there, by *Saints*, the *Demons* are outdone;  
t *These* think Wrong, our *Saints* refine to Right;  
kindly teach *dull Hell* her own black Arts;  
n, instructed, o'er their *Morals* smiles.—  
his, how strange to You, who know not *Man*!  
he least Rumour of our Race arriv'd?  
d here *ELIJAH*, in his flaming Car?  
oy you the good *ENOCH*, on his Road  
Those fair Fields, whence *LUCIFER* was hur'd:

“ Who



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" Who brush'd, perhaps, your Sphere, in his Descent,  
 " Stain'd your pure Crystal *Æther*, or let fall  
 " A short Eclipse from his portentous Shade?  
 " O! that the Fiend had lodg'd on some broad Orb  
 " Athwart his Way; nor reach'd his present Home,  
 " Then blacken'd *Earth* with Footsteps foul'd in Hell,  
 " Nor wash'd in *Ocean*, as from *Rome* he past  
 " To *BRITAIN*'s Isle; too, too, conspicuous *There*!"

But This is all Digression: Where is *He*,  
 That o'er Heav'n's Battlements the Felon hurl'd  
 To Groans, and Chains, and Darknefs? Where is *He*,  
 Who sees Creation's Summit in a Vale?  
*He*, Whom, while Man is *Man*, he can't but seek;  
 And if he finds, commences *more* than Man?  
 O for a Telescope His Throne to reach!  
 Tell me, ye Learn'd on *Earth*! or Blest *Above*!  
 Ye searching, ye *Newtonian* Angels! tell,  
 Where, your Great MASTER's Orb? His Planets, where?  
 Those *conscious* Satellites, those *Morning-Stars*,  
 First-born of *DEITY*! from Central Love,  
 By Veneration most profound, thrown off;  
 By sweet Attraction, no less strongly drawn;  
*Aw'd*, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *serene*;  
 Past Thought, illustrious, but with borrow'd Beams;  
 In still *approaching* Circles, still *remote*,  
 Revolving round the Sun's eternal *SIRE*?  
 Or sent, in Lines direct, on Embassies  
 To Nations—in what Latitude?—Beyond  
 Terrestrial Thought's Horizon!—And on what  
 High Errands sent?—Here *human* Effort ends;  
 And leaves me still a Stranger to *His* Throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my Road,  
 Born in an Age more Curious, than Devout;  
 More fond to fix the *Place* of Heav'n, or Hell,  
 Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure.  
 'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* Path,  
 That leads me to my Point: *LORENZO*! know,  
 Without or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their Guide,

Who

Who worship GOD, shall find Him. Humble *Love*,  
 And not proud *Reason*, keeps the Door of Heav'n;  
*Love* finds Admission, where proud *Science* fails.  
 Man's Science is the Culture of his Heart;  
 And not to lose his Plumbet in the Depths  
 Of *Nature*, or the more Profound of GOD.  
 Either to know, is an Attempt that sets  
 The Wisest on a Level with the Fool.  
 To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here!*),  
 Past Doubt, is deep Philosophy *Above*;  
 Higher Degrees in Bliss Archangels take,  
 As deeper learn'd; the Deepest, learning still.  
 For, what a *Thunder* of Omnipotence  
 (So might I dare to speak) is seen in All!  
 In *Man!* In *Earth!* In more amazing *Skies!*  
 Teaching this Lesson, *Pride* is loth to learn—  
 “Not deeply to *Discern*, not much to *Know*,  
 “Mankind was born to *Wonder*, and *Adore*.”

And is there Cause for higher *Wonder* still,  
 Than that which struck us from our past Surveys?  
 Yes; and for deeper *Adoration* too.  
 From my late airy Travel unconfin'd,  
 Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, *LORENZO!* This;  
 Each of these Stars is a Religious House;  
 I saw their Altars smoke, their Incense rise,  
 And heard *Hosannas* ring through ev'ry Sphere,  
 A Seminary fraught with future Gods.  
*Nature* all o'er is consecrated Ground,  
 Teeming with Growths Immortal, and Divine.  
 The Great PROPRIETOR's all-bounteous Hand  
 Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery Fields  
 With Seeds of *Reason*, which to *Virtues* rise  
 Beneath His genial Ray; and, if [redacted]  
 The pestilential Blasts of stubborn [redacted]  
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the *Skies*.  
 And is *Devotion* thought too much on *Earth*,  
 When Beings, so Superior, Homage boast,  
 And triumph in Prostrations to THE THRONE?

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But wherefore more of Planets, or of Stars?  
 Æthereal Journeys, and, discover'd there,  
 Ten thousand Worlds, Ten thousand Ways devout?  
 All *Nature* sending Incense to THE THRONE,  
 Except the bold LORENZO's of Our Sphere?  
 Op'ning the solemn Sources of my Soul,  
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd ERIDANUS,  
 My flowing Numbers o'er the flaming Skies,  
 Nor see, of *Fancy*, or of *Faith*, what more,  
 Invites the Muse—Here turn we, and review  
 Our past Nocturnal Landschape wide:—Then, say,  
 Say, then, LORENZO! with what Burst of Heart,  
 The Whole, at once, revolving in his Thought,  
 Must Man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?  
 “O what a Root! O what a Branch is Here!  
 “O what a Father! What a Family!  
 “Worlds! Systems! and Creations!—And Creations,  
 “In One agglomerated Cluster, hung,  
 “\* Great VINE! on THEE, ON THEE the Cluster  
     hangs;  
 “The Filial Cluster! infinitely spread  
 “In glowing Globes, with various Being fraught;  
 “And drinks (Nectareous Draught!) Immortal Life.  
 “Or, shall I say (for *Who* can say enough?)  
 “A Constellation of Ten thousand Gems,  
 “(And, O! of what Dimension! of what Weight!)  
 “Set in One *Signet*, flames on the Right-hand  
 “Of MAJESTY DIVINE! The *blazing Seal*,  
 “That deeply stamps, on all created *Mind*,  
 “Indelible, *His* sov'reign Attributes,  
 “OMNIPOTENCE, and LOVE! *That*, passing Bound;  
 “And *This*, surpassing *That*. Nor stop we *Here*,  
 “For Want of Power in GOD, but *Thought* in MAN.  
 “Even *This* acknowl'dg'd, leaves us still in Debt;  
 “If *Greater* aught, *That* Greater all is THINE.  
 “DREAD SIRE!—Accept this *Miniature* of *THEE*;  
 “And pardon an *Attempt* from Mortal Thought,  
 “In which Archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd.”

How

w such Ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's *Pow'r*,  
 uch Ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's *Plan*,  
 (not absurd) distend the Thought  
 eble Mortals! Nor of *Them* alone!  
 Fulness of the DEITY breaks forth  
*conceivables* to Men, and Gods.  
 , then, O think; nor ever drop the Thought;  
 ow must *Man* descend, when *Gods* adore!—  
 I not, then, accomplish'd my proud Boast?  
 not tell thee, “ \* We would mount, *LORENZO*!  
 d kindle our Devotion at the *Stars*?”

d have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?  
 rt all Adamant? And dost confute  
 g'd, with One irrefragable *Smile*?  
 nzo! *Mirth* how miserable *Here*!  
 by the *Stars*, by *HIM* who made them, swear,  
 Heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *They*:  
*Thou*, like *Them*, shalt *shine*; like *Them*, shalt *rise*  
 Low to Lofty; from Obscure to Bright;  
 e Gradation, *Nature's* sacred Law.  
*Stars*, from whence?—Ask *Chaos*—*He* can tell.  
 bright Temptations to Idolatry,  
*Darkness*, and *Confusion*, took their Birth;  
 of *Deformity*! From fluid Dregs  
*rean*, first they rose to Masses rude;  
 hen, to Spheres opaque; Then dimly shone;  
 brighten'd; Then blaz'd out in *perfect Day*.  
 : delights in Progress; in Advance  
 Worle to Better: But, when *Minds* ascend,  
 ss, in Part, depends upon *Themselves*.  
 n aids Exertion; Greater makes the Great;  
 oluntary Little lessens more.  
 i *Man*! and thou shalt be *Self-made*!  
 ialf *Self-made*!—Ambition *h* Divine!

Thou ambitious of Disgrace alone!  
 Indevout? Unkindled?—Tho' high-taught,

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School'd by the Skies; and Pupil of the Stars;  
 Rank Coward to the *Fashionable World*!  
 Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy Knee to Heaven?  
 Curst Fume of Pride, exhal'd from deepest Hell!  
 Pride in *Religion* is Man's highest Praise.  
 Bent on Destruction! and in Love with Death!  
 Not All these Luminaries, quench'd at once,  
 Were Half so sad, as One benighted Mind,  
 Which gropes for Happiness, and meets *Despair*.  
 How, like a Widow in her Weeds, the *Night*,  
 Amid her glimm'ring Tapers, silent sits!  
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps  
 Perpetual Dews, and saddens Nature's Scene!  
 A Scene more sad *Sin* makes the darken'd Soul;  
 All Comfort kills, nor leaves one Spark alive.

Tho' blind of Heart, still open is thine Eye:  
 Why such Magnificence in all thou seest?  
 Of *Matter's* Grandeur, know, One End is This,  
 To tell the *Rational*, who gazes on it—  
 "Tho' *That* immensely Great, still Greater *He*,  
 "Whose Breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,  
 "Unburden'd, Nature's Universal Scheme;  
 "Can grasp *Creation* with a *single* Thought;  
 "Creation grasp; and not exclude its *SIRE*!"—  
 To tell him farther—"It behoves him much  
 "To guard th' important, yet-depending, Fate  
 "Of Being, brighter than a Thousand Suns;  
 "One single Ray of *Thought* outshines them all."—  
 And if Man hears obedient, soon he'll soar  
 Superior Heights, and on his purple Wing,  
 His purple Wing bedrop'd with Eyes of Gold,  
 Rising, where *Thought* is now deny'd to rise,  
 Look down *triumph* on these dazzling Spheres.

Why then persist? No Mortal ever liv'd  
 But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when Words are true)  
 The Whole that charms thee, absolutely Vain;  
 Vain, and far worse!—Think Thou, with dying Men;  
 O *condescend* to think as Angels think!

O *tolerate* a Chance for Happiness !  
 Our Nature such, Ill Choice ensures Ill Fate ;  
 And Hell had been, tho' there had been no God.  
 Dost Thou not know, my new Astronomer !  
*Earth*, turning from the *Sun*, brings Night to Man ?  
*Man*, turning from his God, brings *endless* Night ;  
 Where Thou canst read no *Morals*, find no *Friend*,  
 Amend no *Manners*, and expect no *Peace*.  
 How *deep* the Darkness ! and the Groan, how *loud* !  
 And far, how far, from *lambent* are the Flames !  
 Such is LORENZO'S Purchase ! Such his Praise !  
 The Proud, the Politic, LORENZO'S Praise !  
 Tho', in his Ear, and level'd at his Heart,  
 I've half read o'er the Volume of the Skies.

For think not Thou hast heard all This from *me* ;  
 My Song but echoes what Great *Nature* speaks :  
 What has she spoken ? Thus the Goddess spoke,  
 Thus speaks for ever :—" Place, at Nature's Head,  
 " A Sov'reign, which o'er all Things rolls his Eye,  
 " Extends His Wing, promulgates His Commands,  
 " But, above all, diffuses endless Good ;  
 " To *whom*, for sure Redress, the Wrong'd may fly ;  
 " The Vile, for Mercy ; and the Pain'd, for Peace ;  
 " By *Whom*, the various Tenants of these Spheres,  
 " Diversify'd in Fortunes, Place, and Powers,  
 " Rais'd in Enjoyment, as in Worth they rise,  
 " Arrive at length (if worthy such Approach).  
 " At that blest Fountain-Head, from which they stream ;  
 " Where Conflict past redoubles present Joy ;  
 " And present Joy looks forward on Increase ;  
 " And That, on more ; no Period ! ev'ry Step  
 " A double Boon ! a *Promise*, and a *Bliss*."  
 How easy fits *this* Scheme on human Hearts !  
 It suits their Make ; it sooths their vast Desires ;  
*Passion* is pleas'd ; and *Reason* asks no more ;  
 'Tis Rational ! 'Tis Great !—But what is *Thine* ?  
 It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !  
 Leaves us quite naked, both of Help, and Hope,

## 294 *The* CONSOLATION; *or,*

Sinking from Bad to Worse; few Years, the Sport  
Of *Fortune*; then, the Morfel of *Despair*.

Say, then, LORENZO! (for Thou know'st it well)  
What's *Vice*?—Mere Want of Compass in our Thought  
*Religion*, what?—The Proof of *Common-Sense*;  
How art thou whooted, where the *Least* prevails!  
Is it *my* Fault, if *these Truths* call thee *Fool*?  
And thou shalt never be *miscalld* by me.  
Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, stand thy Friend?  
And art Thou *still* an Insect in the Mire?  
How, like thy Guardian Angel, have I flown;  
Snatch'd thee from Earth; escorted thee thro' all  
Th' *Ethereal Armies*; walkt thee, like a God,  
Thro' Splendors of first Magnitude, arrang'd  
On either Hand; Clouds thrown beneath thy Feet;  
Close-cruis'd on the bright Paradise of God;  
And almost introduc'd thee to THE THRONE!  
And art Thou still carousing, for Delight,  
Rank-Poison; first, fermenting to mere *Froth*,  
And then subsiding into final *Gall*?  
To Beings of sublime, *immortal* Make,  
How shocking is all Joy, whose *End* is sure!  
Such Joy *more* shocking still, the more it *charms*!  
And dost Thou chuse what ends, ere well-begun?  
And Infamous, as Short? And dost Thou chuse  
(Thou, to whose Palate *Glory* is so sweet)  
To wade into *Perdition*, thro' *Contempt*,  
Not of poor Bigots only, but thy *own*?  
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd Heart,  
And seen it blush beneath a boastful Brow;  
For, by strong Guilt's most violent Assault,  
Conscience is but *disabled*, not *destroy'd*.

O Thou most Awful Being and most Vain!  
Thy Will, how *frail*! how *glorious* is thy Power!  
Tho' dread ETERNITY has sown her Seeds  
Of Bliss, and Woe, in thy despotic Breast;  
Tho' Heav'n, and Hell, depend upon thy Choice;  
A Butterfly comes 'cross, and Both are fled.

his the Picture of a Rational ?

Horrid Image, shall it be most Just ?

Enzo ! No : It cannot,—*shall* not be,

here is Force in *Reason* ; or, in *Sounds*

ited beneath the Glimpses of the Moon,

agic, at this planetary Hour,

n *Slumber* locks the gen'ral Lip, and Dreams

' senseless Mazes hunt Souls *un-inspir'd*.

nd—The sacred Mysteries begin—

solemn *Night-born* Adjuration hear ;

; and I'll raise thy Spirit from the Dust ;

le the *Stars* gaze on this Inchantment *new* ;

antment, not Infernal, but Divine !

By *Silence*, DEATH's peculiar Attribute ;

y *Darkness*, GUILT's inevitable Doom ;

y *Darkness*, and by *Silence*, Sisters dread !

hat draw the Curtain round NIGHT's ebon Throne,

nd raise Ideas, solemn as the Scene ;

y NIGHT, and all of Awful, Night presents

o *Thought*, or *Sense* (of Awful much, to Both,

he Goddess brings) ! By These her trembling *Fires*,

ke VESTA's, ever-burning ; and, like *bers*,

cred to Thoughts immaculate, and pure !

y these bright Orators, that *prove*, and *praise*,

nd press thee to revere, the DEITY,

haps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,

o reach *His* Throne ; as *Stages* of the Soul,

bro' which, at diff'rent Periods, she shall pass,

efining gradual, for her final Height,

nd purging off some Dross at ev'ry Sphere !

y this dark Pall thrown o'er the silent World !

y the World's Kings, and Kingdoms, most renown'd,

om short Ambition's *Zenith* set for ever ;

d Preface to vain Boasters, now in Bloom !

y the long List of swift Mortality,

om ADAM downward to this Ev'ning's Knell,

hich Midnight waves in *Fancy's* startled Eye ;

nd shocks her with a hundred Centuries



## 296 *The CONSOLATION; or,*

“ Round *Death's* black Banner throng'd, in human  
Thought !

“ By Thousands, ~~now~~, resigning their last Breath,

“ And calling Thee—wert Thou so wise to hear !

“ By Tombs o'er Tombs arising ; human Earth

“ Ejected, to make room for—human Earth ;

“ The Monarch's *Terror* ! and the Sexton's *Trade* !

“ By pompous Obsequies, that shun the Day,

“ The *Torch* funeral, and the nodding *Plume*,

“ Which makes poor Man's Humiliation proud ;

“ Boast of our *Ruin* ! Triumph of our *Dust* !

“ By the damp Vault that weeps o'er Royal Bones ;

“ And the pale Lamp, that shews the ghastly Dead,

“ *More* ghastly, thro' the thick-incumbent Gloom !

“ By Visits (if there are) from darker Scenes,

“ The gliding Spectre ! and the groaning Grove !

“ By Groans, and Graves, and Miseries that groan

“ For the Grave's Shelter ! By desponding Men,

“ Senseless to Pains of Death, from Pangs of Guilt !

“ By Guilt's last Audit ! By yon *Moon* in Blood,

“ The rocking Firmament, the falling Stars,

“ And Thunder's last Discharge, great Nature's Knell !

“ By *SECOND Chaos* ; and *ETERNAL Night* ”—

BE WISE—Nor let PHILANDER blame my *Charm* ;

But own not ill-discharg'd my double Debt,

*Love* to the Living ; *Duty* to the Dead.

For know, I'm but Executor ; *He* left

This moral Legacy ; *I* make it o'er

By *his* Command ; PHILANDER hear in me ;

And Heav'n in both.—If deaf to These, Oh ! hear

FLORELLO's tender Voice ; *His* Weal depends

On *Thy* Resolve ; it trembles at *Thy* Choice ;

For *His* Sake—love *Thyself* : Example strikes

All human Hearts ; a *bad* Example more ;

More still, a Father's ; That ensures his Ruin.

As Parent of his Being, wouldst thou prove

Th' unnatural Parent of his Miseries,

And make him curse the Being which thou gav'st ?

Is *this* the Blessing of so fond a Father ?

If careless of LORENZO ! spare, Oh ! spare,  
 FLORELLO's Father, and PHILANDER's Friend ;  
 FLORELLO's Father ruin'd, ruins Him ;  
 And from PHILANDER's Friend the World expects  
 A Conduct, no Dishonour to the Dead.  
 Let *Passion* do, what *nobler Motive* should ;  
 Let *Love*, and *Emulation*, rise in Aid  
 To *Reason* ; and persuade thee to be—Blest.

This seems not a Request to be deny'd ;  
 Yet (such th' Infatuation of Mankind !)  
 'Tis the most *Hopeless*, Man can make to Man.  
 Shall I, then, rise in Argument, and Warmth ;  
 And urge PHILANDER's posthumous Advice,  
 From Topics yet unbroach'd ?—  
 But Oh ! I faint ! My Spirits fail !—Nor strange ;  
 So long on Wing, and in no middle Clime ;  
 To which my Great CREATOR's Glory call'd :  
 And *calls*—but, now, in vain. *Sleep's dewy Wand*  
 Has strok'd my drooping Lids, and *promises*  
 My long Arrear of Rest ; the *downy God*  
 (Wont to return with our returning *Peace*)  
 Will *pay*, ere-long, and blest me with Repose.  
 Haste, haste, sweet Stranger ! from the Peasant's Cot,  
 The Ship-boy's Hammock, or the Soldier's Straw,  
 Whence *Sorrow* never chas'd thee ; with thee bring,  
 Not hideous Visions, as of late ; but Draughts  
 Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, Rest ;  
 Man's rich Restorative ; his balmy Bath,  
 That supples, lubricates, and keeps in Play,  
 The various Movements of this nice Machine,  
 Which asks such frequent Periods of Repair.  
 When tir'd with vain Rotations of the Day ;  
*Sleep* winds us up for the succeeding Dawn ;  
 Fresh we spin on, till *Sickness* clogs our Wheels,  
 Or *Death* quite breaks the Spring, and Motion ends.  
 When will it end with Me ?

298 *The CONSOLATION; or,*

—“ THOU only know’st,

“ THOU, whose broad Eye the *Future*, and the *Past*,  
 “ Joins to the *Present*; making One of *Three*  
 “ To mortal Thought! THOU know’st, And THOU alone,  
 “ All-knowing!—All-unknown!—And yet Well-known!  
 “ Near, tho’ Remote! and, tho’ Unfathom’d, Felt!  
 “ And, tho’ Invisible, for ever Seen!  
 “ And Seen in All! The *Great*, and the *Minute*:  
 “ Each Globe above, with its Gigantic Race,  
 “ Each Flow’r, each Leaf, with its small People swarm’d,  
 “ (Those puny Vouchers for OMNIPOTENCE!)  
 “ To the First Thought, that asks, “ *From whence?*”  
 “ declare  
 “ Their common Source. THOU Fountain running o’er  
 “ In Rivers of communicated Joy!  
 “ Who gav’st us Speech for far, far humbler Themes!  
 “ Say, by what Name shall I presume to call  
 “ HIM I see burning in these countless Suns,  
 “ As *Moses*, in the *Bush*? ILLUSTRIOUS MIND!  
 “ The whole Creation, Less, far Less, to Thee,  
 “ Than *That* to the Creation’s ample Round.  
 “ How shall I name THEE?—How my labouring Soul  
 “ Heaves underneath the Thought, too big for Birth!

“ Great System of Perfections! Mighty Cause  
 “ Of Causes mighty! Cause uncaus’d! Sole Root  
 “ Of *Nature*, that luxuriant Growth of GOD!  
 “ First Father of *Effects*! that Progeny  
 “ Of endless Series; where the Golden Chain’s  
 “ Last Link admits a Period, Who can tell?  
 “ Father of All that is or heard, or hears!  
 “ Father of All that is or seen, or sees!  
 “ Father of All that *is*, or *shall* arise!  
 “ Father of this immeasurable Mass  
 “ Of *Matter* multiform; or dense, or rare;  
 “ Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at Rest;  
 “ Minute, or passing Bound! In each Extreme  
 “ Of like Amaze, and Mystery, to Man.

“ Father

" Father of these bright Millions of the *Night* !  
 " Of which the Least full Godhead had proclaim'd,  
 " And thrown the Gazer on his Knee—Or, say,  
 " Is Appellation higher still, Thy Choice ?  
 " Father of *Matter's* Temporary Lords !  
 " Father of *Spirits* ! Nobler Offspring ! Sparks  
 " Of high Paternal Glory ; rich-endow'd  
 " With various Measures, and with various Modes  
 " Of *Instinct*, *Reason*, *Intuition* ; Beams  
 " More pale, or bright from *Day Divine*, to break  
 " The Dark of *Matter organiz'd* (the Ware  
 " Of all *created* Spirit) ; Beams, that rise  
 " Each over other in superior Light,  
 " Till the Last ripens into Lustre strong,  
 " Of next Approach to GODHEAD. Father fond  
 " (Far fonder than e'er bore that Name on Earth)  
 " Of *Intellectual* Beings ! Beings blest  
 " With Pow'rs to please THEE ; not of passive Ply  
 " To Laws they know not ; Beings lodg'd in Seats  
 " Of well-adapted Joys ; in diff'rent Domes  
 " Of this Imperial Palace for thy Sons ;  
 " Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,  
 " Tho' boundless habitation, plann'd by THEE ;  
 " Whose several Mansions their several Climates suit,  
 " And Transposition, doubtless, would destroy.  
 " Or, Oh ! indulge, Immortal KING ! indulge  
 " A Title, less august indeed, but more  
 " Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human Ears !  
 " Sweet in our Ears ! and Triumph in our Hearts !  
 " *Father of Immortality to Man* !  
 " A Theme that lately set my Soul on Fire.—  
 " And THOU the NEXT ! yet Equal ! THOU, by whom  
 " That Blessing was convey'd ; far more ! was *Bought* ;  
 " Ineffable the Price ! By whom all Worlds  
 " Were made ; and One, redeem'd ! Illustrious Light  
 " From Light Illustrious ! THOU, whose *Regal* Power,  
 " Finite in *Time*, but Infinite in *Space*,  
 " Is more than adamantine Basis fix'd,  
 " Far more, far more, than Diadems, and Thrones,

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“ Inviolably reigns ; the *Dread* of Gods !  
 “ And Oh ! the *Friend* of Man ! Beneath whose Foot,  
 “ And by the Mandate of whose awful Nod,  
 “ All Regions, Revolutions, Fortunes, Fates,  
 “ Of High, of Low, of Mind, and Matter, roll  
 “ Thro’ the short Channels of expiring *Time*,  
 “ Or shoreless Ocean of Eternity,  
 “ Calm, or Tempestuous (as *Thy* Spirit breathes)  
 “ In absolute Subjection !—And, O THOU  
 “ The glorious THIRD ! Distinct, not Separate !  
 “ Beaming from *Both* ! with Both Incorporate !  
 “ And (strange to tell !) incorporate with Dust !  
 “ By Condescension, as Thy Glory, great,  
 “ Enshrin’d in Man ! Of human Hearts, if pure,  
 “ Divine Inhabitant ! The Tie Divine  
 “ Of Heav’n with distant Earth ! By whom, I trust,  
 “ (If not inspir’d) uncensur’d this Address  
 “ To THEE, to THEM—To Whom ?—Mysterious Power  
 “ Reveal’d—yet Unreveal’d ! Darkness in Light !  
 “ Number in Unity ! Our Joy ! our Dread !  
 “ The *Triple* Bolt that lays all Wrong in Ruin !  
 “ That animates all Right, the *Triph* Sun !  
 “ Sun of the Soul ! her never-setting Sun !  
 “ Triune, Unutterable, Unconceivable,  
 “ Absconding, yet Demonstrable, GREAT GOD !  
 “ Greater than Greatest ! Better than the Best !  
 “ Kinder than Kindest ! with soft *Pity*’s Eye,  
 “ Or (stronger still to speak it) with *Thine* Own,  
 “ From Thy bright Home, from that high Firmament  
 “ Where THOU, from all Eternity, hast dwelt ;  
 “ Beyond Archangels *unassisted* Ken ;  
 “ From far above what Mortals Highest call ;  
 “ From Elevation’s Pinnacle ; Look down,  
 “ Through—What ? Confounding Interval ! Thro’  
 “ And more, than lab’ring *Fancy* can conceive ;  
 “ Thro’ radiant Ranks of Essences unknown ;  
 “ Thro’ Hierarchies from Hierarchies detach’d  
 “ Round various Banners of OMNIPOTENCE,  
 “ With endless Change of rapturous Duties fir’d ;  
 “ Thro’ wond’rous Beings interposing Swarms,

“ All cluſt’ring at the Call, to dwell in THEE ;  
 “ Thro’ this wide Waſte of Worlds ; this *Viſta* vaſt,  
 “ All ſanded o’er with Suns ; Suns turn’d to *Night*  
 “ Before *Thy* feebleſt Beam—Look down—down—down,  
 “ On a poor *breathing Particle* in Duſt,  
 “ Or, lower,—an *Immortal* in his Crimes.  
 “ His Crimes forgive ! Forgive his Virtues, too !  
 “ Thoſe ſmaller Faults ; Half-Converts to the Right.  
 “ Nor let me cloſe Theſe Eyes, which never more  
 “ May ſee the Sun (tho’ Night’s deſcending Scale  
 “ Now weighs up Morn), Unpity’d, and Unbleſt !  
 “ In *Thy* Diſpleaſure dwells *eternal* Pain ;  
 “ Pain, our Averſion ; Pain, which ſtrikes me *now* ;  
 “ And, ſince all Pain is terrible to Man,  
 “ Tho’ tranſient, Terrible ; at *Thy* good Hour,  
 “ Gently, ah gently, lay me in my Bed,  
 “ My *Clay-cold Bed* ! by Nature, now, ſo near ;  
 “ By Nature, near ; ſtill nearer by Diſeaſe !  
 “ Till Then, be *This*, an Emblem of my Grave :  
 “ Let it out-preach the Preacher ; Ev’ry Night  
 “ Let it outcry the Boy at PHILIP’S Ear ;  
 “ That Tongue of Death ! That Herald of the Tomb !  
 “ And when (the Shelter of thy Wing implor’d)  
 “ My *Senſes*, ſooth’d, ſhall ſink in ſoft Repoſe ;  
 “ O ſink *this* Truth ſtill deeper in my Soul,  
 “ Suggested by my Pillow, ſign’d by *Fate*,  
 “ Firſt, In *Fate*’s Volume, at the Page of *Man*—  
 “ *Man*’s ſickly Soul, tho’ turn’d and toſs’d for ever,  
 “ From Side to Side, can reſt on nought but THEE ;  
 “ Here, in full *Truſt* ; Hereafter, in full *Joy*.  
 “ On THEE, the promis’d, ſure, eternal Down  
 “ Of Spirits, toil’d in Travel thro’ this Vale.  
 “ Nor of *that* Pillow ſhall my Soul deſpond ;  
 “ For—Love Almighty ! Love Almighty ! (Sing,  
 “ Exult, Creation !) Love Almighty, reigns !  
 “ That Death of *Death* ! That Cordial of *Deſpair* !  
 “ And loud ETERNITY’S triumphant Song !

“ Of Whom, no more :—For, O Thou PATRON-GOD !  
 “ Thou God, and *Mortal* ! Thence more GOD to Man !

“ Man’s

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" Man's Theme eternal ! Man's eternal Theme !  
 " THOU can'st not 'scape *uninjur'd* from our *Praise*.  
 " Uninjur'd from our Praise can HE escape,  
 " Who, disembow'd from the FATHER, bows  
 " The Heav'n of Heav'ns, to kiss the distant Earth !  
 " Breathes out in Agonies a sinless Soul !  
 " Against the *Cross*, *Death's* Iron Sceptre breaks !  
 " From famish'd *Ruin* plucks her human Prey !  
 " Throws wide the Gates Celestial to His *Foes* !  
 " Their *Gratitude*, for such a boundless Debt,  
 " Deputes their *Suff'ring Brothers* to receive !  
 " And, if deep human Guilt in Payment fails ;  
 " As deeper Guilt, prohibits our *Despair* !  
 " Injoins it, as our Duty, to *Rejoice* !  
 " And (to close All), omnipotently kind,  
 " \* *Takes His Delights among the Sons of Men.*"

What Words are These !—And did they come from  
Heaven ?

And were they spoke to Man ? To guilty Man ?  
 What are all Myst'ries to Love like This !  
 The Song of Angels, all the Melodies  
 Of Choral Gods, are wafted in the Sound ;  
 Heal and exhilarate the broken Heart,  
 Tho' plung'd, before, in Horrors dark as *Night* :  
 Rich Prelibation of *consummate* Joy !  
 Nor wait we Dissolution to be blest.

This final Effort of the moral Muse,  
 How justly † *Titled* ! Nor for me alone ;  
 For all that read ; what Spirit of Support,  
 What Heights of CONSOLATION, crown my Song ?

Then, farewell NIGHT ! Of Dark'ness, now, no more  
 Joy breaks ; shines, triumphs ; 'tis eternal Day.  
 Shall that which rises out of *Nought* complain  
 Of a few Evils, paid with endless Joys ?  
 My Soul ! henceforth, in sweetest Union join  
 The Two Supports of Human Happiness,

\* *Prov.* Chap. viii.

† *The Consolation.*

Which some, erroneous, think can never meet ;  
 True *Taste of Life*, and constant *Thought of Death* ;  
 The *Thought of Death*, sole Victor of its *Dread* !  
*Hope* be thy *Joy* ; and *Probity* thy *Skill* ;  
 Thy *Patron*, *He*, whose *Diadem* has dropp'd  
 Yon *Gems of Heav'n* ; *Eternity*, thy *Prize* :  
 And leave the *Racers of the World* their *Own*,  
 Their *Feather*, and their *Froth*, for endless *Toils* :  
 They part with *All* for *That which is not Bread* ;  
 They mortify, they starve, on *Wealth*, *Fame*, *Power* ;  
 And laugh to *Scorn* the *Fools* that aim at more.  
 How must a *Spirit*, late escap'd from *Earth*,  
 Suppose *PHILANDER's*, *LUCIA's*, or *NARCISSA's*,  
 The *Truth of Things* new-blazing in its *Eye*,  
 Look back, astonish'd, on the *Ways of Men*,  
 Whose *Lives* whole *Drift* is to forget their *Graves* !  
 And when our *present Privilege* is past,  
 To scourge us with due *Sense of its Abuse*,  
 The *same* *Astonishment* will seize us *All*.  
 What *then* must pain us, would preserve us *now*.  
 LORENZO ! 'tis not yet too late : LORENZO !  
 Seize *Wisdom*, ere 'tis *Torment* to be *Wise* ;  
 That is, Seize *Wisdom*, ere she seizes *Thee*.  
 For, what, my small *Philosopher* ! is *Hell* ?  
 'Tis nothing, but full *Knowledge of the Truth*,  
 When *Truth*, resisted long, is sworn our *Foe* ;  
 And calls *ETERNITY* to do her *Right*.

Thus, *Darkness* aiding *Intellectual Light*,  
 And *Sacred Silence* whisp'ring *Truths Divine*,  
 And *Truths Divine* converting *Pain* to *Peace*,  
 My *Song* the *Midnight Raven* has outwing'd,  
 And shot, ambitious of unbounded *Scenes*,  
 Beyond the flaming *Limits of the World*,  
 Her gloomy *Flight*. But what avails the *Flight*  
 Of *Fancy*, when our *Hearts* remain below ?  
*Virtue* abounds in *Flatterers*, and *Foes* ;  
 'Tis *Pride*, to praise her ; *Penance*, to perform.  
 To more than *Words*, to more than *Worth of Tongue*,  
 LORENZO ! rise, at this auspicious *Hour* ;



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An Hour, when Heav'n's most intimate with Man;  
When, like a falling Star, the Ray Divine  
Glides swift into the Bosom of the *Just*;  
And Just are All, *determin'd* to reclaim;  
Which sets that Title high, within thy Reach.  
Awake, then : Thy PHILANDER calls : Awake !  
Thou, who shalt wake, when the Creation sleeps;  
When, like a Taper, all these Suns expire;  
When TIME, like Him of *Gaza* in his Wrath,  
Plucking the Pillars that support the World,  
In NATURE's ample Ruins lies entomb'd;  
And MIDNIGHT; *Universal* Midnight ! reigns.

END *of the* Night-Thoughts.

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A  
P A R A P H R A S E  
O N

Part of the Book of *JOB*.

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A  
P A R A P H R A S E  
O N

Part of the Book of *JOB*.



THIRCE Happy *Job* long liv'd in Regal  
State,  
Nor saw the Sumptuous East a Prince so  
Great;  
Whose Worldly Stores in such Abundance  
flow'd,  
Whose Heart with such exalted Virtue glow'd.  
At length Misfortunes take their Turn to reign,  
And Ills on Ills succeed; A dreadful Train!  
What Now but Deaths, and Poverty, and Wrong,  
The Sword wide-wasting, the reproachful Tongue,  
And spotted Plagues, that mark'd his Limbs all o'er  
So thick with Pains, they wanted Room for more?  
A Change so sad what Mortal Heart could bear?  
Exhausted Woe had left Him nought to fear,  
But gave Him All to Grief. Low Earth He prest,  
Hept in the Dust, and sorely smote his Breast.

His

His Friends around the deep Affliction mourn'd,  
 Felt all his Pangs, and Groan for Groan return'd;  
 In Anguish, of their Hearts their Mantles rent,  
 And Sev'n long Days in solemn Silence spent;  
 A Debt of Rev'rence to Distress so great!  
 Then Job contain'd no more; but curs'd his Fate.  
 His Day of Birth, its inauspicious Light  
 He wish'd sunk in Shades of endless Night,  
 And blotted from the Year; nor fears to crave  
 Death, instant Death; impatient for the Grave,  
 That Seat of Peace, that Mansion of Repose,  
 Where Rest and Mortals are no longer Foes;  
 Where Counsellors are Hush'd, and Mighty Kings  
 (O happy Turn!) no more are Wretched Things.

His Words were daring, and displeas'd his Friends;  
 His Conduct They reprove, and He defends;  
 And now They kindled into warm Debate,  
 And Sentiments oppos'd with equal Heat;  
 Fixt in Opinion, Both refuse to yield,  
 And summon all their Reason to the Field:  
 So high at length their Arguments were wrought,  
 They reach'd the last Extent of Human Thought:  
 A Pause ensu'd.—When, lo! Heav'n interpos'd,  
 And awfully the long Contention clos'd,  
 Full o'er their Heads, with terrible Surprise,  
 A sudden Whirlwind blacken'd all the Skies  
 (They Saw, and Trembled!): From the Darkness broke  
 A dreadful Voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.

Who gives his Tongue a Loofe so bold and vain,  
 Censures my Conduct, and reproves my Reign?  
 Lifts up his Thought against Me from the Dust,  
 And tells the World's Creator what is Just?  
 Of late so brave, now list a dauntless Eye,  
 Face my Demand, and give it a Reply:  
 Where didst Thou dwell at Nature's early Birth?  
 Who laid Foundations for the spacious Earth?  
 Who on its Surface did extend the Line,  
 Its Form determine, and its Bulk confine?

Who fix'd the Corner-Stone ? What Hand, declare,  
Hung it on Nought, and fasten'd it in Air ;  
When the bright Morning Stars in Concert sung,  
When Heav'n's high Arch with loud Hosanna's rung,  
When shouting Sons of God the Triumph crown'd,  
And the wide Concave thunder'd with the Sound ?

Earth's num'rous *Kingdoms*, hast Thou view'd them all ?  
And can thy Span of Knowledge grasp the Ball ?  
Who heav'd the *Mountain*, which sublimely stands,  
And casts its Shadow into distant Lands ?

Who, stretching forth his Sceptre o'er the *Deep*,  
Can that wild World in due Subjection keep ?  
I broke the Globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd Side,  
And did a Basin for the Floods provide ;  
I chain them with my Word ; the boiling Sea,  
Work'd up in Tempests, hears my great Decree ;  
' Thus far, thy floating Tide shall be convey'd ;  
' And Here, O Main, be thy proud Billows stay'd."

Hast Thou explor'd the *Secrets* of the Deep,  
Where, shut from Use, unnumber'd Treasures sleep ;  
Where down a Thousand Fathoms from the Day,  
Springs the great Fountain, Mother of the Sea ?  
Those gloomy Paths did thy bold Foot e'er tread,  
Whole Worlds of Waters rolling o'er thy Head ?

Hath the cleft *Centre* open'd wide to Thee ?  
Death's inmost Chambers didst Thou ever see ?  
E'er knock at his tremendous Gate, and wade  
To the black Portal thro' th' incumbent Shade ?  
Deep are those Shades ; but Shades still deeper hide  
My Counsels from the Ken of human Pride.

Where dwells the *Light*, in what refulgent Dome ?  
And where has *Darkness* made her dismal Home ?  
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large Heart is fraught  
With ripen'd Wisdom thro' long Ages brought,

Since

Since Nature was call'd forth when Thou wast by,  
And into Being rose beneath thine Eye!

Are *Mists* begotten? Who their Father knew?  
From whom descend the pearly Drops of Dew?  
To bind the Stream by Night, what Hand can boast,  
Or whiten Morning, with the hoary *Frost*?  
Whose pow'rful Breath, from Northern Regions blown,  
Touches the Sea, and turns it into Stone?  
A sudden Defart spreads o'er Realms defac'd,  
And lays on half of the Creation waste?

Thou know'st Me not; Thy Blindness cannot see  
How vast a Distance parts thy God from Thee.  
Canst Thou in *Whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canst Thou  
In Clouds and Darkness wrap thy awful Brow?  
And when Day triumphs in meridian Light,  
Put forth thy Hand, and shade the World with Night?

Who launch'd the *Clouds* in Air, and bid them roll  
Suspended Seas aloft, from Pole to Pole?  
Who can refresh the burning sandy Plain,  
And quench the Summer with a Waste of Rain?  
Who in rough Defarts, far from Human Toil,  
Make Rocks bring forth, and Desolation smile?  
There blooms the Rose, where human Face ne'er shone,  
And spreads its Beauties to the Sun alone.

To check the Show'r, who lifts his Hand on high,  
And shuts the Sluices of th' exhausted Sky,  
When Earth no longer mourns her gaping Veins,  
Her naked Mountains, and her russet Plains;  
But, new in Life, a chearful Prospect yields  
Of shining Rivers, and of verdant Fields;  
When Groves and Forests lavish all their Bloom,  
And Earth and Heav'n are fill'd with rich Perfume?

Hast Thou e'er scal'd my wintry Skies, and seen  
Of *Hail* and *Snows* my Northern Magazine?

These the dread Treasures of mine Anger are,  
My Fund of Vengeance for the Day of War,  
When Clouds rain Death, and Storms, at my Command,  
Rage thro' the World, or waste a guilty Land.

Who taught the rapid *Winds* to fly so fast,  
Or shakes the Centre with his Eastern Blast?  
Who from the Skies can a whole Deluge pour?  
Who strikes thro' Nature with the solemn Roar  
Of dreadful *Thunder*, points it where to fall,  
And in fierce *Lightning* wraps the flying Ball?  
Not he who trembles at the darted Fires,  
Falls at the Sound, and in the Flash expires.

Who drew the *Comet* out to such a Size,  
And pour'd his flaming Train o'er half the Skies?  
Did thy Resentment hang Him out? does He  
Glare on the Nations, and Denounce, from Thee?

Who on low Earth can moderate the Rein,  
That guides the *Stars* along th' æthereal Plain;  
Appoint their Seasons, and direct their Course,  
Their Lustre brighten, and supply their Force?  
Canst thou the Skies Benevolence restrain,  
And cause the *Pleiades* to shine in vain?  
Or, when *Orion* sparkles from his Sphere,  
Thaw the cold Season, and unbind the Year?  
Bid *Mazzaroth* his destin'd Station know,  
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?  
Mine is the *Night*, with all her Stars; I pour  
Myriads, and Myriads I reserve in Store.

Dost Thou pronounce where Day-light shall be born,  
And draw the Purple Curtain of the Morn?  
Awake the *Sun*, and bid him come away,  
And glad Thy World with his Obsequious Ray?  
Iast Thou, inthron'd in flaming Glory, driv'n  
Triumphant round the spacious Ring of Heav'n?  
That Pomp of Light, what Hand so far displays,  
That distant Earth lies basking in the Blaze?

Who



Who did the *Soul* with her rich Pow'rs invest,  
 And light up Reason in the Human Breast,  
 To shine, with fresh Increase of Lustre, Bright,  
 When Stars and Sun are set in endless Night?  
 To these my various Questions make Reply.

Th' Almighty spoke; and, speaking, shook the Sky.

What then, *Chaldaean* Sire, was thy Surprise!  
 Thus Thou, with trembling Heart, and down-cast Eyes:  
 "Once and again, which I in Groans deplore,  
 "My Tongue has err'd; but shall presume no more.  
 "My Voice is in eternal Silence bound,  
 "And all my Soul falls prostrate to the Ground."

He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty spoke;  
 The same dread Voice from the black Whirlwind broke.

Can that Arm measure with an Arm Divine?  
 And canst thou thunder with a Voice like Mine?  
 Or in the Hollow of thy Hand contain  
 The Bulk of Waters, the wide-spreading Main,  
 When, mad with Tempests, all the Billows rise  
 In all their Rage, and dash the distant Skies?

Come forth, in Beauty's Excellence array'd;  
 And be the Grandeur of thy Pow'r display'd;  
 Put on Omnipotence, and frowning make  
 The spacious Round of the Creation shake;  
 Dispatch thy Vengeance; bid it overthrow  
 Triumphant Vice, lay lofty Tyrants low,  
 And crumble them to Dust. When This is done,  
 I grant thy *Society* lodg'd in Thee alone;  
 Of Thee Thou art, and may'st undaunted stand  
 Behind the Buckler of thine own Right Hand.

Fond Man! the Vision of a Moment made!  
 Dream of a Dream! and Shadow of a Shade!

What

What Worlds hast Thou produc'd, what Creatures fram'd?  
 What Insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?  
 When, pain'd with Hunger, the wild *Raven's* Brood  
 Calls upon God, importunate for Food,  
 Who hears their Cry, who grants their hoarse Request,  
 And stills the Clamour of the craving Nest?

Who in the cruel *Ostrich* has subdu'd  
 Parent's Care, and fond Inquietude?  
 While far she flies, her scatter'd Eggs are found,  
 Without an Owner, on the sandy Ground;  
 Left on Fortune, they at Mercy lie,  
 And borrow Life from an indulgent Sky;  
 Adopted by the Sun, in Blaze of Day,  
 They ripen under his prolific Ray.  
 Unmindful still, that some unhappy Tread  
 May crush her Young in their neglected Bed.  
 What time she flies along the Field with Speed,  
 She scorps the Rider, and pursuing Steed.

How rich the *Peacock*! what bright Glories run  
 From Plume to Plume, and vary in the Sun!  
 Proudly spreads them to the golden Ray,  
 And shows all his Colours, and adorns the Day;  
 With conscious State the spacious Round displays,  
 And slowly moves amid the waving Blaze.

Who taught the *Hawk* to find, in Seasons wise,  
 Perpetual Summer, and a Change of Skies?  
 When Clouds deform the Year, she mounts the Wind,  
 And flies to the South, nor fears the Storm behind;  
 The Sun returning, she returns again,  
 And sits in his Beams, and leaves ill Days to Men.

Tho' strong the *Hawk*, tho' practis'd well to fly,  
 The *Eagle* drops her in a lower Sky;  
 The *Eagle*, when, deserting Human Sight,  
 Seeks the Sun in her unweary'd Flight,  
 Thy Command her yellow Pinion lift  
 High in Air, and seat her on the Clift,

P

Where

Where far above thy World she dwells Alone,  
 And proudly makes the Strength of Rocks her own,  
 Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread Survey,  
 And with a Glance predestinates her Prey?  
 She feasts her Young with Blood, and, hov'ring o'er  
 Th' unslaughter'd Host, enjoys the promis'd Gore.

Know'st Thou how many Moons, by Me assign'd,  
 Roll o'er the Mountain Goat, and Forest Hind,  
 While pregnant they a Mother's Load sustain?  
 They bend in Anguish, and cast forth their Pain.  
 Hale are their Young, from Human Frailties freed;  
 Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;  
 They live at once; forsake the Dam's warm Side;  
 Take the wide World, with Nature for their Guide,  
 Pound o'er the Lawn, or seek the distant Glade;  
 And find a Home in each delightful Shade.

Will the tall Reem, which knows no Lord but Me,  
 Low at the Crib, and ask an Alms of thee?  
 Submit his unworn Shoulder to the Yoke,  
 Break the stiff Clod, and o'er thy Furrow smok?  
 Since great his Strength, go trust him, void of Care;  
 Lay on his Neck the Toil of all the Year;  
 Bid him bring home the Seasons to thy Doors,  
 And cast his Load among thy gather'd Stores.

Didst Thou from Service the *Wild-Ass* discharge,  
 And break his Bonds, and bid him live at large,  
 Thro' the wide Waste, his ample Mansion, roam,  
 And lose Himself in his Unbounded Home?  
 By Nature's Hand magnificently fed,  
 His Meal is on the Range of Mountains spread;  
 As in pure Air aloft he bounds along,  
 He sees in distant Smoak the City Throng,  
 Conscious of Freedom, scorns the smother'd Train,  
 The threat'ning Driver, and the servile Rein.

Survey the warlike *Horse*! didst Thou invest  
 With Thunder, his robust distended Chest?

No Sense of Fear his dauntless Soul allays ;  
 'Tis dreadful to behold his Nostril blaze ;  
 To paw the Vale he proudly takes Delight,  
 And triumphs in the Fulness of his Might ;  
 High-rai'd he snuffs the Battle from afar,  
 And burns to plunge amid the raging War ;  
 And mocks at Death, and throws his Foam around,  
 And in a Storm of Fury shakes the Ground.  
 How does his firm, his rising Heart advance  
 Full on the brandish'd Sword, and shaken Lance ;  
 While his fixt Eye-balls meet the dazzling Shield,  
 Gaze, and return the Lightning of the Field !  
 He sinks the Sense of Pain in gen'rous Pride,  
 Nor feels the Shaft that trembles in his Side ;  
 But neighs to the shrill Trumpet's dreadful Blast  
 Till Death ; and when he groans, he groans his last.

But, fiercer still, the Lordly *Lion* stalks,  
 Grimly Majestic in his lonely Walks ;  
 When round he glares, all living Creatures fly ;  
 He clears the Desert, with his rolling Eye.  
 Say, Mortal, does he rouse at thy Command,  
 And roar to Thee, and live upon thy Hand ?  
 Dost thou for him in Forests bend thy Bow,  
 And to his gloomy Den the Morsel throw,  
 Where bent on Death lie hid his tawny Brood,  
 And, couch'd in dreadful Ambush, pant for Blood ;  
 Or, stretch'd on broken Limbs, consume the Day,  
 In Darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their Prey ?  
 By the pale Moon they take their destin'd Round,  
 And lash their Sides, and furious tear the Ground.  
 Now Shrieks, and dying Groans, the Desert fill ;  
 They rage, they rend, their rav'nous Jaws distil  
 With crimson Foam ; and, when the Banquet's o'er,  
 They stride away, and paint their Steps with Gore ;  
 In Flight alone the Shepherd puts his Trust,  
 And shudders at the Talon in the Dust.

Mild is my *Bebemoth*, tho' large his Frame;  
 Smooth is his Temper, and repress his Flame,  
 While unprovok'd. This Native of the Flood  
 Lifts his broad Foot, and puts ashore for Food;  
 Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along  
 To seek the Herbs, and mingle with the Throng.  
 See, with what Strength his harden'd Loins are bound,  
 All over Proof, and shut against a Wound.  
 How like a Mountain Cedar moves his Tail!  
 Nor can his complicated Sinews fail.  
 Built high and wide, his solid Bones surpass  
 The Bars of Steel; his Ribs are Ribs of Brass;  
 His Port majestic, and his armed Jaw,  
 Give the wide Forest, and the Mountain, Law.  
 The Mountains feed him; there the Beasts admire  
 The mighty Stranger, and in Dread retire:  
 At length his Greatness nearer they survey,  
 Graze in his Shadow, and his Eye obey.  
 The Fens and Marshes are his cool Retreat,  
 His Noontide Shelter from the burning Heat;  
 Their sedgey Bosoms his wide Couch are made,  
 And Groves of Willows give him all their Shade.  
 His Eye drinks *Jordan* up, when, fir'd with Drought,  
 He trusts to turn its Current down his Throat;  
 In lessen'd Waves it creeps along the Plain:  
 He sinks a River, and He thirsts again.

Go to the *Nile*, and, from its fruitful Side,  
 Cast forth thy Line into the swelling Tide:  
 With slender Hair *Leviathan* command,  
 And stretch his Vastness on the loaded Strand.  
 Will he become Thy Servant, will he own  
 Thy Lordly Nod, and tremble at Thy Frown?  
 Or with his Sport amuse thy leisure Day,  
 And, bound in Silk, with thy soft Maidens play?

Shall pompous Banquets swell with such a Prize,  
 And the Bowl journey round his ample Size?

Or the debating Merchants share the Prey,  
And various Limbs to various Marts convey ?  
Thro' his firm-Skull what Steer its Way can win ?  
What forceful Engine can subdue his Skin ?  
Fly far, and live ; tempt not his matchless Might ;  
The Bravest shrink to Cowards in his Sight ;  
The Rashest dare not rouse him up : Who then  
Shall turn on Me, among the Sons of Men ?

Am I a Debtor ? Hast thou ever heard  
Whence come the Gifts which are on Me conferr'd ?  
My lavish Fruit a thousand Valleys fills,  
And Mine the Herds, that graze a thousand Hills :  
Earth, Sea, and Air, All Nature is my own ;  
And Stars and Sun are Dust beneath my Throne.  
And dar'st Thou with the World's great Father vye,  
Thou, who dost tremble at my Creature's Eye ?

At full my huge *Leviathan* shall rise,  
Boast all his Strength, and spread his wond'rous Size.  
Who, great in Arms, e'er stripp'd his shining Mail,  
Or crown'd his Triumph with a single Scale ?  
Whose Heart sustains him to draw near ? Behold,  
Destruction yawns ; his spacious Jaws unfold,  
And, marshal'd round the wide Expanse, disclose  
Teeth edg'd with Death, and crowding Rows on Rows :  
What hideous Fangs on either Side arise !  
And what a deep Abyss between them lies !  
Metè with thy Lance, and with thy Plumbet sound,  
The One how long, the Other how profound.

His Bulk is charg'd with such a furious Soul,  
That Clouds of Smoke from his spread Nostrils roll,  
As from a Furnace ; and, when rous'd his Ire,  
Fate issues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire.  
The Rage of Tempests, and the Roar of Seas,  
Thy Terror, this thy great Superior please ;  
Strength on his ample Shoulder fits in State ;  
His well-join'd Limbs are dreadfully complete ;

His Flakes of solid Flesh are slow to part ;  
As Steel his Nerves, as Adamant his Heart.

When, late-awak'd, He rears him from the Floods,  
And, stretching forth his Stature to the Clouds,  
Writhes in the Sun aloft his scaly Height,  
And strikes the distant Hills with tranfient Light,  
Far round are fatal Damps of Terror spread,  
The Mighty fear, nor blush to own their Dread.

Large is his Front; and, when his burnish'd Eyes  
Lift their broad Lids, the Morning seems to rife.

In vain may Death in various Shapes invade,  
The fwift-wing'd Arrow, the defcending Blade ;  
His naked Breaft their Impotence defies ;  
The Dart rebounds, the brittle Fauchion flies.  
Shut in Himfelf, the War without he hears,  
Safe in the Tempeft of their rattling Spears ;  
The cumber'd Strand their wafte'd Vollies ftrow ;  
His Sport, the Rage and Labour of the Foe.

His Paftimes like a Caldron boil the Flood,  
And blacken Ocean with the rifing Mud ;  
The Billows feel him, as he works his Way ;  
His hoary Footfteps fhine along the Sea ;  
The Foam high-wrought, with White, divides the Green  
And diftant Sailors point where Death has been.

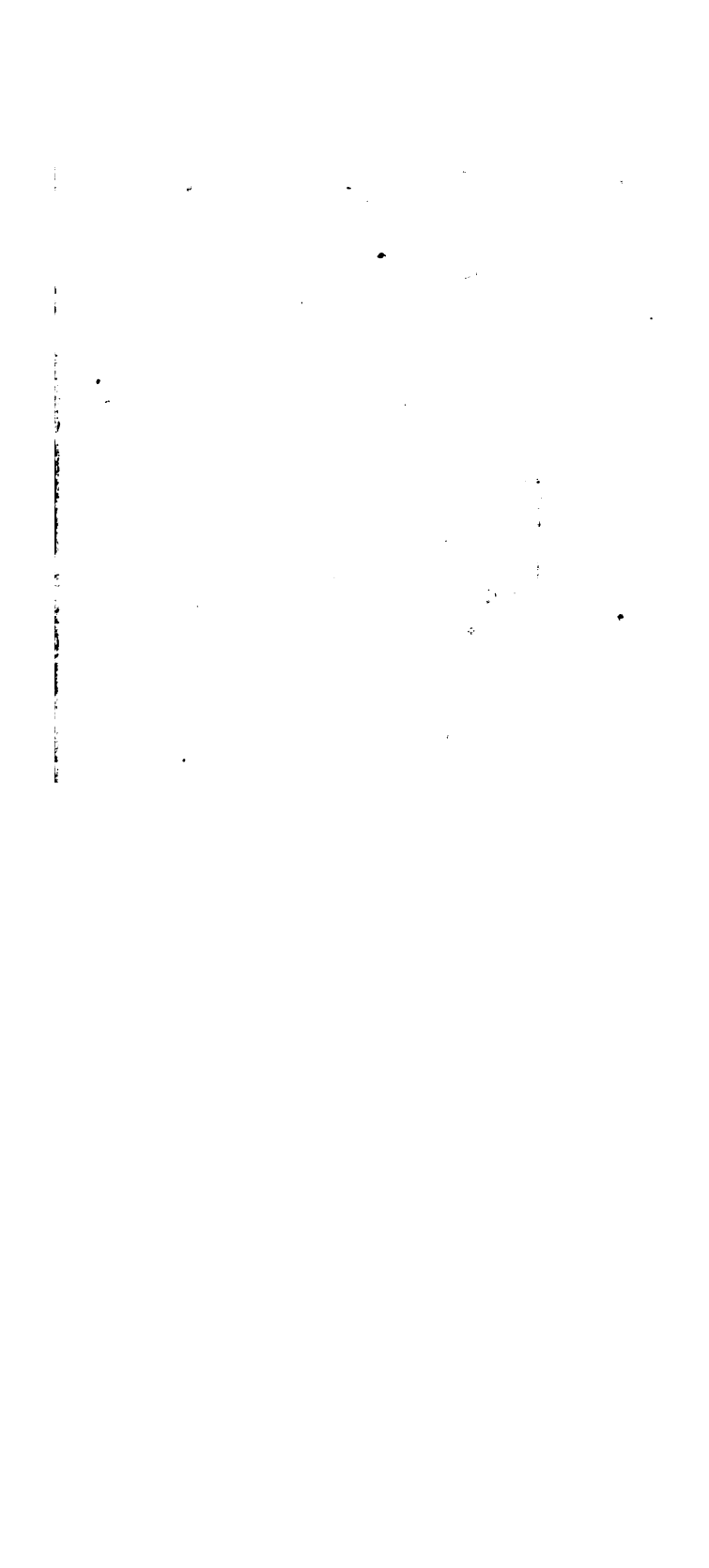
His Like Earth bears not on her fpacious Face :  
Alone in Nature ftands his dauntlefs Race,  
For utter Ignorance of Fear renown'd.  
In Wrath he rolls his baleful Eye around ;  
Makes every fwoln, difdainful Heart fubfide ;  
And holds Dominion o'er the Sons of Pride.

Then the *Chaldaean* eas'd his lab'ring Breaft,  
With full Conviction of his Crime opprest.

Thou canst accomplish All Things, Lord of Might!  
Every Thought is naked to thy Sight.  
O! Thy Ways are wonderful, and lie  
In the deepest Reach of mortal Eye.  
I have heard of thine Almighty Pow'r;  
I never saw Thee till this dreadful Hour.  
I am overwhelm'd with Shame, the Lord of Life I see;  
I surrender myself, and give my Soul to Thee.  
All my Weakness tempt Thine Anger more:  
I was not made to Question, but Adore."









# NOTES.

**I**T is disputed among the Critics who was the Author of the Book of *Job*. Some give it to *Moses*; some to Others. As I was engag'd in this little Performance, some Arguments occur'd to me, which favour the former of these Opinions; which Arguments I have flung into the following Notes, where little else is to be expected.

Page 307. *Thrice Happy Job, &c.*] The Almighty's Speech, Chapter xxxviii. &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little Work, is by much the finest Part of the noblest, and most antient Poem in the World. Bishop *Patrick* says, its Grandeur is as much above all other Poetry, as Thunder is louder than a Whisper. In order to set this distinguish'd Part of the Poem in a fuller Light, and give the Reader a clearer Conception of it, I have abridg'd the preceding and subsequent Parts of the Poem, and join'd them to it; so that this Piece is a sort of an Epitome of the whole Book of *Job*.

I use the Word *Paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon Liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transpos'd. The *Mountain*, the *Comet*, the *Sun*, and other Parts, are intirely added: The *Peacock*, the *Lion*, &c. are much enlarg'd: And I have thrown the Whole into a Method more suitable to our Notions of Regularity. The Judicious, if they compare this Piece with the Original, will, I flatter myself, find the Reasons for the great Liberties I have indulg'd myself in through the Whole.

*Longinus*

*Longinus* has a Chapter on Interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the Sublime. This Speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper Style of Majesty incens'd. It differs from other manner of Reproof, as bidding a Person execute himself, does from a common Execution; for he that asks the Guilty a proper Question, makes him, in effect, pass Sentence on himself.

Page 308. — *From the Darknes broke  
A dreadful Voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.*]

The Book of *Job* is well known to be Dramatic, and, like the Tragedies of old *Greece*, is Fiction built on Truth. Probably this most noble Part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the Whirlwind (so suitable to the After-practice of the Greek Stage, when there happened *Dignus Vindice Nodus*), is fictitious; but it is a Fiction more agreeable to the Time in which *Job* lived, than to any since. Frequent, before the Law, were the Appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exodus* ch. xix. *Ezekiel* ch. i. &c. Hence is He said to dwell in thick Darknes: And have his Way in the Whirlwind.

Page 309. *Thus far thy floating Tide, &c.*] There is a very great Air in all that precedes; but this is signally Sublime. We are struck with Admiration to see the Vast and Ungovernable Ocean receiving Commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a manag'd Horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the Rule and Direction of its Master. This Passage yields in Sublimity to that of *Let there be Light, &c.* so much only, as the absolute Government of Nature yields to the Creation of it.

The like Spirit in these two Passages is no bad concurrent Argument, that *Moses* is Author of the Book of *Job*.

Page 313. *When, pain'd with Hunger, the wild Raven  
Brood, &c.*] Another Argument that *Moses* was the Author, is, that most of the Creatures here mention'd are *Egyptian*. The Reason given why the Raven is particularly mention'd as an Object of the Care of Providence, is, because, by her clamorous and importunate Voice, particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *καρὰ* *καρὰ*, is to ask earnestly, *Isaiah* l. ii. c. 48. *As*  
fin

Since there were Ravens on the Banks of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that Species, Those probably are meant in this Place.

Page 313. *Who in the cruel Ostrich has subdu'd, &c.* There are many Instances of this Bird's Stupidity; let two suffice.

First, It covers its Head in the Reeds, and thinks itself all out of Sight.

—Stat lumine clauso

*Ridendum revoluta caput; creditque latere,*

*Quæ non ipsa videt*—

Claud.

Secondly, They that go in Pursuit of them, draw the Skin of an Ostrich's Neck on one Hand, which proves a sufficient Lure to take them with the other.

They have so little Brain, that *Heliogabalus* had six hundred Heads for his Supper.

Here we may observe, that our Judicious as well as Sublime Author, just touches the great Points of Distinction in each Creature, and then hastens to another. A Description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing describ'd. A Likeness is lost in too much Description, as a Meaning often in too much Illustration.

Ibid. *What time she skims along the Field, &c.* Here is mark'd another Peculiar Quality of this Creature, which neither flies, nor runs distinctly, but has a Motion compos'd of both, and, using its Wings as Sails, makes great Speed.

*Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus alæ*

*Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,*

*Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennæ*

*Pulverulenta volat*—

Claud. in Eutr.

Ibid. *She scorns the Rider, and pursuing Steed.* Xenophon says, Cyrus had Horses that could overtake the Goat, and the Wild-As; but none that could reach this Creature. A thousand golden Ducats, or a hundred Camels, was the stated Price of a Horse that could equal their Speed.

Page

Page 313. *How Rich the Peacock, &c.*] Though this Bird is but just mention'd in my Author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful Plumes (which are There shut up) into half a dozen Lines. The Circumstance I have mark'd of his opening his Plumes to the Sun is true. *Expandit colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. l. x. c. 20.

Ibid. *Though strong the Hawk, though practis'd well to fly*] *Tbuanus (de Re Accip.)* mentions a Hawk that flew from *Paris* to *London* in a Night.

And the *Egyptians*, in regard to its Swiftnefs, made it their Symbol for the Wind; for which Reason we may suppose the Hawk, as well as the Crow *above*, to have been a Bird of Note in *Egypt*.

Page 314. *Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread Survey, &c.*] The Eagle is said to be of so acute a Sight, that when she is so high in Air, that Man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest Fish under Water. My Author accurately understood the Nature of the Creatures he describes, and seems to have been a Naturalist as well as a Poet, which the next Note will confirm.

Ibid. *Know'st thou how many Moons, by me assign'd, &c.*] The Meaning of this Question is, Know'st thou the Time and Circumstances of their bringing forth? for to know the Time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the Circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's Providence, which makes the Question proper in this Place. *Pliny* observes, that the Hind with Young is by Instinct directed to a certain Herb call'd *Seselis*, which facilitates the Birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate Hand of Providence) has the same Effect, *Pf. xxix.* In so early an Age to observe these things may stile our Author a Naturalist.

Ibid. *Survey the Warlike Horse, &c.*] The Description of the Horse is the most celebrated of any in the Poem. There is an excellent Critique on it in the *Guardians*. I shall therefore only observe, that, in this Description, as in other Parts of this Speech, our *Vulgar Translation* has much more Spirit than the *Septuagint*; it always takes the Original in the most poetical and exalted Sense,

so that most Commentators, even on the *Hebrews* fall beneath it.

e 315. *By the pale Moon they take their destin'd*  
[&c.] Pursuing their Prey by Night is true of most  
beasts, particularly the Lion, *Pf. civ. v. 20.* The  
ans have One among their 500 Names for the Lion,  
signifies *the Hunter by Moon-shine.*

e 316. *He sinks a River, and he thirsts again, &c.]*

*bisi glaciale caput, quo suctus anhelam*  
*re sitim Pythou, amnemque avertere Ponto.*

Stat. Theb. v. 349.

*spiris tegetet montes, hauriret hiatu*  
*mina, &c.—*

Claud. Præf. in Ruf.

not then This Hyperbole seem too much for an  
n Poet, tho' some Commentators of Name strain  
n this Place for a new Construction, thro' Fear of its  
l. *Go to the Nile, and from its fruitful Side, &c.]*  
aking the Crocodile is most difficult. *Diodorus* say  
re not to be taken but by Iron Nets. When *Augustus*  
er'd *Egypt*, he struck a Medal, the Impress of which  
Crocodile chain'd to a Palm-Tree, with this Inscrip-  
*Nemo antea reliavit.*

e 317. *The Rasthest dare not rouse him up, &c.]* This  
to a Custom of this Creature, which is, when fated  
ish, to come ashore, and sleep among the Reeds.

l. ——— *Behold,*  
*tion yawns, his spacious Jaws unfold, &c.]* The  
dile's Mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, says  
*Fit totum Os.* *Martial* says to his old Woman,

*comparata victibus tuis Ora*  
*acus habet crocodilus angusta.*

t the Expression Here is barely just.

l. *Fate issues from his Jaws in Dreams of Fire.]*  
too is nearer Truth than at first View may be ima-  
The Crocodile, say the Naturalists, lying long  
Water, and being there forced to hold its Breath, when

it emerges, the Breath long repress'd is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles Fire and Smoke. The Horse suppresses not his Breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of Poets ventures to use the same Metaphor concerning him.

*Colletisque premens voluit sub naribus ignem.*

By this and the foregoing Note I would caution against a false Opinion of the Eastern Boldness, from Passages in them ill understood.

Page 318. *Large is his Front; and, when his burnish'd Eyes, &c.] His Eyes are like the Eyelids of the Morning.* I think this gives us as great an Image of the Thing it would express, as can enter the Thought of Man. It is not improbable, that the Egyptians stole their Hieroglyphic for the Morning, which is the Crocodile's Eye, from this Passage, though no Commentator I have seen, mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both Readers and Admirers of the Writings of Moses, whom I suppose the Author of this Poem.

I have observed already, that three or four of the Creatures here describ'd are Egyptian; the two last are notoriously so; they are the River-horse, and the Crocodile, those celebrated Inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two it is that our Author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an Author more remote from that River than Moses, in a Catalogue of Creatures produc'd to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the Two largest Works of his Hand, viz. the Elephant, and the Whale: This is so natural an Expectation, that some Commentators have render'd *Behemoth* and *Leviathan*, the Elephant and Whale, tho' the Descriptions in our Author will not admit of it; but Moses being (as we may well suppose) under an immediate Terror of the *Hippopotamos* and Crocodile from their daily Mischiefs and Ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.



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